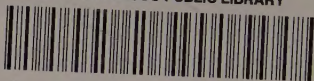


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Translation is a kind of drawing
after the life.—*Dryden*

THE
LATIN
PORTRAIT

AN ANTHOLOGY
MADE BY
G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON



LONDON
THE NONESUCH PRESS
1929

THE
ITALIAN
PARTY
MONTREAL
IN 1934
WILLIAM HENRY HARRIS

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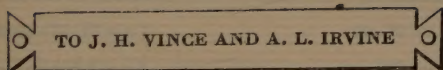
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THE
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IN 1934
WILLIAM HENRY HARRIS



TO J. H. VINCE AND A. L. IRVINE

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INTRODUCTION

I

In Britannia nihil esse audio neque auri neque argenti
(Cicero, *Epist. ad Fam.* VII. 7).

Fert Britannia aurum et argentum et alia metalla, pretium
victoriae (Tacitus, *Agricola Cap.* XII.).

Doubts assailed me, as I set to work rummaging in the great storehouse of translation from the Latin. Would I find tribute worthy to offer to Lucretius, to Catullus, to the master-poets of the Augustan age? My own casual acquaintance with metrical versions did not encourage me: nor was I encouraged by common report. There were volumes, I knew, of scholarly translation, accurate, accomplished, often well-turned: but I knew also—and I know better now—how dead such translation can be, how its very tastefulness can exclude any tone of character, how its correctitude can keep inspiration at bay. Such volumes may well draw a protest

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against the translator, whose touch can be so fatal to the Latin poets—

*They lived in a dead language : now, instead,
You in a living language make them dead.*

I may come at once, then, to the motives which have guided my choice. I do not pretend to know and assess them all (no anthologist should pretend to a self-knowledge so deep): but this I can say. that my leading desire has been to find work that has upon it, in at least some degree, the bloom of life, the vigour and freshness of creation. Work that passes this test is rare, but it does exist, and in the wide expanse of more than three centuries of English there is, in the midst of a superfluity of waste matter, a body of verse translation that really lives. It would not be possible to fill very many pages with satisfying versions of, say, Catullus alone, or Horace alone; but fortunately I have been allowed to range over the whole of Latin poetry, excluding humorous, satirical and dramatic verse, from Lucretius, who was born in or about 95 B.C., to Claudian, who flourished 500 years later.

The theory of translation has been discussed again and again, but for concise wisdom I know nothing better than the often-quoted remarks made by Sir John Denham in the preface to his translation of the Second Book of the Aeneid (1656) :

*I conceive it a vulgar error in translating Poets, to affect being
Fidus Interpres; let that care be with them who deal in matters
of Fact, or matters of Faith: but whosoever aims at it in Poetry,
as he attempts what is not required, so he shall never perform
what he attempts; for it is not his business alone to translate
Language into Language, but Poesie into Poesie; and Poesie
is of so subtle a spirit, that in pouring out of one Language into
another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added*

INTRODUCTION

in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a Caput mortuum, there being certain Graces and Happinesses peculiar to every Language, which give life and energy to the words.

The full meaning of a poem written in any language can only be expressed by the poem itself—exactly those words, related in exactly that way: you cannot get an equivalent, even in the same language. You can, however, abstract from the poem a hard framework of meaning—its ‘argument’—and you can also realise that, in the very abstraction, you have substituted something rigid for the suppleness of life. A *reader*, in order to understand the poetry of his own language, must, more or less consciously, perform analytical work of this kind, before surrendering himself to the concrete poem. The ideal *translator* must detach the abstract meaning with a more deliberate effort, while remaining aware of the fine essence of the poem which has escaped from it: he must then summon in aid the genius of the English language, and re-absorb the meaning in a new life, differing of necessity from that of the original poem, but as closely sympathetic to it as possible. How to achieve sympathy is, of course, the problem. Full sympathy requires a sensitiveness to both languages and, it seems to me, a certain humility of discipleship not inconsistent with the creative—or re-creative—imagination. The ideal translator would be a poet retaining the clear mark of an individual style, a style definitely English, not Latin; at the same time his deference to the original would prevent the assertion of his own character from being too obtrusive. It is a little misleading to object to Dryden, for example, that, when he translates, he is Dryden still: it would be a pity if he were not. But he makes us too disturbingly conscious that he is Dryden: it is because he lacks humility that, for all his acute understanding of the

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Latin poets, he falls short as an interpreter.

It is also true that Dryden suffers from the limitations of the heroic couplet, which he imposed on poets so diverse as Lucretius and Ovid. Patently, to a modern ear, this handicapped him in his effort to distinguish between their characters. But even so, important though the choice of metre is, the spirit is more than the letter, and I do not believe in the wisdom of translating according to a meticulous theory: many translators of Horace have failed through tying themselves down to metres which appear to them to be most nearly equivalent to the Latin. The attempt to reproduce the original as if by rule tends to result in work of a neutral quality, with at best a faint flavour of the original. It is perhaps natural that some scholars should over-value work of this kind: steeped in the text of their well-loved author, they only require a slight stimulus—a *point de repère*—in order to see his likeness rise before them in the English version. Such a stimulus may be provided by the mere shaping of a stanza or turn of a phrase reminiscent of the Latin, and the stimulus will act all the more certainly if the accomplished translator has no individual style with which to distract the attention.

We come back to Denham—"if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *Caput mortuum*." It would be a mistake to regard Denham as an advocate of complete licence, for the error which he condemns in his Preface is the servility of word for word or 'verbal' translation. Fidelity, and above all imaginative fidelity, remains a virtue. Other things being equal, a translation which keeps close contact with the original is to be preferred to a loose translation. But the first requirement of a translator, if he is to "draw after the life," is that he should translate poetry into poetry, and by poetry I mean

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verse that is alive: the second requirement is that he should establish some harmony with the special poetic character of the original. The more literal fidelity comes after these two.

II

On the Latin side I wish this book could be more fully representative. It does, however, contain many of the finest poems and passages, for these have naturally tempted the translator and have not seldom drawn out the best that was in him. Some of the passages may seem to have been torn a little ruthlessly away from their context: in those cases where the English writer has translated a whole poem, and I have taken a fragment only of the translation, with the corresponding lines of the Latin, the responsibility is on me alone, but I do not hesitate to take it. The anthologist must be allowed not only to pick the flower, but to bear off the flowering branch. There are many long translations which are wearisome as a whole, but which now and then suddenly—perhaps only once—come to life. For a single example, the translation of Claudian's *Rape of Proserpine* by Leonard Digges is not likely to be read by the general lover of poetry, and yet the few lines I have taken from it (p. 331) have a beauty, if I am any judge, that deserves to be remembered. The reader may suspect, in this case and in some others, that he is being cheated by the presentation of so very short an extract: he may be right, but I would ask him not to make up his mind unless or until he knows the work from which the lines have been taken.

I will make one other request of the reader. He will be likely to remark on the omission of this or that translation from my book, and the absence of this or that name from my list of authors. In such a wide field there must be good things which have escaped me, and it may well be that there are

INTRODUCTION

writers whose translations I ought to know and do not. But I will ask the reader not to assume, as the only possibility, that I have erred through ignorance. If a translation by a poet of genius has seemed to me unworthy, I have excluded it: if a translator who has won admiration seems to me personally never to have risen to real distinction, I have thought it right to leave out his work altogether, in spite of the fact that his average level of achievement may be worthy of respect.

I have made a few notes at the end of the book on some of the individual translations. A full commentary might have extended to volumes, but I must leave it to the learned reader to compare the Latin and English, and draw out the particular points that interest him most. The learned reader will, I hope, not object to my having modernised the spelling and, to some extent, the punctuation of the seventeenth and eighteenth century poets. I have good precedent for seeking uniformity in these matters in an anthology covering so long a period of English verse. I should mention, however, that I have preserved the old use of the apostrophe, except where it looks unnatural to a modern eye: e.g. I should write 'preserv'd,' unless the word were to be read as three syllables.

III

The Delegates of the Clarendon Press have kindly given leave for the use of the Oxford Classical Texts of Lucretius (edited by C. Bailey), of Catullus (edited by Robinson Ellis), of Virgil (edited by Sir Arthur Hirtzel), of Horace (edited by E. C. Wickham), of Tibullus (edited by J. P. Postgate), of Propertius (edited by J. S. Phillimore) and of Statius (edited by H. W. Garrod). Very occasionally, with an eye on the English version, I have adopted an alternative reading.

Turning to the translations, I have especially to thank Mr.

○ INTRODUCTION ○

John Drinkwater, who generously put at my disposal his privately printed edition of Branwell Brontë's translation—never yet published—of the First Book of Horace's Odes; from this very interesting work I have selected the version of Ode XXIII, which appears on p. 148.

As regards work by living authors, I have pleasure in thanking publishers and translators for permission to reprint translations from the books enumerated:

George Allen & Unwin Ltd.: Extracts from 'Translations from Lucretius' by R. C. Trevelyan; *The Clarendon Press*: 'He hath outsoared the shadow of our night' (Statius, *Silvae* II) by H. W. Garrod, from 'The Oxford Book of Latin Verse'; and Catullus LXII and CI from 'Catullus' by Sir William Marris; *William Heinemann Ltd.*: 'Invocation' from 'Poems in One Volume' by J. C. Squire; *George Routledge & Sons Ltd.*: 'Unwelcome Dawn' (Ovid, *Amores* I, xiii) from 'The Mirror of Venus' by F. A. Wright; *Martin Secker Ltd.*: Catullus VII, VIII, CVII from 'The Collected Works' of Arthur Symons; *The University Press, Cambridge*: Horace III, xxx, from 'The Odes of Horace' by Dr. H. Macnaghten.

I have also to thank the following translators:

W. Hamilton Fyfe for the lines 'To Sleep' (Statius, *Silvae* V, iv), V. S. Vernon-Jones for 'The Epicurean' (Lucretius II, vii-xix) which has not hitherto been published, and J. H. Vince for 'The Age of Saturn' (Tibullus I, iii) and 'Hylas' (Propertius I, xx), both of which appeared in A. L. Irvine's anthology, *KTHMA EZ AEI*.

For other copyright works I have to thank publishers and literary executors for the following translations:

G. Bell & Sons Ltd.: Extract from Virgil's Third Georgic, and Horace Odes I, ix, from 'The Complete Works of C. S. Calverley,' Catullus XXXIV, from 'Translations' by Sir

INTRODUCTION

Richard Jebb, and Horace Odes I, xxi and IV, ix, from 'Translations from Horace' by Sir Stephen E. de Vere; *William Blackwood and Sons Ltd.*: Extracts from 'The Metamorphoses of Publius Ovidius Naso' by Henry King, and Extract from the Sixth Aeneid from 'The Aeneid of Virgil, Books I-VI' by Sir G. K. Rickards; *Messrs. Chatto and Windus* and *Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons*: 'Martial's De M. Antonio' from 'New Poems' by R. L. Stevenson; *The Clarendon Press*: 'Cave of Somnus' (Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book XI) from 'Poems' by D. M. Dolben; *The Gorham Press*: 'My Lady Rusticates' (Tibullus II, iii) from 'The Elegies of Tibullus' by C. Theodore Williams; *Macmillan and Co. Ltd.*: 'Beauty Unadorned' (Propertius I, ii) and 'Cornelia's Defence' (Propertius IV, ix) from 'Bay Leaves' by Goldwin Smith; *John Murray*: Extracts from 'The Georgics of Virgil' by Lord Burghclere, and 'Faustinus's Villa: To Bassus' from 'Selections from the Epigrams of M. Valerius Martialis' by W. J. Courthope; *George Routledge and Sons Ltd.*: Horace I, xi, from 'Twilight and Candle Shades' by R. F. W. Brandt; *Martin Secker Ltd.*: 'Sirmio' (Catullus XXXI) from 'Collected Poems' by J. E. Flecker.

My acknowledgments would leave me unhappy if I did not complete them by thanking my wife for the help she has given me at many stages of my work.

G. R. H.

Swan House,

Chiswick Mall,

30th November, 1928.

LUCRETIVS

THE INVOCATION

Mother of Rome, delight of gods and men,
 Beloved Venus, who under the fleeting stars
 Fillest the freighted sea and earth's ripe fields,
 O since through thee alone all forms of life
 Are born, and climb into the sun's sweet light,
 Goddess, before whose lovely advancing feet
 The winds and towering clouds scatter and flee,
 And the labouring earth discloses odorous flowers,
 And the sea falls into a shining calm,
 And the assuagèd heavens mellow with light.
 For when the spring-like face of day awakes,
 And the West Wind, unloosed, flies procreant forth,
 Then first the coursing birds, smitten at heart,
 Betray, Lady, thy entrance and thy power,
 And then the beasts caper in happy pastures
 And swim swift floods ; so all created things,
 Captive to thee, drawn by their own desire,
 Stray through the world where'er thy presence leads.
 Through all the seas and hills and swelling streams,

Wing-fluttering woods and green, luxuriant plains,
Thou harriest them with lust, that none shall fail
To carry their eternal races on.

Since then thou art sole queen of all that Is,
And without thee to help can nothing rise
To cross the glorious frontiers of the light,
And nothing grow in gentleness or grace,
Thee do I pray to aid my labouring verse,
Now that of all that Is I strive to sing,
Lady, for my dear Memmian heir, whom thou
Hast blest with every constant excellence ;
For his sake, chiefly, fill my words with life.

J. C. Squire

DE RERV M NATVRA I. 1-28

Aeneadum genetrix, hominum divumque voluptas,
alma Venus, caeli subter labentia signa
quae mare navigerum, quae terras frugiferentis
concelebras, per te quoniam genus omne animantum
concipitur visitque exortum lumina solis :
te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila caeli
adventumque tuum, tibi suavis daedala tellus
summittit flores, tibi rident aequora ponti
placatumque nitet diffuso lumine caelum.
nam simul ac species patefactast verna diei

et reserata viget genitabilis aura favoni,
 aeriae primum volucres te, diva, tuumque
 significant initum percussae corda tua vi.
 inde ferae pecudes persultant pabula laeta
 et rapidos tranant amnis : ita capta lepore
 te sequitur cupide quo quamque inducere pergis.
 denique per maria ac montis fluviosque rapaces
 frondiferasque domos avium camposque virentis
 omnibus incutiens blandum per pectora amorem
 efficis ut cupide generatim saecula propagent.
 quae quoniam rerum naturam sola gubernas
 nec sine te quicquam dias in luminis oras
 exoritur neque fit laetum neque amabile quicquam,
 te sociam studeo scribendis versibus esse
 quos ego de rerum natura pangere conor
 Memmiadae nostro, quem tu, dea, tempore in omni
 omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.
 quo magis aeternum da dictis, diva, leporem.

THE EPICUREAN

What can life give of sweeter than to dwell
 Serenely in the strongholds of the wise
 High-towering, impregnable, and thence
 Look out to far horizons and the tide

That hither thither bears the sons of men
 Jostling and struggling, birth with talent match'd
 In strife to seize the prizes of the world ?
 O mortal hearts, so busy and yet so blind !
 Life's a frail bark that sails on perilous seas,
 Or a dim taper ring'd about with dark :
 O foolish hearts, let be ; nature but craves
 Limbs without ache or ail, and minds unvext.

V. S. Vernon-Jones

DE RERVM NATVRA II. 7-19

sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
 edita doctrina sapientum templa serena,
 despicere unde queas alios passimque videre
 errare atque viam palantis quaerere vitae,
 certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
 noctes atque dies niti praestante labore
 ad summas emergere opes rerumque potiri.
 o miseras hominum mentis, o pectora caeca !
 qualibus in tenebris vitae quantisque periclis
 degitur hoc aevi quodcumquest ! nonne videre
 nil aliud sibi naturam latrare, nisi utqui
 corpore seiunctus dolor absit, mente fruatur
 iucundo sensu cura semota metuque ?

AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH

What has this bugbear death to frighten Man,
 If souls can die, as well as bodies can ?
 For, as before our birth we felt no pain,
 When Punic arms infested land and main,
 When heaven and earth were in confusion hurl'd,
 For the debated empire of the world,
 Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,
 Sure to be slaves, uncertain who should sway :
 So, when our mortal frame shall be disjoin'd,
 The lifeless lump uncoupled from the mind,
 From sense of grief and pain we shall be free ;
 We shall not feel, because we shall not be.
 Though earth in seas, and seas in heaven were lost,
 We should not move, we only should be tost.
 Nay, even suppose, when we have suffer'd fate,
 The soul could feel in her divided state,
 What's that to us ? for we are only we,
 While souls and bodies in one frame agree.
 Nay, though our atoms should revolve by chance,
 And matter leap into the former dance ;
 Though time our life and motion could restore,
 And make our bodies what they were before ;
 What gain to us would all this bustle bring ?

The new-made man would be another thing.
 When once an interrupting pause is made,
 That individual being is decay'd.
 We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
 In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
 Which to that other mortal shall accrue,
 Whom of our matter time shall mould anew.
 For backward if you look on that long space
 Of ages past, and view the changing face
 Of matter, tost, and variously combin'd
 In sundry shapes, 'tis easy for the mind
 From thence to infer, that seeds of things have been
 In the same order as they now are seen ;
 Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
 Because a pause of life, a gaping space,
 Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
 And all the wandering motions from the sense are fled.
 For, whosoe'er shall in misfortunes live,
 Must be, when those misfortunes shall arrive ;
 And since the man who is not, feels not woe,
 (For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
 Which we, the living, only feel and bear,)

What is there left for us in death to fear ?
 When once that pause of life has come between,
 'Tis just the same as we had never been.

And, therefore, if a man bemoan his lot,
 That after death his mouldering limbs shall rot,
 Or flames, or jaws of beasts devour his mass,
 Know, he's an unsincere, unthinking ass.
 A secret sting remains within his mind ;
 The fool is to his own cast offals kind.
 He boasts no sense can after death remain ;
 Yet makes himself a part of life again,
 As if some other *he* could feel the pain.
 If, while he live, this thought molest his head,
 What wolf or vulture shall devour me dead ?
 He wastes his days in idle grief, nor can
 Distinguish 'twixt the body and the man ;
 But thinks himself can still himself survive ;
 And, what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
 Then he repines that he was born to die,
 Nor knows in death there is no other *he*,
 No living *he* remains his grief to vent,
 And o'er his senseless carcase to lament.
 If, after death, 'tis painful to be torn
 By birds, and beasts, then why not so to burn,
 Or drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd.
 Embalm'd to be at once preserv'd and chok'd ;
 Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
 Expos'd to cold and heaven's inclemency ;

Or crowded in a tomb, to be opprest
 With monumental marble on thy breast ?
 But to be snatch'd from all thy household joys,
 From thy chaste wife, and thy dear prattling boys,
 Whose little arms about thy legs are cast,
 And climbing for a kiss prevent their mother's haste,
 Inspiring secret pleasure through thy breast ;
 All these shall be no more ; thy friends opprest
 Thy care and courage now no more shall free ;
 ' Ah ! wretch,' thou criest, ' ah ! miserable me !
 One woeful day sweeps children, friends, and wife,
 And all the brittle blessings of my life ! '
 Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true ;
 Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too ;
 Which, well consider'd, were a quick relief
 To all thy vain imaginary grief :
 For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,
 And, quitting life, shalt quit thy living pain.
 But we, thy friends, shall all those sorrows find,
 Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind ;
 No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee from our
 mind.

The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,
 Is a sound slumber, and a long good-night.
 Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the wits,

Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits ;
 When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
 Till the fresh garlands on their foreheads glow,
 They whine, and cry, ' Let us make haste to live,
 Short are the joys that human life can give.'
 Eternal preachers, that corrupt the draught,
 And pall the god that never thinks, with thought ;
 Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worst
 Of death is want of drink and endless thirst,
 Or any fond desire as vain as these.
 For, even in sleep, the body, wrapt in ease,
 Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave ;
 And, wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
 Were that sound sleep eternal, it were death ;
 Yet the first atoms then, the seeds of breath,
 Are moving near to sense ; we do but shake
 And rouse that sense, and straight we are awake.
 Then death to us, and death's anxiety,
 Is less than nothing, if a less could be ;
 For then our atoms, which in order lay,
 Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,
 And never can return into their place,
 When once the pause of life has left an empty space.
 And, last, suppose great Nature's voice should call
 To thee, or me, or any of us all,—

‘ What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain,
 Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
 And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more ?
 For, if thy life were pleasant heretofore,
 If all the bounteous blessings I could give
 Thou hast enjoyed, if thou hast known to live,
 And pleasure not leak’d through thee like a sieve ;
 Why dost thou not give thanks as at a plenteous
 feast,
 Cramm’d to the throat with life, and rise and take thy
 rest ?

But, if my blessings thou hast thrown away,
 If indigested joys pass’d through, and would not stay,
 Why dost thou wish for more to squander still ?
 If life be grown a load, a real ill,
 And I would all thy cares and labours end,
 Lay down thy burden, fool, and know thy friend.
 To please thee, I have emptied all my store ;
 I can invent, and can supply no more,
 But run the round again, the round I ran before.
 Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,
 Yet still the self-same scene of things appears,
 And would be ever, couldst thou ever live ;
 For life is still but life, there’s nothing new to give.’
 What can we plead against so just a bill ?

We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.
 But if a wretch, a man opprest by fate,
 Should beg of Nature to prolong his date,
 She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,—
 ‘ Be still, thou martyr fool, thou covetous of pain.’
 But if an old decrepit sot lament,—
 ‘ What, thou ! ’ she cries, ‘ who hast outliv’d content !
 Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy’d my store ?
 But this is still the effect of wishing more.
 Unsatisfied with all that Nature brings ;
 Loathing the present, liking absent things ;
 From hence it comes thy vain desires, at strife
 Within themselves, have tantalised thy life,
 And ghastly death appear’d before thy sight,
 Ere thou hadst gorg’d thy soul and senses with
 delight.

Now leave those joys, unsuiting to thy age,
 To a fresh comer, and resign the stage.’

Is Nature to be blam’d if thus she chide ?
 No, sure ; for ’tis her business to provide
 Against this ever-changing frame’s decay,
 New things to come, and old to pass away.
 One being, worn, another being makes ;
 Changed, but not lost ; for nature gives and takes ;
 New matter must be found for things to come,

And these must waste like those, and follow Nature's
doom.

All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot,
And from each other's ruin are begot ;
For life is not confin'd to him or thee ;
'Tis given to all for use, to none for property.
Consider former ages past and gone,
Whose circles ended long ere thine begun,
Then tell me, fool, what part in them thou hast ?
Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past.
What horror seest thou in that quiet state,
What bugbear dreams to fright thee after fate ?
No ghost, no goblins, that still passage keep,
But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.
For all the dismal tales, that poets tell,
Are verified on earth, and not in hell.
No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye,
Or dreads the impending rock to crush him from on
high ;
But fear of chance on earth disturbs our easy hours,
Or vain imagin'd wrath of vain imagin'd powers.
No Tityus torn by vultures lies in hell ;
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell
To that prodigious mass, for their eternal meal ;
Not though his monstrous bulk had cover'd o'er

Nine spreading acres, or nine thousand more ;
Not though the globe of earth had been the giant's
floor ;

Nor in eternal torments could he lie,
Nor could his corpse sufficient food supply.
But he's the Tityus, who, by love oppress,
Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of rest.
The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
To vex the Government, disturb the laws ;
Drunk with the fumes of popular applause,
He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sovereign
seat.

For, still to aim at power, and still to fail,
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but, in reason's true account,
To heave the stone against the rising mount ?
Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with pain,
Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and smokes along
the plain.

Then, still to treat thy ever-craving mind
With every blessing, and of every kind,
Yet never fill thy ravening appetite,

Though years and seasons vary thy delight,
 Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
 But still the wolf within thee barks for more ;
 This is the fable's moral, which they tell
 Of fifty foolish virgins damn'd in hell
 To leaky vessels, which the liquor spill ;
 To vessels of their sex, which none could ever fill.
 As for the dog, the furies, and their snakes,
 The gloomy caverns, and the burning lakes,
 And all the vain infernal trumpery,
 They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
 But here, on earth, the guilty have in view
 The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due ;
 Racks, prisons, poisons, the Tarpeian rock,
 Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and suffocating smoke ;
 And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
 The avenging horror of a conscious mind ;
 Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
 And sees no end of punishment and woe,
 But looks for more, at the last gasp of breath ;
 This makes a hell on earth, and life a death.

Meantime, when thoughts of death disturb thy head,
 Consider, Ancus great and good is dead ;
 Ancus, thy better far, was born to die,
 And thou, dost thou bewail mortality ?

So many monarchs with their mighty state,
 Who rul'd the world, were overrul'd by fate.
 That haughty king, who lorded o'er the main,
 And whose stupendous bridge did the wild waves
 restrain,

(In vain they foam'd, in vain they threaten'd wreck,
 While his proud legions march'd upon their back,)
 Him death, a greater monarch, overcame ;
 Nor spared his guards the more, for their immortal
 name.

The Roman chief, the Carthaginian dread,
 Scipio, the thunderbolt of war, is dead,
 And, like a common slave, by Fate in triumph led.

The founders of invented arts are lost,
 And wits, who made eternity their boast.
 Where now is Homer, who possess the throne ?
 The immortal work remains, the mortal author's gone.
 Democritus, perceiving age invade,
 His body weaken'd, and his mind decay'd,
 Obey'd the summons with a cheerful face ;
 Made haste to welcome death, and met him half the
 race.

That stroke even Epicurus could not bar,
 Though he in wit surpass'd mankind, as far
 As does the midday sun the midnight star.

And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
 Whose very life is little more than death—
 More than one half by lazy sleep possesst ?
 And when awake, thy soul but nods at best,
 Day-dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy
 breast,
 Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
 Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to find ;
 But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
 Thou wanderest in the labyrinth of life.
 Oh, if the foolish race of Man, who find
 A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
 Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
 And all this burden lodged within the breast ;
 Sure they would change their course, nor live as now,
 Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow.
 Uneasy both in country and in town,
 They search a place to lay their burthen down.
 One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
 And vainly thinks to leave behind the load,
 But straight returns ; for he's as restless there,
 And finds there's no relief in open-air.
 Another to his villa would retire,
 And spurs as hard as if it were on fire ;
 No sooner enter'd at his country door,

But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore,
 Or seeks the city, which he left before.
 Thus every man o'erworks his weary will,
 To shun himself, and to shake off his ill ;
 The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him still.
 No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease,
 The wretch is ignorant of his disease ;
 Which, known, would all his fruitless trouble spare,
 For he would know the world not worth his care ;
 Then would he search more deeply for the cause,
 And study Nature well, and Nature's laws ;
 For in this moment lies not the debate,
 But on our future, fix'd, eternal state ;
 That never-changing state which all must keep,
 Whom death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.
 Why are we then so fond of mortal life,
 Beset with dangers, and maintain'd with strife ?
 A life, which all our care can never save ;
 One fate attends us, and one common grave.
 Besides, we tread but a perpetual round ;
 We ne'er strike out, but beat the former ground,
 And the same mawkish joys in the same track are
 found.

For still we think an absent blessing best,
 Which cloy's, and is no blessing when possess'd ;

LUCRETIUS

A new arising wish expels it from the breast.
 The feverish thirst of life increases still ;
 We call for more and more, and never have our fill ;
 Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try,
 What dregs of life in the last draught may lie.
 Nor, by the longest life we can attain,
 One moment from the length of death we gain ;
 For all behind belongs to his eternal reign.
 When once the Fates have cut the mortal thread,
 The man as much to all intents is dead,
 Who dies to-day, and will as long be so,
 As he who died a thousand years ago.

John Dryden

DE RERV M NATVRA III. 830-1094

Nil igitur mors est ad nos neque pertinet hilum,
 quandoquidem natura animi mortalis habetur.
 et velut anteacto nil tempore sensimus aegri,
 ad configendum venientibus undique Poenis,
 omnia cum belli trepido concussa tumultu
 horrida contremuere sub altis aetheris oris,
 in dubioque fuere utrorum ad regna cadendum
 omnibus humanis esset terraque marique,
 sic, ubi non erimus, cum corporis atque animai
 discidium fuerit quibus e sumus uniter apti,

scilicet haud nobis quicquam, qui non erimus tum,
 accidere omnino poterit sensumque movere,
 non si terra mari miscebitur et mare caelo.
 et si iam nostro sentit de corpore postquam
 distractast animi natura animaeque potestas,
 nil tamen est ad nos qui comptu coniugioque
 corporis atque animae consistimus uniter apti.
 nec, si materiem nostram collegerit aetas
 post obitum rursumque redegerit ut sita nunc est
 atque iterum nobis fuerint data lumina vitae,
 pertineat quicquam tamen ad nos id quoque factum,
 interrupta semel cum sit repetentia nostri.
 et nunc nil ad nos de nobis attinet, ante
 qui fuimus, nil iam de illis nos adficit angor.
 nam cum respicias immensi temporis omne
 praeteritum spatium, tum motus materiai
 multimodis quam sint, facile hoc accredere possis,
 semina saepe in eodem, ut nunc sunt, ordine posta
 haec eadem, quibus e nunc nos sumus, ante fuisse.
 nec memori tamen id quimus reprehendere mente ;
 inter enim iectast vitai pausa vageque
 deerrarunt passim motus ab sensibus omnes.
 debet enim, misere si forte aegreque futurumst,
 ipse quoque esse in eo tum tempore, cui male possit
 accidere. id quoniam mors eximit, esseque probet

illum cui possint incommoda conciliari,
 scire licet nobis nil esse in morte timendum
 nec miserum fieri qui non est posse neque hilum
 differre an nullo fuerit iam tempore natus,
 mortalem vitam mors cum immortalis ademit.

Proinde ubi se videas hominem indignarier ipsum,
 post mortem fore ut aut putescat corpore posto
 aut flammis interfiat malisve ferarum,
 scire licet non sincerum sonere atque subesse
 caecum aliquem cordi stimulum, quamvis neget ipse
 credere se quemquam sibi sensum in morte futurum.
 non, ut opinor, enim dat quod promittit et unde,
 nec radicitus e vita se tollit et eicit,
 sed facit esse sui quiddam super inscius ipse.
 vivus enim sibi cum proponit quisque futurum,
 corpus uti volucres lacerent in morte feraeque,
 ipse sui miseret ; neque enim se dividit illim
 nec removet satis a proiecto corpore et illum
 se fingit sensuque suo contaminat adstans.
 hinc indignatur se mortalem esse creatum
 nec videt in vera nullum fore morte alium se
 qui possit vivus sibi se lugere peremptum
 stansque iacentem se lacerari urive dolere.
 nam si in morte malumst malis morsuque ferarum
 tractari, non invenio qui non sit acerbum

ignibus impositum calidis torrescere flammis
aut in melle situm suffocari atque rigere
frigore, cum summo gelidi cubat aequore saxi,
urgerive superne obtritum pondere terrae.

‘ Iam iam non domus accipiet te laeta, neque uxor
optima nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
praeripere et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent.
non poteris factis florentibus esse, tuisque
praesidium. misero misere ’ aiunt ‘ omnia ademit
una dies infesta tibi tot praemia vitae.’
illud in his rebus non addunt ‘ nec tibi earum
iam desiderium rerum super insidet una.’
quod bene si videant animo dictisque sequantur,
dissoluant animi magno se angore metuque.
‘ tu quidem ut es leto sopitus, sic eris aevi
quod superest cunctis privatu ’ doloribus aegris.
at nos horrifico cinefactum te prope busto
insatiabiliter deflevimus, aeternumque
nulla dies nobis maerorem e pectore demet.’
illud ab hoc igitur quaerendum est, quid sit amari
tanto opere, ad somnum si res redit atque quietem,
cur quisquam aeterno possit tabescere luctu.

Hoc etiam faciunt ubi discubuerunt tenentque
pocula saepe homines et inumbrant ora coronis,
ex animo ut dicant ‘ brevis hic est fructus homullis ;

iam fuerit neque post umquam revocare licebit.
 tamquam in morte mali cum primis hoc sit eorum,
 quod sitis exurat miseros atque arida torrat,
 aut aliae cuius desiderium insideat rei.
 nec sibi enim quisquam tum se vitamque requirit,
 cum pariter mens et corpus sopita quiescunt.
 nam licet aeternum per nos sic esse soporem,
 nec desiderium nostri nos adficit ullum.
 et tamen haudquaquam nostros tunc illa per artus
 longe ab sensiferis primordia motibus errant,
 cum correptus homo ex somno se colligit ipse.
 multo igitur mortem minus ad nos esse putandumst,
 si minus esse potest quam quod nil esse videmus ;
 maior enim turba et disiectus materiai
 consequitur leto nec quisquam expergitus exstat,
 frigida quem semel est vitae pausa secuta.

Denique si vocem rerum natura repente
 mittat et hoc alicui nostrum sic increpet ipsa
 ‘ quid tibi tanto operest, mortalis, quod nimis aegris
 luctibus indulges ? quid mortem congemis ac fles ?
 nam si grata fuit tibi vita anteacta priorque
 et non omnia pertusum congesta quasi in vas
 commoda perfluxere atque ingrata interiere,
 cur non ut plenus vitae conviva recedis,
 aequo animoque capis securam, stulte, quietem ?

sin ea quae fructus cumque es periere profusa
 vitaeque in offensast, cur amplius addere quaeris,
 rursum quod pereat male et ingratum occidat omne,
 non potius vitae finem facis atque laboris ?
 nam tibi praeterea quod machiner inveniamque,
 quod placeat, nil est : eadem sunt omnia semper.
 si tibi non annis corpus iam marcet et artus
 confecti languent, eadem tamen omnia restant,
 omnia si pergas vivendo vincere saecula,
 atque etiam potius, si numquam sis moriturus,
 quid respondemus, nisi iustam intendere litem
 naturam et veram verbis exponere causam ?
 grandior hic vero si iam seniorque queratur,
 atque obitum lamentetur miser amplius aequo,
 non merito inclamet magis et voce increpet acri ?
 ‘ aufer abhinc lacrimas, balatro, et compesce querelas.
 omnia perfunctus vitae praemia marces.
 sed quia semper aves quod abest, praesentia temnis,
 imperfecta tibi elapsast ingrataque vita
 et nec opinanti mors ad caput adstitit ante
 quam satur ac plenus possis discedere rerum.
 nunc aliena tua tamen aetate omnia mitte
 aequo animoque, agedum, iam aliis concede : necessest.’
 iure, ut opinor, agat, iure increpet inciletque.
 cedit enim rerum novitate extrusa vetustas

semper, et ex aliis aliud reparare necessest :
 nec quisquam in barathrum nec Tartara deditur atra.
 materies opus est ut crescant postera saecula ;
 quae tamen omnia te vita perfuncta sequentur ;
 nec minus ergo ante haec quam tu cecidere, cadentque.
 sic aliud ex alio numquam desistet oriri
 vitaeque mancipio nulli datur, omnibus usu.
 respice item quam nil ad nos anteacta vetustas
 temporis aeterni fuerit, quam nascimur ante.
 hoc igitur speculum nobis natura futuri
 temporis exponit post mortem denique nostram.
 numquid ibi horribile apparet, num triste videtur
 quicquam, non omni somno securius exstat ?

Atque ea nimirum quaecumque Acherunte profundo
 prodita sunt esse, in vita sunt omnia nobis.
 nec miser impendens magnum timet aere saxum
 Tantalus, ut famast, cassa formidine torpens ;
 sed magis in vita divum metus urget inanis
 mortalis casumque timent quem cuique ferat fors.
 nec Tityon volucres ineunt Acherunte iacentem
 nec quod sub magno scrutentur pectore quicquam
 perpetuam aetatem possunt reperire profecto.
 quamlibet immani proiectu corporis exstet,
 qui non sola novem dispessis iugera membris
 obtineat, sed qui terrarum totius orbem,

non tamen aeternum poterit perferre dolorem
 nec praebere cibum proprio de corpore semper.
 sed Tityos nobis hic est, in amore iacentem
 quem volucres lacerant atque exest anxius angor
 aut alia quavis scindunt cuppedine curae.
 Sisyphus in vita quoque nobis ante oculos est
 qui petere a populo fascis saevasque securis
 imbibit et semper victus tristisque recedit.
 nam petere imperium quod inanest nec datur umquam,
 atque in eo semper durum sufferre laborem,
 hoc est adverso nixantem trudere monte
 saxum quod tamen e summo iam vertice rursum
 volvitur et plani raptim petit aequora campi.
 deinde animi ingratam naturam pascere semper
 atque explere bonis rebus satiareque numquam,
 quod faciunt nobis annorum tempora, circum
 cum redeunt fetusque ferunt variosque lepores,
 nec tamen explemur vitae fructibus umquam,
 hoc, ut opinor, id est, aevo florente puellas
 quod memorant laticem pertusum congerere in vas,
 quod tamen expleri nulla ratione potestur.
 Cerberus et furiae iam vero et lucis egestas,
 Tartarus horriferos eructans faucibus aestus,
 quid ? neque sunt usquam nec possunt esse profecto.
 sed metus in vita poenarum pro male factis

est insignibus insignis, scelerisque luella,
 carcer et horribilis de saxo iactu ' deorsum,
 verbera carnifices robur pix lammina taedae ;
 quae tamen etsi absunt, at mens sibi conscia factis
 praemetuens adhibet stimulos torretque flagellis
 nec videt interea qui terminus esse malorum
 possit nec quae sit poenarum denique finis
 atque eadem metuit magis haec ne in morte graves-
 cant.

hic Acherusia fit stultorum denique vita.

Hoc etiam tibi tute interdum dicere possis
 ' lumina sis oculis etiam bonus Ancu' reliquit
 qui melior multis quam tu fuit, improbe, rebus.
 inde alii multi reges rerumque potentes
 occiderunt, magnis qui gentibus imperitarunt.
 ille quoque ipse, viam qui quondam per mare magnum
 stravit iterque dedit legionibus ire per altum
 ac pedibus salsas docuit super ire lacunas
 et contempsit equis insultans murmura ponti,
 lumine adempto animam moribundo corpore fudit.
 Scipiadas, belli fulmen, Carthaginis horror,
 ossa dedit terrae proinde ac famul infimus esset.
 adde repertoires doctrinarum atque leporum,
 adde Heliconiadum comites ; quorum unus Homerus
 sceptrum potitus eadem aliis sopitu' quietest.

denique Democritum postquam matura vetustas
 admonuit memores motus languescere mentis,
 sponte sua leto caput obviu obtulit ipse.
 ipse Epicurus obit decurso lumine vitae,
 qui genus humanum ingenio superavit et omnis
 restinxit, stellas exortus ut aerius sol.
 tu vero dubitabis et indignabere obire ?
 mortua cui vita est prope iam vivo atque videnti,
 qui somno partem maiorem conteris aevi
 et vigilans stertis nec somnia cernere cessas
 sollicitamque geris cassa formidine mentem
 nec reperire potes tibi quid sit saepe mali, cum
 ebrius urgeris multis miser undique curis
 atque animi incerto fluitans errore vagaris.'

Si possent homines, proinde ac sentire videntur
 pondus inesse animo quod se gravitate fatiget,
 e quibus id fiat causis quoque noscere et unde
 tanta mali tamquam moles in pectore constet,
 haud ita vitam agerent, ut nunc plerumque videmus
 quid sibi quisque velit nescire et quaerere semper
 commutare locum quasi onus deponere possit.
 exit saepe foras magnis ex aedibus ille,
 esse domi quem pertaesumst, subitoque revertit,
 quippe foris nilo melius qui sentiat esse.
 currit agens mannos ad villam praecipitanter,

auxilium textis quasi ferre ardentibus instans ;
 oscitat extemplo, tetigit cum limina villae,
 aut abit in somnum gravis atque oblivia quaerit,
 aut etiam properans urbem petit atque revisit.
 hoc se quisque modo fugit, (at quem scilicet, ut fit,
 effugere haud potis est, ingratis haeret) et odit
 propterea, morbi quia causam non tenet aeger ;
 quam bene si videat, iam rebus quisque relictis
 naturam primum studeat cognoscere rerum,
 temporis aeterni quoniam, non unius horae,
 ambigitur status, in quo sit mortalibus omnis
 aetas, post mortem quae restat cumque, manenda.

Denique tanto opere in dubiis trepidare periculis
 quae mala nos subigit vitai tanta cupido ?
 certa quidem finis vitae mortalibus adstat
 nec devitari letum pote quin obeamus.
 praeterea versamur ibidem atque insumus usque
 nec nova vivendo procuditur ulla voluptas.
 sed dum abest quod avemus, id exsuperare videtur
 cetera ; post aliud, cum contigit illud, avemus
 et sitis aequa tenet vitai semper hiantis.
 posteraque in dubiis fortunam quam vehat aetas,
 quidve ferat nobis casus quive exitus instet.
 nec prorsum vitam ducendo demimus hilum
 tempore de mortis nec delibare valemus,

quo minus esse diu possimus forte perempti.
 proinde licet quot vis vivendo condere saecula ;
 mors aeterna tamen nilo minus illa manebit,
 nec minus ille diu iam non erit, ex hodierno
 lumine qui finem vitae fecit, et ille,
 mensibus atque annis qui multis occidit ante.

PRIMEVAL MAN

But that first race of men in the open fields
 Was hardier far, (small wonder, since hard Earth
 Had brought it forth,) built too around a frame
 Of bones more large and solid, knit together
 By powerful sinews ; nor was it easily
 Impaired by heat or cold, nor by strange foods,
 Nor yet by any bodily disease.
 And during many revolving periods
 Of the sun through the sky, they lived their lives
 After the roving habit of wild beasts.
 No one was then the bent plough's stalwart guide,
 None yet had knowledge how to till the fields
 With iron, or plant young saplings in the soil,
 Nor how to lop old boughs from the tall trees
 With pruning-hooks. What suns and rains had given,
 What of her own free will Earth had brought forth,

LUCRETIVS

Was enough bounty to content their hearts.
'Neath acorn-bearing oak-trees their wont was
To alleviate their hunger ; and those berries
Which now upon the arbutus you see
Ripening to scarlet hues in winter-time,
The Earth then bore more plentifully and larger
Than in these days. Moreover then the world's
Luxuriant youth gave birth to many kinds
Of coarse food, ample enough for wretched men.
But to allay their thirst rivers and springs
Invited, as now waters, tumbling down
From the great mountains with clear-sounding plash,
Summon from far the thirsting tribes of beasts.
Furthermore in their roamings they would visit
Those renowned silvan precincts of the Nymphs,
Caverns wherefrom they knew that copious streams,
Gushing forth smoothly, bathed the dripping rocks,
(The dripping rocks, o'er green moss trickling down,)
Or sometimes welled up over the level plain.
As yet they knew not how to employ fire,
Or to make use of skins, and clothe their bodies
With spoils of wild beasts ; but inhabiting
Woods, mountains, caves and forests, they would
shelter
Their squalid limbs in thickets, when compelled

To shun the buffeting of winds and rains.
 No regard could they have to a general good,
 Nor did they know how to make use in common
 Of any laws or customs. Whatsoever
 Fortune might set before him, that would each
 Take as his prize, cunning to thrive and live
 As best might please him, each one for himself.
 And in the woods Venus would join the bodies
 Of lovers, whether a mutual desire,
 Or the man's violence and vehement lust
 Had won the woman over, or a bribe
 Of acorns, arbuter-berries or choice pears.
 Endowed with marvellous strength of hands and feet
 They chased the forest-roaming tribes of beasts;
 And many with flung stones and ponderous club
 They overcame, some few they would avoid
 In hiding-places. And like bristly swine
 Just as they were they flung their savage limbs
 Naked upon the ground, when night o'ertook them,
 Enveloping themselves with leaves and boughs.
 Nor did they call for daylight and the sun
 Wandering terror-stricken about the fields
 With loud wails through the shadows of the night,
 But silently, buried in sleep they lay
 Waiting until the sun with rosy torch

Brought light into the sky. For since from childhood
 They had been wont to see darkness and light
 Alternately begotten without fail,
 Never could they feel wonder or misgiving
 Lest night eternal should possess the earth
 And the sun's light for ever be withdrawn.
 But 'twas a worse anxiety that wild beasts
 Often made sleep unsafe for these poor wretches.
 For driven from their homes in sheltering rocks
 They fled at the entrance of a foaming boar
 Or strong lion, yielding up at dead of night
 Their leaf-strewn beds in panic to fierce guests.
 Yet no more often in those days than now
 Would mortal men leave the sweet light of life
 With lamentation. Each one by himself
 Would doubtless be more likely then than now
 To be seized and devoured by wild beasts' teeth,
 A living food, and with his groans would fill
 Mountains and forests, while he saw his own
 Live flesh in a live monument entombed.
 But those whom flight had saved with mangled body,
 From that time forth would hold their trembling hands
 Over their noisome scars, with dreadful cries
 Invoking death, till agonising throes
 Rid them of life, with none to give them aid,

Ignorant of what wounds required. But then
A single day did not consign to death
Thousands on thousands, marshalled beneath
standards,

Nor did the turbulent waters of the deep
Shatter upon the rocks both ships and men.
At that time vainly, without aim or result
The sea would often rise up and turmoil;
Nor could the winsome wiles of the calm deep
Lure men on treacherously with laughing waves,
While reckless seamanship was yet unknown.
Moreover lack of food would then consign
Their fainting limbs to death: now rather plenty
Sinks men to ruin. Often for themselves
Would they pour poison out unwittingly:
To others now with subtler skill they give it.

R. C. Trevelyan

DE RERV M NATVRA V. 925-1010

At genus humanum multo fuit illud in arvis
durius, ut decuit, tellus quod dura creasset,
et maioribus et solidis magis ossibus intus
fundatum, validis aptum per viscera nervis,
nec facile ex aestu nec frigore quod caperetur
nec novitate cibi nec labi corporis ulla.

multaque per caelum solis volventia lustra
 vulgivago vitam tractabant more ferarum.
 nec robustus erat curvi moderator aratri
 quisquam, nec scibat ferro molirier arva
 nec nova defodere in terram virgulta neque altis
 arboribus veteres decidere falcibu' ramos.
 quod sol atque imbres dederant, quod terra crearat
 sponte sua, satis id placabat pectora donum.
 glandiferas inter curabant corpora quercus
 plerumque ; et quae nunc hiberno tempore cernis
 arbuta puniceo fieri matura colore,
 plurima tum tellus etiam maiora ferebat.
 multaque praeterea novitas tum florida mundi
 pabula dura tulit, miseris mortalibus ampla.
 at sedare sitim fluvii fontesque vocabant,
 ut nunc montibus e magnis decursus aquai
 claru' citat late sitientia saecula ferarum.
 denique nota vagi silvestria templa petebant
 nympharum, quibus e scibant umori' fluenta
 lubrica proluvie larga lavere umida saxa,
 umida saxa, super viridi stillantia musco,
 et partim plano scatere atque erumpere campo.
 necdum res igni scibant tractare neque uti
 pellibus et spoliis corpus vestire ferarum,
 sed nemora atque cavos montis silvasque colebant

et frutices inter condebant squalida membra
 verbera ventorum vitare imbrisque coacti.
 nec commune bonum poterant spectare neque ullis
 moribus inter se scibant nec legibus uti.
 quod cuique obtulerat praedae fortuna, ferebat
 sponte sua sibi quisque valere et vivere doctus.
 et Venus in silvis iungebat corpora amantum ;
 conciliabat enim vel mutua quamque cupido
 vel violenta viri vis atque impensa libido
 vel pretium, glandes atque arbuta vel pira lecta.
 et manuum mira freti virtute pedumque
 consecabantur silvestria saecula ferarum
 missilibus saxis et magno pondere clavae ;
 multaque vincebant, vitabant pauca latebris ;
 saetigerisque pares subus silvestria membra
 nuda dabant terrae nocturno tempore capti,
 circum se foliis ac frondibus involventes.
 nec plangore diem magno solemque per agros
 quaerebant pavidi palantes noctis in umbris,
 sed taciti respectabant somnoque sepulti,
 dum rosea face sol inferret lumina caelo.
 a parvis quod enim consuerant cernere semper
 alterno tenebras et lucem tempore gigni,
 non erat ut fieri posset mirarier umquam
 nec diffidere ne terras aeterna teneret

nox in perpetuum detracto lumine solis.
 sed magis illud erat curae, quod saecula ferarum
 infestam miseris faciebant saepe quietem.
 eiectique domo fugiebant saxea tecta
 spumigeri suis adventu validique leonis
 atque intempesta cedebant nocte paventes
 hospitibus saevis instrata cubilia fronde.

Nec nimio tum plus quam nunc mortalia saecula
 dulcia linquebant lamentis lumina vitae.
 unus enim tum quisque magis deprensus eorum
 pabula viva feris praebebat, dentibus haustus,
 et nemora ac montis gemitu silvasque replebat
 viva videns vivo sepeliri viscera busto.
 at quos effugium servarat corpore adeso,
 posterius tremulas super ulcera taetra tenentes
 palmas horriferis accibant vocibus Orcum,
 donec eos vita privarant vermina saeva
 expertis opis, ignaros quid vulnera vellent.
 at non multa virum sub signis milia ducta
 una dies dabat exitio nec turbida ponti
 aequora lidebant navis ad saxa virosque.
 hic temere incassum frustra mare saepe coortum
 saevibat leviterque minas ponebat inanis,
 nec poterat quemquam placidi pellacia ponti
 subdola pellicere in fraudem ridentibus undis,

improba navigii ratio cum caeca iacebat.
 tum penuria deinde cibi languentia leto
 membra dabat, contra nunc rerum copia mersat.
 illi imprudentes ipsi sibi saepe venenum
 vergebant, nunc dant aliis sollertius ipsi.

THE GODS

O unhappy race of men, that could assign
 Such functions to the deities, and thereto
 Add cruel wrath ! What groans then for themselves
 Did they beget, what wounds for us, what tears
 For our children's children ! 'Tis no piety
 To be seen often with veiled head to turn
 Towards a stone, visiting every altar,
 Nor to fall grovelling with outspread palms
 Prostrate before the temples of the gods,
 Nor sprinkling altars with much blood of beasts
 To add to votive offering votive offering ;
 But this rather is piety, to have power
 To survey all things with a tranquil mind.
 For when we lift our eyes to the celestial
 Temples of the great universe, and the aether
 Studded with glittering stars, and contemplate
 The paths of sun and moon, then in our breasts,

Burdened with other evils, this fear too
 Begins to lift its reawakened head,
 Lest perchance it be true that with the gods
 Resides a boundless power, which can move
 Upon their various courses the bright stars.
 For ignorance of cause troubles the mind,
 So that it doubts whether there ever was
 A birth-time and beginning for the world,
 And likewise whether there shall be an end ;
 How far the world's walls can endure this strain
 Of restless motion, or whether by the gods
 With eternal stability endowed
 They may glide on through endless lapse of time,
 Defying the strong powers of infinite age.
 Again whose mind shrinks not with awe of gods,
 Whose limbs creep not for terror, when beneath
 The appalling stroke of thunder the parched earth
 Shudders, and mutterings run through the vast sky ?
 Do not the peoples and the nations quake,
 And proud kings, stricken with religious dread,
 Sit quailing, lest for any wicked deed
 Or overweening word, the heavy time
 Of reckoning and punishment be ripe ?
 Also when the full violence of a wind
 Raging across the sea, sweeps o'er the waves

The high commander of a fleet, with all
 His powerful legions and his elephants,
 Does he not supplicate the gods with vows
 For mercy, and with craven prayers entreat them
 To lull the storm and grant propitious gales ?
 But all in vain ; since often none the less,
 Seized by the violent hurricane, he is whirled
 Onto the shoals of death. Thus evermore
 Some hidden power treads human grandeur down,
 And seems to make its sport of the proud rods
 And cruel axes, crushed beneath its heel.
 Lastly, when the whole earth rocks under them,
 And cities tumble with the shock, or stand
 In doubt, threatening to fall, what wonder is it
 That mortal creatures should abase themselves,
 Assigning vast dominion to the gods,
 And wondrous power to govern all below ?

R. C. Trevelyan

DE RERV M NATVRA V. 1194-1240

O genus infelix humanum, talia divis
 cum tribuit facta atque iras adiunxit acerbis !
 quantos tum gemitus ipsi sibi, quantaque nobis
 vulnera, quas lacrimas peperere minoribu' nostris !
 nec pietas ullast velatum saepe videri

vertier ad lapidem atque omnis accedere ad aras
 nec procumbere humi prostratum et pandere palmas
 ante deum delubra nec aras sanguine multo
 spargere quadrupedum nec votis nectere vota,
 sed mage pacata posse omnia mente tueri.
 nam cum suspicimus magni caelestia mundi
 templa super stellisque micantibus aethera fixum,
 et venit in mentem solis lunaeque viarum,
 tunc aliis oppressa malis in pectora cura
 illa quoque expergefactum caput erigere inquit,
 nequae forte deum nobis immensa potestas
 sit, vario motu quae candida sidera verset.
 temptat enim dubiam mentem rationis egestas,
 ecquaenam fuerit mundi genitalis origo,
 et simul ecquae sit finis, quoad moenia mundi
 solliciti motus hunc possint ferre laborem,
 an divinitus aeterna donata salute
 perpetuo possint aevi labentia tractu
 immensi validas aevi contemnere viris.
 praeterea cui non animus formidine divum
 contrahitur, cui non correpunt membra pavore,
 fulminis horribili cum plaga torrida tellus
 contremat et magnum percurrunt murmura caelum?
 non populi gentesque tremunt, regesque superbi
 corripiunt divum percussi membra timore,

nequid ob admissum foede dictumve superbe
 poenarum grave sit solvendi tempus adultum ?
 summa etiam cum vis violenti per mare venti
 induperatorem classis super aequora verrit
 cum validis pariter legionibus atque elephantis,
 non divum pacem votis adit ac prece quaesit
 ventorum pavidus paces animasque secundas,
 nequiquam, quoniam violento turbine saepe
 correptus nilo fertur minus ad vada leti ?
 usque adeo res humanas vis abdita quaedam
 obterit et pulchros fascis saevasque securis
 proculcare ac ludibrio sibi habere videtur.
 denique sub pedibus tellus cum tota vacillat
 concussaeque cadunt urbes dubiaeque minantur,
 quid mirum si se temnunt mortalia saecula
 atque potestates magnas mirasque relinquunt
 in rebus viris divum, quae cuncta gubernent ?

CATULLUS

POEMS TO LESBIA

THE DEAD SPARROW

Cupids and Graces, mourn with me—
Men, too, of sensibility :
Gone is my darling's sparrow, gone
The sparrow that she doted on.

She loved him more than her own eyes,
For he, sweet thing, would recognise
His mistress as a maid her mother,
Nor leave her lap for any other,
But hither alight and thither spring,
In her sole service chirruping.

And now the shadow-glimmering track
He goes, whence none—they say—come back.

Ill tide you, dark and evil power,
You, that all prettiness devour—

CATULLUS

So pretty a sparrow have you torn
 Away, O cruel, for us to mourn.
 Poor bird, for you my darling cries,
 All red, and big with tears, her eyes.

Anon.

CARMEN III.

Lugete, O Veneres Cupidinesque,
 et quantum est hominum venustiorum.
 passer mortuus est meae puellae,
 passer, deliciae meae puellae.
 quem plus illa oculis suis amabat :
 nam mellitus erat suamque norat
 ipsam tam bene quam puella matrem.
 nec sese a gremio illius movebat,
 sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc
 ad solam dominam usque pipilabat.
 qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
 illuc, unde negant redire quenquam.
 at vobis male sit, malae tenebrae
 Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis :
 tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis.
 vae factum male ! vae miselle passer,
 tua nunc opera meae puellae
 flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

COME AND LET US LIVE

Come and let us live, my Dear,
 Let us love and never fear
 What the sourest Fathers say :
 Brightest Sol that dies to-day
 Lives again as blithe to-morrow ;
 But if we dark sons of sorrow
 Set, O then how long a night
 Shuts the eyes of our short light !
 Then let amorous kisses dwell
 On our lips, begin and tell
 A thousand, and a hundred score,
 An hundred, and a thousand more,
 Till another thousand smother
 That, and that wipe off another.
 Thus at last when we have numbered
 Many a thousand, many a hundred,
 We'll confound the reckoning quite,
 And lose our selves in wild delight :
 While our joys so multiply
 As shall mock the envious eye.

Richard Crashaw

CATULLUS

CARMEN V.

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
rumoresque senum severiorum
omnes unius aestimemus assis.
soles occidere et redire possunt :
nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
nox est perpetua una dormienda.
da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.
dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,
conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
aut ne quis malus invidere possit,
cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

KISSES

What, Lesbia, can you ask if any
Kisses of yours could be too many ?
How many are the sands that lie
All perfume to the Lybian sky,
From where old Battus' ashes dwell
To Jove's parched desert oracle ?
How many a star unsleeping hovers,
On still nights, over stealthy lovers ?

Shall kisses such as all or any
 From your mad lover be too many ?
 O let no count of envy reach them,
 Nor no wicked tongue bewitch them.

Arthur Symons

CARMEN VII.

Quaeris, quot mihi basiationes
 tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.
 quam magnus numerus Libyssae harenae
 lasarpiciferis iacet Cyrenis,
 oraculum Iovis inter aestuosi
 et Batti veteris sacrum sepulcrum ;
 aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
 furtivos hominum vident amores ;
 tam te basia multa basiare
 vesano satis et super Catullo est,
 quae nec pernumerare curiosi
 possint nec mala fascinare lingua.

PROOF OF LOVE

Lesbia for ever on me rails ;
 To talk of me she never fails.
 Now, hang me, but for all her art
 I find that I have gain'd her heart.

CATULLUS

My proof is this, I plainly see
 The case is just the same with me ;
 I curse her every hour sincerely,
 Yet hang me but I love her dearly !

Jonathan Swift

CARMEN XCII.

Lesbia mi dicit semper male nec tacet unquam
 de me : Lesbia me dispeream nisi amat.
 quo signo ? quia sunt totidem mea : deprecor illam
 assidue, verum dispeream nisi amo.

ODI ET AMO

I hate and love : you'd have me tell you why,
 But all that I can tell 's the agony.

Anon.

CARMEN LXXXV.

Odi et amo : quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.
 nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

FALSEHOOD

Thou saidst that I alone thy heart could move,
 And that for me thou wouldst abandon Jove.
 I lov'd thee then, nor with a love defil'd,
 But as a father loves his only child.

CATULLUS

I know thee now, and though I fiercelier burn,
Thou art become the object of my scorn.
See what thy falsehood gets ; I must confess
I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

William Walsh

CARMEN LXXII.

Dicebas quondam solum te nosse Catullum,
Lesbia, nec prae me velle tenere Iovem.
dilexi tum te non tantum ut vulgus amicam,
sed pater ut natos diligit et generos.
nunc te cognovi : quare etsi impensius uror,
multo mei tamen es vilior et levior.
qui potis est ? inquis. Quod amantem iniuria talis
cogit amare magis, sed bene velle minus.

THE RETURN

If a wished-for thing and a thing past hoping for
Should come to a man, will he welcome it not the more ?
Therefore to me more welcome it is than gold
That Lesbia brings me back my desire of old,
My desire past hoping for, her own self, back.
O mark the day with white in the almanac !
What happier man is alive, or what can bring
To a man, whoever he be, a more wished-for thing ?

Arthur Symonds

CATULLUS

CARMEN CVII.

Si quoi quid cupido optantique optigit umquam
 insperanti, hoc est gratum animo proprie.
 quare hoc est gratum nobis quoque carius auro
 quod te restituis, Lesbia, mi cupido.
 restituis cupido atque insperanti, ipsa refers te
 nobis. o lucem candidiore nota !
 quis me uno vivit felicior, aut magis ab dis
 optandum in vita dicere quis poterit?

THE PROFANATION

Oh Caelius, our Lesbia, my own,
 My Lesbia—the Lesbia whom alone
 Catullus loved, preferring her above
 Himself, and all that ever were his to love—
 Plies now, where the crowds are, in the shade of the
 wall,
 A drab, with the noblest Romans of them all.

Anon.

CARMEN LVIII.

Caeli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
 illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam
 plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
 nunc in quadruviis et angiportis
 glubit magnanimis Remi nepotes.

AN END OF THIS FOLLY

Miserable Catullus, put an end of this folly :
 Let all things dead be over and ended wholly.
 Once the sun was bright and the light was fair,
 And there was a woman to love, and she waited there,
 And never a woman was better loved than she.
 Surely the sun was bright and fair to see,
 And merrily then the hours of love went by,
 When nothing that you desired would she deny.
 Now the woman, desiring no more, denies :
 You too, deny, nor follow her as she flies.
 Be miserable no more, for all is vain :
 Set your soul steadfast and harden your heart again.
 Farewell : Catullus has hardened his heart again,
 He will not follow nor cry to you now in vain.
 No, it is you that shall weep, as you lie alone,
 And no man cries at your gate, and the night goes on.
 What shall remain to you then ? who shall come to
 your call ?
 Who shall call you fair ? nay, whom shall you love
 at all ?
 Who shall have you for his ? whose lips shall you
 bite and kiss ?
 But you, Catullus, harden your heart at this.

Arthur Symons

CARMEN VIII.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire,
 et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.
 fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles,
 cum ventitabas quo puella ducebat
 amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla.
 ibi illa multa tum iocosa fiebant,
 quae tu volebas nec puella nolebat.
 fulsere vere candidi tibi soles.
 nunc iam illa non volt : tu quoque inpotens noli,
 nec quae fugit sectare, nec miser vive,
 sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura.
 vale, puella. iam Catullus obdurat,
 nec te requiret nec rogabit invitam.
 at tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nulla
 scelestâ nocte. quae tibi manet vita ?
 quis nunc te adibit ? cui videberis bella ?
 quem nunc amabis ? cuius esse diceris ?
 quem basiabis ? cui labella mordebis ?
 at tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura.

SIRMIO

Little gem of all-but-islands and of islands, Sirmio,
Whether set in landlocked waters, or in Ocean's freer
flow—

Oh the pleasant seeing of thee, bright as ever—there
below—

Far behind me, to the Northward, lie the dreamy lands
of glow—

Oh the hour of mad rejoicing, oh the sweet good-bye
to woe

As with quiet soul aweary of world-wandering to and
fro

In we hurry through the doorway of our home of long
ago. . . .

Hail then, hail ! Thy master welcome, welcome him,
sweet Sirmio,

Leap for joy, ye tumbling waters, winking at the
summer's glow,

Gaily through the house resounding let the peals of
laughter go.

James Elroy Flecker

CATULLUS

CARMEN XXXI.

Paene insularum, Sirmio, insularumque
ocelle, quascumque in liquentibus stagnis
marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus ;
quam te libenter quamque laetus in viso,
vix mi ipse credens Thuniam atque Bithunos
liquisse campos et videre te in tuto.
o quid solutis est beatius curis ?
cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.
hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.
salve o venusta Sirmio atque hero gaude ;
gaudete vosque o Lydiae lacus undae ;
ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum.

DIANA

Diana guardeth our estate,
Girls and boys immaculate ;
Boys and maidens pure of stain,
Be Diana our refrain.

O Latonia, pledge of love
Glorious to most glorious Jove,

CATULLUS

Near the Delian olive-tree
Latona gave thy life to thee,

That thou should'st be for ever queen
Of mountains and of forests green ;
Of every deep glen's mystery ;
Of all streams and their melody.

Women in travail ask their peace
From thee, our Lady of Release :
Thou art the Watcher of the Ways :
Thou art the Moon with borrowed rays :

And, as thy full or waning tide
Marks how the monthly seasons glide,
Thou, Goddess, sendest wealth of store
To bless the farmer's thrifty floor.

Whatever name delights thine ear,
By that name be thou hallowed here ;
And, as of old, be good to us,
The lineage of Romulus.

Sir Richard Jebb

CATULLUS

CARMEN XXXIV.

Dianae sumus in fide
 puellae et pueri integri :
 Dianam pueri integri
 puellaeque canamus.
o Latonia, maximi
 magna progenies Iovis,
 quam mater prope Deliam
 deposivit olivam,
montium domina ut fores
 silvarumque virentium
 saltuumque reconditorum
 amniuumque sonantum :
tu Lucina dolentibus
 Iuno dicta puerperis,
 tu potens Trivia et notho's
 dicta lumine Luna.
tu cursu, dea, menstruo
 metiens iter annuum,
 rustica agricolae bonis
 tectis frugibus explens.
sis quocumque tibi placet
 sancta nomine, Romulique
 antique ut solita's bona
 sospites ope gentem.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS

‘ Oh Acme, love ! ’ Septimius cried,
 As on his lap he held his bride,—
 ‘ If all my heart is not for thee,
 And dotes not on thee desperately,
 And if it dote not more and more
 As desperate heart ne’er did before,
 May I be doom’d on desert ground
 To meet the lion in his round ! ’

He said ; and Love on tiptoe near him,
 Kind at last and come to cheer him,
 Clapp’d his little hands to hear him.

But Acme to the bending youth
 Just dropping back that bending mouth,
 Kiss’d his reeling, hovering eyes,
 And, ‘ O my life, my love ! ’ replies,
 ‘ So may our constant service be
 To this one only deity,
 As with a transport doubly true
 He thrills your Acme’s being through ! ’

She said ; and Love on tiptoe near her,
 Kind at last, and come to cheer her,
 Clapp’d his little hands to hear her.

Favour'd thus by heaven above,
 Their lives are one return of love ;
 For he, poor fellow, so possess'd
 Is richer than with east and west,—
 And she, in her enamour'd boy,
 Finds all that she can frame of joy.

Now who has seen, in Love's subjection,
 Two more blest in their connexion,
 Or a more entire affection ?

Leigh Hunt

CARMEN XLV.

Acmen Septimios suos amores
 tenens in gremio ' mea ' inquit ' Acme,
 ni te perdit amo atque amare porro
 omnes sum assidue paratus annos
 quantum qui pote plurimum perire,
 solus in Libya Indiaque tosta
 caesio veniam obvius leoni.'
 hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistra ut ante,
 dextram sternuit approbationem.
 at Acme leviter caput reflectens,
 et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
 illo purpureo ore suaviata,
 ' sic,' inquit ' mea vita Septimille,

CATULLUS

huic uni domino usque serviamus,
 ut multo mihi maior acriorque
 ignis mollibus ardet in medullis.'
 hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistra ut ante,
 dextram sternuit approbationem.
 nunc ab auspicio bono profecti
 mutuis animis amant amantur.
 unam Septimios misellus Acmen
 mavult quam Syrias Britanniasque :
 uno in Septimio fidelis Acme
 facit delicias libidinisque.
 quis ullos homines beatiores
 vidit, quis Venerem auspiciorem ?

TO JUVENCIUS

Juvencius, thy fair sweet eyes
 If to my fill that I may kiss,
 Three hundred thousand times I'd kiss,
 Nor future age should cloy this bliss ;
 No, not if thicker than ripe ears
 The harvest of our kisses bears.

Richard Lovelace

CARMEN XLVIII.

Mellitos oculos tuos, Iuventi,
 siquis me sinat usque basiare,
 usque ad milia basiem trecenta,
 nec mi umquam videar satur futurus,
 non si densior aridis aristis
 sit nostrae seges osculationis.

EPITHALAMION

BOYS

Up, lads ! 'tis Eve at last : to longing eyes
 Upon Olympus Hesper lifts his ray.
 'Tis time to quit your supper, and arise ;
 The bride is coming ; raise the bridal-lay.
 Hymen, lead the wedding home,
 Hymen Hymenaeus, come !

GIRLS

Girls, see the boys ! arise and let us meet ;
 Yes, over Oeta shows the Night-star strong.
 'Tis so : they've risen nimbly to their feet,
 Not without purpose ; we must mark their song.
 Hymen, lead the wedding home,
 Hymen Hymenaeus, come !

CATULLUS

BOYS

Comrades, we have no easy palm to gain ;
Look how those girls are conning what they're
taught ;
Not idly—what they've learned is worth the pain ;
No wonder, for they give it all their thought,
But we've let ears and minds go stray elsewhere,
We're beat, and fairly—for to win takes care :
Attend at least, and now your minds apply ;
For they'll begin, and then we must reply,
Hymen, lead the wedding home,
Hymen Hymenaeus, come !

GIRLS

O Hesper, hardest star in heaven swinging !
To rend a maiden from her mother's waist,
From mother's arms to tear a maiden clinging,
And yield her blossom to a lover's haste ;
Such wrongs are done when foes lay cities waste !
Hymen, lead the wedding home,
Hymen Hymenaeus, come !

BOYS

O Hesper, sweetest lamp that heaven has lighted !
Whose fire confirms the nuptials pledged before,

CATULLUS

Which swains and parents have aforetime plighted
But may not link until thy flame shall soar,
What gift hath heaven to match thy happy hour ?
Hymen, lead the wedding home,
Hymen Hymenaeus, come !

GIRLS

Hesper, my dears, one maid of us hath taken !

BOYS

Ay, at thy coming all the sentries waken.
Thieves lurk at night ; thou catchest them returning,
Hesper that wert, but Day-Star in the morning ;
But maids delight to make false plaint of thee ;
What, if they chide ? they want thee secretly.
Hymen, lead the wedding home,
Hymen Hymenaeus, come !

GIRLS

As grows a flower within a garden close,
Known to no cattle, by no plough-share smit,
Suns give it strength, rain growth, and air repose,
And many lads and lasses long for it ;
But, when it droops, by some sharp finger spoiled,
Nor lads nor lasses want it any more ;

CATULLUS

So is a maid, while she abides unsoiled,
Dear to her own ; but if she lose her flower,
Lads love her not, nor maids desire her more :
Hymen, lead the wedding home,
Hymen Hymenaeus, come !

BOYS

As in a naked field the vine unwed
Lifts not herself nor beareth mellow fruit,
But ever bends and bows her gentle head
Until her topmost tendrils touch her root ;
No farmer minds her and no team to boot ;
But let her with an elm be haply mated
Farmers and teams a many come to mind her ;
So with a girl who groweth old unwedded ;
But if betimes in equal yoke she bind her
Her husband loves her, and her sire is kinder.
Hymen, lead the wedding home,
Hymen Hymenaeus, come !

And strive not thou with such a mate, O maid :
'Tis wrong to strive with him to whom thy sire
And mother gave thee : they must be obeyed ;
Thy flower is partly theirs—not thine entire :
One-third thy father hath, thy mother one,

◀ CATULLUS ▶

The last is thine ; oppose not both ; they've made
Their rights, and dowry, over to a son.

Hymen, lead the wedding home,

Hymen Hymenaeus, come !

Sir William Marris

CARMEN LXII.

IUVENES

Vesper adest, iuvenes, consurgite : Vesper Olympo
expectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit.

surgere iam tempus, iam pinguis linquere mensas,
iam veniet virgo, iam dicetur hymenaeus.

Hymen O Hymenaeae, Hymen ades O Hymenaeae !

VIRGINES

Cernitis, innuptae, iuvenes ? consurgite contra ;
nimirum Oetaeos ostendit noctifer ignes.

sic certest ; viden ut pernicious exsiluere ?

non temere exsiluere, canent quod visere par est.

Hymen O Hymenaeae, Hymen ades O Hymenaeae !

IUVENES

Non facilis nobis, aequalis, palma parata est,

aspicite, innuptae secum ut meditata requirunt.

non frustra meditantur, habent memorabile quod sit,
 nec mirum, penitus quae tota mente laborant.
 nos alio mentes, alio divisimus aures,
 iure igitur vincemur, amat victoria curam.
 quare nunc animos saltem committite vestros,
 dicere iam incipient, iam respondere decebit.
 Hymen O Hymenaeae, Hymen ades O Hymenaeae !

VIRGINES

Hespere, qui caelo fertur crudelior ignis ?
 qui natam possis complexu avellere matris,
 complexu matris retinentem avellere natam,
 et iuveni ardenti castam donare puellam.
 quid faciunt hostes capta crudelius urbe ?
 Hymen O Hymenaeae, Hymen ades O Hymenaeae !

IVVENES

Hespere, qui caelo lucet iucundior ignis ?
 qui desponsa tua firmes conubia flamma,
 quae pepigere viri, pepigerunt ante parentes,
 nec iunxere prius quam se tuus extulit ardor.
 quid datur a divi felici optatius hora ?
 Hymen O Hymenaeae, Hymen ades O Hymenaeae !

VIRGINES

Hesperus e nobis, aequalis, abstulit unam.

CATULLUS

IVVENES

Namque tuo adventu vigilat custodia semper,
nocte latent fures, quos idem saepe revertens,
Hespere, mutato comprehendis nomine Eous.
at libet innuptis ficto te carpere questu.
quid tum, si carpunt, tacita quem mente requirunt ?
Hymen O Hymenaeae, Hymen ades O Hymenaeae !

VIRGINES

Ut flos in saeptis secretus nascitur hortis,
ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
quem mulcent aerae, firmat sol, educat imber ;
multi illum pueri, multae optavere puellae :
idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
nulli illum pueri, nullae optavere puellae :
sic virgo, dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est ;
cum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
nec pueris iucunda manet, nec cara puellis.
Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae !

IVVENES

Ut vidua in nudo vitis quae nascitur arvo,
numquam se extollit, numquam mitem educat uvam,
sed tenerum prono deflectens pondere corpus,

iam iam contingit summum radice flagellum,
 hanc nulli agricolae, nulli coluere iuveni :
 at si forte eadem est ulmo coniuncta marito,
 multi illam agricolae, multi accoluere iuveni :
 sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum inculta senescit ;
 cum par conubium maturo tempore adepta est,
 cara viro magis et minus est invisa parenti.

et tu ne pugna cum tali coniuge virgo,
 non aequom est pugnare, pater cui tradidit ipse.
 ipse pater cum matre, quibus parere necesse est.
 virginitas non tota tua est, ex parte parentum est,
 tertia pars patrist, pars est data tertia matri,
 tertia sola tua est : noli pugnare duobus,
 qui genero sua iura simul cum dote dederunt.
 Hymen o Hymenae, Hymen ades o Hymenae !

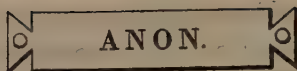
FRATER, AVE ATQUE VALE

By many lands and over many a wave
 I come, my brother, to your piteous grave,
 To bring you the last offering in death
 And o'er dumb dust expend an idle breath ;
 For fate has torn your living self from me,
 And snatched you, brother, O, how cruelly !

Yet take these gifts, brought as our fathers bade
 For sorrow's tribute to the passing shade ;
 A brother's tears have wet them o'er and o'er ;
 And so, my brother, hail, and farewell evermore !
Sir William Marris

CARMEN CI.

Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
 advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
 ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
 et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem.
 quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum,
 heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,
 nunc tamen interea haec prisco quae more parentum
 tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
 accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
 atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.



MORNING

The fiery sun was mounted now on height
 Up to the heavenly towers, and shot each where
 Out of his golden chariot glistening light ;
 And fair Aurora with her rosy hair
 The hateful darkness now had put to flight,
 When as the shepherd seeing day appear,
 His little goats gan drive out of their stalls,
 To feed abroad, where pasture best befalls.

To an high mountain's top he with them went,
 Where thickest grass did clothe the open hills :
 They now amongst the woods and thickets went,
 Now in the vallies wandering at their wills,
 Spread themselves far abroad through each descent ;
 Some on the soft green grass feeding their fills ;
 Some clambering through the hollow cliffs on high
 Nibble the bushy shrubs, which grow thereby.

Others the utmost boughs of trees do crop,
 And browse the woodbine twigs, that freshly bud ;

This with full bit doth catch the utmost top
 Of some soft willow, or new growen stud ;
 This with sharp teeth the bramble leaves doth lop,
 And chaw the tender prickles in her cud ;
 The whiles another high doth overlook
 Her own like image in a chrystal brook.

Edmund Spenser

CVLEX. 42-57

Igneus aetherias iam Sol penetrarat in arces
 candidaque aurato quatiebat lumina curru,
 crinibus et roseis tenebras Aurora fugarat :
 propulit e stabulis ad pabula laeta capellas
 pastor, et excelsi montis iuga summa petivit,
 florida qua patulos velabant gramina collis.
 iam silvis dumisque vagae, iam vallibus abdunt
 corpora, iamque omni celeres e parte vagantes
 tondebant tenero viridantia gramina morsu.
 scrupea desertis haerebant ad cava ripis,
 pendula proiectis carpuntur et arbuta ramis,
 densaque virgultis avide labrusca petuntur.
 haec suspensa rapit carpente cacumina morsu,
 vel salicis lentae vel quae nova nascitur alnus ;
 haec teneras fruticum sentis rimatur, at illa
 imminet in rivi prostantis imaginis umbram.

VIRGIL

THE FIRST ECLOGUE

MELIBOEUS

Under a spreading beech thou, Tityrus, set,
On slender reeds dost rural notes repeat.
We are of lands and sweet fields dispossess,
We fly our country : thou, in shade at rest,
‘ Fair Amaryllis ’ mak’st the woods resound.

TITYRUS

This quiet, shepherd, from a god we found
(For he shall ever be my god) ; a soft
Lamb from our folds shall bathe his altars oft.
He (as thou seest) permits my herds to feed,
And me to descant on this slender reed.

MELIBOEUS

I envy not, but wonder thou’rt so blest,
Since all with sequestrations are oppress.
Hence I must drive my goats, fainting with woe,
And this, dear Tityrus, will hardly go ;

VIRGIL

For twins she year'd, the hope of my poor flock,
Among thick hazels, on a barren rock.
Oft thunder-stricken oaks, I call to mind,
The unlucky crow oft, had we not been blind,
From the old elm this mischief did foreshow—
But who this God may be, pray let us know.

TITYRUS

That City they call Rome, I simple clown
Thought, Meliboeus, like our country town,
Where shepherds use to wean their tender lambs :
So did I whelps big as their pregnant dams,
And kids suppose, like their large mothers, tall ;
So us'd I great things to compare with small.
But above other towns her head aspires,
As lofty cypress above humble briars.

MELIBOEUS

What to see Rome did so thy journey haste ?

TITYRUS

Freedom, which late, yet look'd on me at last ;
She look'd at last, and came, though long it were
After the razor shav'd my hoary hair ;
When me first Amaryllis did obtain,
And Galatea left : for I'll be plain,

Whilst Galatea held me, I despair'd
Of Freedom, nor to mend my fortune car'd.
Though from my sheepfold many offerings went,
And I to that ungrateful City sent
Our richest cheese, my right hand never home
Did with a liberal freight of money come.

MELIBOEUS

I mus'd why Amaryllis Gods implor'd,
For whom she keeps her tree with apples stor'd.
Tityrus was absent ; Tityrus, the pines,
For thee the fountains call, and tender vines.

TITYRUS

What should I do ? Thralldom I could not waive,
Nor could elsewhere gods so propitious have ;
And here I saw that Gallant Youth, for whom
Twice six days annually our altars fume :
He answering first my suit, said, ' Shepherds, now
Your cattle feed and let your oxen plough.'

MELIBOEUS

Happy old man, thou hast thy farm again,
And large enough (although a plashy fen
Moats it with rush, and walls with barren rocks)
Where no strange herb shall taint thy pregnant flocks,

Nor foul disease of neighbouring sheep destroy.
 Happy old man, thou shalt cool shades enjoy
 Near long-frequented springs and sacred floods,
 Where Hybla bees, feasted on sallow buds,
 'Mong quick-sets limiting our neighbour's bound,
 Shall with soft murmurs make thy slumber sound :
 There shall the sheltered woodman daily chant,
 Nor thy delight, sad stock-doves, shalt thou want,
 Nor elm-perch'd turtles, tuning doleful lays.

TITYRUS

First nimble deer on empty skies shall graze,
 And the Ocean from his naked fishes shrink,
 Or Parthians Arar, Germans Tygris drink,
 And each survey of other's country take,
 Ere his Idea shall this breast forsake.

MELIBŒUS

But some of us in Africk's scalding heat
 Must plant, and others in cold Scythia sit,
 Or else must swift Cretan Oaxes find,
 And Britany, from all the world disjoin'd.
 Shall ever I again my old abode,
 And roof of my poor cottage rear'd with sod,
 My little farm (a kingdom once to me),
 After long time with joy admiring see ?

Shall the impious soldier have these new-plough'd
fields,

Barbarians reap this corn ? What discord yields,
See, wretched people, and for whom we plough !
Plant pears, and set thy vines in order now.
Farewell, my goats ; farewell, once happy flock ;
No more you browsing on a shrubby rock
Shall I behold, on verdant banks at rest ;
Nor shall I sing, whilst from my hand you feast
On sallows, and the blooming cytissus.

TITYRUS

But here, this night, you may repose with us
In this green bower ; our fruit now mellow is,
Our chestnuts soft ; and we have store of cheese :
Now smoke from yonder villages ascends,
And from these mountains larger shade extends.

John Ogilby

ECLOGA I.

M. Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi
silvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena :
nos patriae finis et dulcia linquimus arva.
nos patriam fugimus : tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra
formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

T. O Meliboee, deus nobis haec otia fecit.

namque erit ille mihi semper deus, illius aram
saepe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.
ille meas errare boves, ut cernis, et ipsum
ludere quae vellem calamo permisit agresti.

M. Non equidem invideo, miror magis ; undique totis
usque adeo turbatur agris. en, ipse capellas
protinus aeger ago ; hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco.
hic inter densas corylos modo namque gemellos,
spem gregis, a, silice in nuda conixa reliquit.
saepe malum hoc nobis, si mens non laeva fuisset,
de caelo tactas memini praedicere quercus.
sed tamen iste deus qui sit, da, Tityre, nobis.

T. Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Meliboee, putavi
stultus ego huic nostrae similem, quo saepe solemus
pastores ovium teneros depellere fetus.
sic canibus catulos similis, sic matribus haedos
noram, sic parvis componere magna solebam.
verum haec tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes
quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

M. Et quae tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi ?

T. Libertas, quae sera tamen respexit inertem,
candidior postquam tondenti barba cadebat,
respexit tamen et longo post tempore venit,
postquam nos Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit.

namque, fatebor enim, dum me Galatea tenebat,
 nec spes libertatis erat nec cura peculi.
 quamvis multa meis exiret victima saeptis,
 pinguis et ingratae premeretur caseus urbi,
 non umquam gravis aere domum mihi dextra
 redibat.

- M. Mirabar quid maesta deos, Amarylli, vocares,
 cui pendere sua patereris in arbore poma ;
 Tityrus hinc aberat. ipsae te, Tityre, pinus,
 ipsi te fontes, ipsa haec arbusta vocabant.
- T. Quid facerem ? neque servitio me exire licebat
 nec tam praesentis alibi cognoscere divos.
 hic illum vidi iuvenem, Meliboeë, quotannis
 bis senos cui nostra dies altaria fumant.
 hic mihi responsum primus dedit ille petenti :
 ‘ pascite ut ante boves, pueri ; summittite tauros.’
- M. Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt.
 et tibi magna satis, quamvis lapis omnia nudus
 limosoque palus obducat pascua iunco :
 non insueta gravis temptabunt pabula fetas,
 nec mala vicini pecoris contagia laedent.
 fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota
 et fontis sacros frigus captabis opacum.
 hinc tibi quae semper vicino ab limite saepes
 Hyblaeis apibus florem depasta salicti

saepe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro :
hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras ;
nec tamen interea raucae, tua cura, palumbes,
nec gemere aëria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.

T. Ante leves ergo pascentur in aethere cervi,
et freta destituent nudos in litore piscis,
ante pererratis amborum finibus exsul
aut Ararim Parthus bibet aut Germania Tigrim,
quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.

M. At nos hinc alii sitientis ibimus Afros,
pars Scythiam et rapidum Cretae veniemus Oaxen
et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.
en umquam patrios longo post tempore finis,
pauperis et tuguri congestum caespite culmen,
post aliquot, mea regna, videns mirabor aristas ?
impious haec tam culta novalia miles habebit,
barbarus has segetes : en quo discordia civis
produxit miseros : his nos consevimus agros !
inserere nunc, Meliboeë, puros, pone ordine vitis.
ite meae, quondam felix pecus, ite capellae.
non ego vos posthac viridi proiectus in antro
dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo ;
carmina nulla canam ; non me pascente, capellae,
florentem cytisum et salices carpētis amaras.

T. Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noctem

fronde super viridi : sunt nobis mitia poma,
 castaneae molles et pressi copia lactis,
 et iam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
 maioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae.

THE FOURTH ECLOGUE

Sicilian Muse, begin a loftier strain !
 Though lowly shrubs and trees that shade the plain
 Delight not all ; Sicilian Muse, prepare
 To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
 The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
 Renews its finish'd course ; Saturnian times
 Roll round again, and mighty years, begun
 From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
 The base degenerate iron offspring ends ;
 A golden progeny from heaven descends :
 O chaste Lucina, speed the mother's pains,
 And haste the glorious birth ; thy own Apollo reigns !
 The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
 Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace ;
 Majestic months set out with him to their appointed
 race.

The father banish'd virtue shall restore,
 And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.

The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
 By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
 The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
 And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
 Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring
 And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring)
 As her first offerings to her infant king.
 The goats, with strutting dugs, shall homeward speed,
 And lowing herds secure from lions feed.
 His cradle shall with rising flowers be crown'd ;
 The serpent's brood shall die : the sacred ground
 Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to bear ;
 Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
 But when heroic verse his youth shall raise
 And form it to hereditary praise,
 Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn,
 And cluster'd grapes shall blush on every thorn.
 The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep,
 And through the matted grass the liquid gold shall
 creep.
 Yet, of old fraud some footsteps shall remain,
 The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain :
 Great cities shall with walls be compass'd round ;
 And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful ground,
 Another Typhis shall new seas explore,

Another Argos land the chiefs upon the Iberian shore ;
 Another Helen other wars create,
 And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
 But when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow,
 The greedy sailor shall the seas forego ;
 No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware ;
 For every soil shall every product bear.
 The labouring hind his oxen shall disjoin,
 No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the
 vine,
 Nor wool shall in dissembled colours shine.
 But the luxurious father of the fold,
 With native purple, or unborrow'd gold,
 Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat ;
 And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.
 The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
 Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly run.
 Mature in years, to ready honours move,
 O of celestial seed ! O foster-son of Jove !
 See, labouring Nature calls thee to sustain
 The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and main ;
 See, to their base restor'd, earth, seas, and air,
 And joyful ages from behind, in crowding ranks
 appear.
 To sing thy praise, would heaven my breath prolong,

Infusing spirits worthy such a song,
 Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
 Nor Linus, crown'd with never-fading bays,—
 Though each his heavenly parent should inspire,
 The Muse instruct the voice, and Phoebus tune the
 lyre.

Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
 Arcadian judges should their God condemn.
 Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about
 Thy infant eyes, and with a smile thy mother single
 out ;

Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
 The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travail
 to requite.

Then smile ; the frowning infant's doom is read,
 No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the
 bed.

John Dryden

ECLOGA IV.

Sicelides Musae, paulo maiora canamus !
 non omnis arbusta iuvant humilesque myricae ;
 si canimus silvas, silvae sint consule dignae.

Ultima Cumaei venit iam carminis aetas ;
 magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo.

iam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
 iam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto.
 tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum
 desinet ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,
 casta fave Lucina : tuus iam regnat Apollo.
 teque adeo decus hoc aevi, te consule, inibit,
 Pollio, et incipient magni procedere menses ;
 te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
 inrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.
 ille deum vitam accipiet divisque videbit
 permixtos heroas et ipse videbitur illis,
 pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu
 errantis hederas passim cum baccare tellus
 mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho.
 ipsae lacte domum referent distenta capellae
 ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones ;
 ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.
 occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
 occidet ; Assyrium vulgo nascetur amomum.
 at simul heroum laudes et facta parentis
 iam legere et quae sit poteris cognoscere virtus,
 molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
 incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
 et durae quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

pauca tamen suberunt priscae vestigia fraudis,
 quae temptare Thetim ratibus, quae cingere muris
 oppida, quae iubeant telluri infindere sulcos.
 alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quae vehat Argo
 delectos heroas; erunt etiam altera bella
 atque iterum ad Troiam magnus mittetur Achilles.
 hinc, ubi iam firmata virum te fecerit aetas,
 cedit et ipse mari vector, nec nautica pinus
 mutabit merces: omnis feret omnia tellus.
 non rastros patietur humus, non vinea falcem;
 robustus quoque iam tauris iuga solvet arator;
 nec varios discet mentiri lana colores,
 ipse sed in pratis aries iam suave rubenti
 murice, iam croceo mutabit vellera luto;
 sponte sua sandyx pascentis vestiet agnos.

‘ Talia saecula ’ suis dixerunt ‘ currite ’ fuis
 concordēs stabili fatorum numine Parcae.
 adgredere o magnos (aderit iam tempus) honores,
 cara deum suboles, magnum Iovis incrementum!
 aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
 terrasque tractusque maris caelumque profundum:
 aspice venturo laetentur ut omnia saeclo!
 o mihi tum longae maneat pars ultima vitae,
 spiritus et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta:
 non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,

nec Linus, huic mater quamvis atque huic pater adsit,
 Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.
 Pan etiam, Arcadia mecum si iudice certet,
 Pan etiam Arcadia dicat se iudice victum.
 incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem
 (matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses)
 incipe, parve puer : qui non risere parenti,
 nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili est.

FROM THE TENTH ECLOGUE

(A FRAGMENT)

Melodious Arethusa, o'er my verse
 Shed thou once more the spirit of thy stream :
 (Two lines missing)
 Who denies verse to Gallus ? So, when thou
 Glidest beneath the green and purple gleam
 Of Syracusan waters, mayest thou flow
 Unmingled with the bitter Dorian dew !
 Begin, and whilst the goats are browsing now
 The soft leaves, in our song let us pursue
 The melancholy loves of Gallus. List !
 We sing not to the deaf : the wild woods knew
 His sufferings, and their echoes answer . . .
 Young Naiades, in what far woodlands wild

VIRGIL

Wandered ye, when unworthy love possessed
 Our Gallus ? Nor where Pindus is up-piled,
 Nor where Parnassus' sacred mount, nor where
 Aonian Aganippe spreads its . . .

(Three lines missing)

The laurels and the myrtle-copses dim,
 The pine-encircled mountain, Maenalus,
 The cold crags of Lycaeus weep for him.

(Several lines missing)

' What madness is this, Gallus ? thy heart's care,
 Lycoris, mid rude camps and Alpine snow,
 With willing step pursues another there.'

(Some lines missing)

And Sylvan, crowned with rustic coronals,
 Came shaking in his speed the budding wands
 And heavy lilies which he bore : we knew
 Pan the Arcadian with . . .

. . . and said

' Wilt thou not ever cease ? Love cares not.
 The meadows with fresh streams, the bees with thyme,
 The goats with the green leaves of budding spring
 Are saturated not—nor Love with tears.'

P. B. Shelley

ECLOGA X. 1-30

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem :
 pauca meo Gallo, sed quae legat ipsa Lycoris,
 carmina sunt dicenda : neget quis carmina Gallo ?
 sic tibi, cum fluctus subterlabere Sicanos,
 Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.
 incipe ; sollicitos Galli dicamus amores,
 dum tenera attendent simae virgulta capellae.
 non canimus surdis, respondent omnia silvae.

Quae nemora aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellae
 Naides, indigno cum Gallus amore peribat ?
 nam neque Parnasi vobis iuga, nam neque Pindi
 ulla moram fecere, neque Aonie Aganippe.
 illum etiam lauri, etiam flevire myricae,
 pinifer illum etiam sola sub rupe iacentem
 Maenalus, et gelidi fleverunt saxa Lycaei.
 stant et oves circum (nostri nec paenitet illas,
 nec te paeniteat pecoris, divine poeta ;
 et formosus ovis ad flumina pavit Adonis),
 venit et opilio, tardi venere subulci,
 uvidus hiberna venit de glande Menalcas.
 omnes ‘ unde amor iste ’ rogant ‘ tibi ? ’ venit Apollo,
 ‘ Galle, quid insanis ? ’ inquit ‘ tua cura Lycoris
 perque nives alium perque horrida castra secuta est.’

venit et agresti capitis Silvanus honore,
 florentis ferulas et grandia lilia quassans.
 Pan deus Arcadiae venit, quem vidimus ipsi
 sanguineis ebuli bacis minioque rubentem.
 'ecquis erit modus?' inquit 'Amor non talia curat,
 nec lacrimis crudelis Amor nec gramina rivis
 nec cytiso saturantur apes nec fronde capellae.'

TIMES AND SEASONS

The lucky days, in each revolving moon,
 For labour choose: the fifth be sure to shun:
 That gave the Furies and pale Pluto birth,
 And arm'd, against the skies, the sons of earth.
 With mountains pil'd on mountains, thrice they strove
 To scale the steepy battlements of Jove:
 And thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
 And their demolish'd works in ruin laid.
 The seventh is, next the tenth, the best to join
 Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the vine.
 Then weavers stretch your stays upon the weft:
 The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.
 Some works in dead of night are better done,
 Or when the morning dew prevents the sun.
 Parch'd meads and stubble mow by Phoebe's light;

Which both require the coolness of the night,
 For moisture then abounds, and pearly rains
 Descend in silence to refresh the plains.
 The wife and husband equally conspire
 To work by night, and rake the winter fire :
 He sharpens torches in the glimmering room ;
 She shoots the flying shuttle through the loom,
 Or boils in kettles must of wine, and skims
 With leaves the dregs that overflow the brims,
 And till the watchful cock awakes the day,
 She sings to drive the tedious hours away.
 But in warm weather, when the skies are clear,
 By daylight reap the product of the year :
 And in the sun your golden grain display,
 And thrash it out, and winnow it by day.

John Dryden

GEORGICON I. 276-298

*Ipsa dies alios alio dedit ordine Luna
 felicis operum. quintam fuge : pallidus Orcus
 Eumenidesque satae ; tum partu Terra nefando
 Coeumque Iapetumque creat saevumque Typhoea
 et coniuratos caelum rescindere fratres.
 ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam
 scilicet, atque Ossae frondosum involvere Olympum ;*

ter pater exstructos disiecit fulmine montis.
 septima post decimam felix et ponere vitem
 et prensos domitare boves et licia telae
 addere. nona fugae melior, contraria furtis.

Multa adeo gelida melius se nocte dedere,
 aut cum sole novo terras inrorat Eous.
 nocte leves melius stipulae, nocte arida prata
 tondentur, noctes lentus non deficit umor.
 et quidam seros hiberni ad luminis ignis
 pervigilat ferroque faces inspicat acuto.
 interea longum cantu solata laborem
 arguto coniunx percurrit pectine telas,
 aut dulcis musti Volcano decoquit umorem
 et foliis undam trepidi despumat aëni.
 at rubicunda Ceres medio succiditur aestu,
 et medio tostas aestu terit area fruges.

ON SOILS

Now turn we to the temper of our soils ;
 Their force, their colour, and their power to bear.
 And first of land unyielding to the plough
 And churlish mountain-sides, and brambled fields
 Of stones and hungry marl—these make the joy
 Of long-lived olives, such as Pallas loves.

And for a sign see oleasters spring
Thick on the selfsame spot and strew the ground
With wilding fruit.

But where the soil is fat
And joyous with sweet wells, or where the plain,
All lush with grasses, teems with plenteousness,
Such land as we are oft-times wont to view
Far down the mountain in some hollow vale,
Where drips the rivulet from steepy rocks
And brings the kindly ooze—a plain, forsooth,
Which breasts the south and cherishes the fern,
That foe to ploughshares—here your grape shall wax
Full lustily anon, with bounteous floods
Of wine, here shall your clusters amply grow,
And brew such liquor as from golden bowls
Flows for the gods' delight whene'er we hear
Hard-by the altar the sleek Tuscan blow
His ivory pipe, and on the groaning dish
Men offer up a steamy sacrifice.

But if your bent be rather to the kine,
To nurture calves, and lambs, and kids that mar
The tender shoots, then seek the fertile meads
Of far-away Tarentum, and such plains
As luckless Mantua lost, where snow-white swans

Feed on the sedgy brooks ; your herds shall find
 No lack of pasture there or limpid wells.
 Nay, you shall see the very grass they crop
 Throughout the lengthy day renewed afresh
 By the cool dews of one brief summer night.

Dark soils and rich beneath the ploughshare's stroke
 With crumbling mould—a character we ape
 By tilth—are best for corn ; nor shall you view
 From ever another field so many wains
 Dragged homewards by the slowly-pacing steers.

Nor is that soil inept, whence husbandmen
 Have, all impatient, cleared the trees, and hewed
 The longtime cumbering groves, and, root and branch,
 Despoiled the ancient homestead of the birds,
 Who from their nests forlorn speed to high heaven,
 What time the field, once their's and nature's, gleams
 Burnished by ardent shares.

And, look you, now,

How the lean gravel on the hillside slope
 Can barely furnish pasture for the bees
 Of lowly lavender and rosemary.
 How marl and meagre sandstone, honeycombed
 By dusky water snakes, declare the soil
 Beyond all other earths a toothsome feast

For coiling serpents and a labyrinth
Wherein their brood may lurk.

But land which fumes

With subtle mist and drift of dewy reek,
Which drinks the moisture deep into itself
And yields it back at will, which clothes the lawns
With an unfailing robe of fresh young grass,
Nor frets the iron ploughshare with salt rust,
That is a land whose vines shall wreathe your elms
With lavish vintages, whose olives teem,
Whose soil your husbandry shall surely prove
A friend to kine, a servant to the plough.
Such land does wealthy Capua till, such land
Lies round about Vesuvius and her heights,
Or where capricious Clanius threatens doom
To lone Acerræ.

Lord Burghclere

GEORGICON II. 177-225

Nunc locus arborum ingeniis, quæ robora cuique,
quis color et quæ sit rebus natura ferendis.
difficiles primum terræ collesque maligni,
tenuis ubi argilla et dumosis calculus arvis,
Palladia gaudent silva vivacis olivæ.
indicio est tractu surgens oleaster eodem

plurimus et strati bacis silvestribus agri.
 at quae pinguis humus dulcique uligine laeta,
 quique frequens herbis et fertilis ubere campus
 (qualem saepe cava montis convalle solemus
 dispicere : huc summis liquuntur rupibus amnes
 felicemque trahunt limum) quique editus Austro
 et filicem curvis invisam pascit aratris :
 hic tibi praevalidas olim multoque fluentis
 sufficiet Baccho vitis, hic fertilis uvae,
 hic laticis, qualem pateris libamus et auro,
 inflavit cum pinguis ebur Tyrrhenus ad aras,
 lancibus et pandis fumantia reddimus exta.
 sin armenta magis studium vitulosque tueri,
 aut ovium fetum aut urentis culta capellas,
 saltus et saturi petito longinqua Tarenti,
 et qualem infelix amisit Mantua campum
 pascentem niveos herboso flumine cynnos ;
 non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina deerunt,
 et quantum longis carpent armenta diebus
 exigua tantum gelidus ros nocte reponet.
 nigra fere et presso pinguis sub vomere terra
 et cui putre solum (namque hoc imitamur arando),
 optima frumentis (non ullo ex aequore cernes
 plura domum tardis decedere plaustra iuven-
 cis),
 aut unde iratus silvam devexit arator

et nemora evertit multos ignava per annos,
 antiquasque domos avium cum stirpibus imis
 eruit ; illae altum nidis petiere relictis ;
 at rudis enituit impulso vomere campus.
 nam ieiuna quidem clivosi glarea ruris
 vix humilis apibus casias roremque ministrat ;
 et tofus scaber et nigris exesa chelydris
 creta negant alios aequae serpentibus agros
 dulcem ferre cibum et curvas praebere latebras.
 quae tenuem exhalat nebulam fumosque volucris,
 et bibit umorem et, cum vult, ex se ipsa remittit,
 quaeque suo semper viridi se gramine vestit,
 nec scabie et salsa laedit robigine ferrum,
 illa tibi laetis intextet vitibus ulmos,
 illa ferax oleo est, illam experiere colendo
 et facilem pecori et patientem vomeris unci.
 talem dives arat Capua et vicina Vesevo
 ora iugo et vacuis Clanius non aequus Acerris.

THE DEAD OX

Lo ! smoking in the stubborn plough, the ox
 Falls, from his lip foam gushing crimson-stained,
 And sobs his life out. Sad of face the ploughman
 Moves, disentangling from his comrade's corpse

The lone survivor : and its work half done,
 Abandoned in the furrow stands the plough.
 Not shadiest forest-depths, not softest lawns,
 May move him now : not river amber pure,
 That tumbles o'er the cragstones to the plain.
 Powerless the broad sides, glazed the rayless eye,
 And low and lower sinks the ponderous neck.
 What thank hath he for all the toil he toiled,
 The heavy-clodded land in man's behoof
 Upturning ? Yet the grape of Italy,
 The stored-up feast hath wrought no harm to him :
 Green leaf and taintless grass are all their fare ;
 The clear rill or the travel-freshened stream
 Their cup : nor one care mars their honest sleep.

C. S. Calverley

GEORGICON III. 515-530

*Ecce autem duro fumans sub vomere taurus
 concidit et mixtum spumis vomit ore cruorem
 extremosque ciet gemitus. it tristis arator
 maerentem abiungens fraterna morte iuvenum,
 atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra.
 non umbrae aliorum nemorum, non mollia possunt
 prata movere animum, non qui per saxa volutus
 purior electro campum petit amnis ; at ima*

solvuntur latera, atque oculos stupor urget inertis
 ad terramque fluit devexo pondere cervix.
 quid labor aut benefacta iuvant ? quid vomere terras
 invertisse gravis ? atqui non Massica Bacchi
 munera, non illis epulae nocuere repostae :
 frondibus et victu pascuntur simplicis herbae,
 pocula sunt fontes liquidi atque exercita cursu
 flumina, nec somnos abrumpit cura salubris.

BEES

They crop bright bloom, they fly by river-wells
 And dip and drink—and so with joy untold
 Come back to nurse their young and warm their cells,
 Fashion fresh wax, and clinging honey mould.
 But when you mark them star-ward from their hold
 Float through the summer sky in marshalled crowds,
 Or whirl along the wind like dusky clouds,

Then note them well—their quest is still the same !
 A leafy shelter and a limpid lake—
 And duly sprinkle there what herbs I name,
 Bruised balm, and humble savory : and make
 A clash of steel, and mystic cymbals shake.
 So shall they gather on the perfumed seat,
 So house them in the inmost hive's retreat.

Or see them speed to battle, (often so
 Two chieftains clash in wild tumultuous fray ;)—
 Full soon the angered tribes their mettle show,
 The rage that swells their breasts ! Awhile they
 stay,
 Then martial music chides their fears away
 With short sharp blasts, as when a clarion sings ;
 The huddling ranks close up, and flash their wings,
 Their pointed beaks they whet, each limb prepare,
 Then round about the monarch's royal tent
 They close ; their angry challenge rends the air !
 Give them fair field and sunny firmament—
 They sally forth ! They meet ! A crash is sent
 Through highest heaven ; while, massed in one vast
 ball,
 The foemen close, and toppling headlong fall !
 So never oak rained acorns, never sky
 Such hail. Lo ! in the midst with pinions bright
 The chiefs—in breasts so small are hearts so high ?
 How set their purpose, ne'er to quit the fight,
 Till *these* or *those* be forced away outright !
 Yet soon their fury and their struggles cease :
 Sprinkle a little dust—and all is peace !

F. D. Morice

GEORGICON IV. 50-87

Quod superest, ubi pulsam hiemem Sol aureus egit
 sub terras caelumque aestiva luce reclusit,
 illae continuo saltus silvasque peragrant
 purpureosque metunt flores et flumina libant
 summa leves. hinc nescio qua dulcedine laetae
 progeniem nidosque foveant, hinc arte recentis
 excudunt ceras et mella tenacia fingunt.
 hinc ubi iam emissum caveis ad sidera caeli
 nare per aestatem liquidam suspexeris agmen
 obscuramque trahi vento mirabere nubem,
 contemplator : aquas dulcis et frondea semper
 tecta petunt. huc tu iussos asperge saporés,
 trita melisphylla et cerinthae ignobile gramen,
 tinnitusque cie et Matris quate cymbala circum :
 ipsae consident medicatis sedibus, ipsae
 intima more suo sese in cunabula condent.

Sin autem ad pugnam exierint—nam saepe duobus
 regibus incessit magno discordia motu ;
 continuoque animos vulgi et trepidantia bello
 corda licet longe praesciscere : namque morantis
 Martius ille aeris rauci canor increpat, et vox
 auditur fractos sonitus imitata tubarum ;
 tum trepidae inter se coeunt pennisque coruscant

spiculaque exacuunt rostris aptantque lacertos
 et circa regem atque ipsa ad praetoria densae
 miscentur magnisque vocant clamoribus hostem ;
 ergo ubi ver nactae sudum camposque patentis,
 erumpunt portis ; concurritur, aethere in alto
 fit sonitus, magnum mixtae glomerantur in orbem
 praecipitesque cadunt ; non densior aëre grando,
 nec de concussa tantum pluit ilice glandis :
 ipsi per medias acies insignibus alis
 ingentis animos angusto in pectore versant,
 usque adeo obnixa non cedere dum gravis aut hos
 aut hos versa fuga victor dare terga subegit.
 hi motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta
 pulveris exigui iactu compressa quiescent.

MEDICINE FOR BEES

There grows a certain flower,

Moreover, in the fields, which country folk
 Call starwort. 'Tis an easy herb to find,
 For, from a single root, it shoots aloft
 A wealth of leaves : it bears a golden disc,
 And in its ample ring of petals shows,
 'Mid dusky violet, a purple glint.
 Its savour makes wry mouths ; and shepherds pluck

The blossom, where their browsing flocks crop close
 Our Mantuan dells, by Mella's winding stream.
 Take thou this root, and steep it in the must
 Of scented wine, and set some baskets full
 Nigh to the doors as nurture for the hive.

Lord Burghclere

GEORGICON IV. 271-280

Est etiam flos in pratis cui nomen amello
 fecere agricolae, facilis quaerentibus herba ;
 namque uno ingentem tollit de caespite silvam
 aureus ipse, sed in foliis, quae plurima circum
 funduntur, violae subluet purpura nigrae ;
 saepe deum nexis ornatae torquibus arae ;
 asper in ore sapor ; tonsis in vallibus illum
 pastores et curva legunt prope flumina Mellae.
 huius odorato radices incoque Baccho
 pabulaque in foribus plenis appone canistris.

THE GALLEY RACE

SHIP	CAPTAIN
<i>Dolphin</i>	Mnestheus
<i>Chimaera</i>	Gyas
<i>Centaur</i>	Sergestus
<i>Scylla</i>	Cloanthus

Now came the day desir'd ; the skies were bright
 With rosy lustre of the rising light :
 The bordering people, rous'd by sounding fame
 Of Trojan feasts, and great Acestes' name,
 The crowded shore with acclamations fill,
 Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.
 And first the gifts in public view they place,
 Green laurel wreaths, and palm, (the victor's grace) :
 Within the circle, arms and tripods lie ;
 Ingots of gold and silver, heap'd on high,
 And vests embroider'd of the Tyrian dye.
 The trumpet's clangour then the feast proclaims,
 And all prepare for their appointed games.
 Four galleys first, which equal rowers bear,
 Advancing in the watery lists appear.
 The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the wind,
 Bore Mnestheus, author of the Memmian kind :
 Gyas the vast Chimaera's bulk commands,

Which rising like a towering city stands :
 Three Trojans tug at every labouring oar ;
 Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore ;
 Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar.
 Sergestus, who began the Sergian race,
 In the great Centaur took the leading place :
 Cloanthus on the sea-green Scylla stood ;
 From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.

Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
 There stands a rock ; the raging billows roar
 Above his head in storms, but when 'tis clear,
 Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
 In peace below the gentle waters run ;
 The cormorants above lie basking in the sun.
 On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight,
 The mark to guide the mariners aright :
 To bear with this, the seamen stretch their oars,
 Then round the rock they steer, and seek the former
 shores.

The lots decide their place ; above the rest,
 Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest ;
 The common crew with wreaths of poplar boughs
 Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty brows.
 Besmear'd with oil, their naked shoulders shine ;
 All take their seats and wait the sounding sign.

They grip their oars, and every panting breast
Is rais'd by turns with hopes, by turns with fears
depress'd.

The clangour of the trumpet gives the sign ;
At once they start, advancing in a line :
With shouts the sailors rend the starry skies ;
Lash'd with their oars, the smoky billows rise,
Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.
Exact in time, with equal strokes they row ;
At once the brushing oars and brazen prow
Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths below.
Not fiery coursers, in a chariot race,
Invade the field with half so swift a pace.
Not the fierce driver with more fury lends
The sounding lash, and ere the stroke descends,
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.
The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide,
And aid, with eager shouts, the favour'd side.
Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,
From woods to woods, from hills to hills rebound.

Amidst the loud applauses of the shore,
Gyas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung before ;
Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursu'd him fast,
But his o'er-masted galley check'd his haste.
The Centaur and the Dolphin brush the brine

With equal oars, advancing in a line :
 And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead,
 And now the speedy Dolphin gets ahead :
 Now board to board the rival vessels row,
 The billows lave the skies, and ocean groans below.
 They reach'd the mark. Proud Gyas and his train
 In triumph rode the victors of the main,
 But steering round, he charg'd his pilot stand
 More close to shore, and skim along the sand—
 ' Let others bear to sea.' Menoetes heard,
 But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd,
 And fearing, sought the deep, and still aloof he steer'd.
 With louder cries the captain call'd again,
 ' Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the main.'
 He spoke, and speaking at his stern he saw
 The bold Cloanthus near the shelvings draw ;
 Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla stood,
 And in a closer compass plough'd the flood ;
 He pass'd the mark, and wheeling got before—
 Gyas blasphem'd the gods, devoutly swore,
 Cried out for anger, and his hair he tore.
 Mindless of others' lives, (so high was grown
 His rising rage) and careless of his own,
 The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
 And hoisted up, and overboard he threw :

This done, he seiz'd the helm, his fellows cheer'd,
Turn'd short upon the shelves, and madly steer'd.

Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his years.
Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain ;
The crowd that saw him fall, and float again,
Shout from the distant shore ; and loudly laught,
To see his heaving breast disgorge the briny draught.
The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,
Their vanish'd hopes of victory renew ;
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,
To reach the mark ; Sergestus takes the place :
Mnestheus pursues, and while around they wind,
Comes up, not half his galley's length behind :
Then on the deck amidst his mates appear'd,
And thus their drooping courages he cheer'd :
' My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore,
Exert your vigour, tug the labouring oar,
Stretch to your strokes, my still unconquer'd crew,
Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew.
In this, our common interest, let me find
That strength of hand, that courage of the mind,
As when you stemm'd the strong Malean flood,
And o'er the Syrtes' broken billows row'd.
I seek not now the foremost palm to gain,

Though yet—but ah, that haughty wish is vain !
 Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
 But to be last, the lags of all the race,
 Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace.’
 Now, one and all, they tug amain ; they row
 At the full stretch, and shake the brazen prow.
 The sea beneath them sinks ; their labouring sides
 Are swell’d, and sweat runs guttering down in tides.
 Chance aids their daring with unhop’d success ;
 Sergestus, eager with his beak to press
 Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
 Shuts up the unwieldy Centaur in the lock.
 The vessel struck ; and with the dreadful shock
 Her oars she shiver’d, and her head she broke.
 The trembling rowers from their banks arise,
 And, anxious for themselves, renounce the prize.
 With iron poles they heave her off the shores,
 And gather, from the sea, their floating oars.
 The crew of Mnestheus, with elated minds,
 Urge their success, and call the willing winds,
 Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way
 In larger compass on the roomy sea.
 As when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,
 Rous’d in a fright, her sounding wings she shakes,
 The cavern rings with clattering ; out she flies,

And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the skies ;
 At first she flutters ; but at length she springs
 To smoother flight, and shoots upon her wings :
 So Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the sea,
 And flying with a force, that force assists his way.
 Sergestus in the Centaur soon he pass'd,
 Wedg'd in the rocky shoals, and sticking fast.
 (In vain the victor he with cries implores,
 And practises to row with shatter'd oars.)
 Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and outflies :
 The ship without a pilot yields the prize.
 Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains :
 Her he pursues, and all his vigour strains ;
 Shouts from the favouring multitude arise,
 Applauding echo to the shouts replies ;
 Shouts, wishes, and applause run rattling thro' the
 skies.

These clamours with disdain the Scylla heard,
 Much grudg'd the praise, but more the robb'd reward :
 Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace,
 All obstinate to die, or gain the race.
 Rais'd with success, the Dolphin swiftly ran
 (For they can conquer who believe they can) :
 Both urge their oars, and Fortune both supplies,
 And both perhaps had shar'd an equal prize ;

When to the seas Cloanthus holds his hands,
 And succour from the watery powers demands :
 ‘ Gods of the liquid realms, on which I row,
 If given by you the laurel bind my brow,
 Assist to make me guilty of my vow.
 A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain,
 His offer’d entrails cast into the main :
 And ruddy wine from golden goblets thrown,
 Your grateful gift and my return shall own.’
 The quire of nymphs, and Phorcus, from below,
 With virgin Panopea, heard his vow ;
 And old Portunus, with his breadth of hand,
 Push’d on, and sped the galley to the land.
 Swift as a shaft, or winged wind, she flies,
 And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.

John Dryden

AENEIDOS V. 104–243

Exspectata dies aderat nonamque serena
 Auroram Phaethontis equi iam luce vehebant,
 famaue finitimos et clari nomen Acestae
 excierat : laeto complerant litora coetu
 visuri Aeneadas, pars et certare parati.
 munera principio ante oculos circoque locantur
 in medio, sacri tripodes viridesque coronae

et palmae pretium victoribus, armaque et ostro
 perfusae vestes, argenti aurique talentum ;
 et tuba commissos medio canit aggere ludos.

Prima pares ineunt gravibus certamina remis
 quattuor ex omni delectae classe carinae.
 velocem Mnestheus agit acri remige Pristim,
 mox Italus Mnestheus, genus a quo nomine Memmi,
 ingentemque Gyas ingenti mole Chimaeram,
 urbis opus, triplici pubes quam Dardana versu
 impellunt, terno consurgunt ordine remi ;
 Sergestusque, domus tenet a quo Sergia nomen,
 Centauro invehitur magna, Scyllaque Cloanthus
 caerulea, genus unde tibi, Romane Cluenti.

Est procul in pelago saxum spumantia contra
 litora, quod tumidis summersum tunditur olim
 fluctibus, hiberni condunt ubi sidera Cori ;
 tranquillo silet immotaque attollitur unda
 campus et apricis statio gratissima mergis.
 hic viridem Aeneas frondenti ex ilice metam
 constituit signum nautis pater, unde reverti
 scirent et longos ubi circumflectere cursus.
 tum loca sorte legunt ipsique in puppibus auro
 ductores longe effulgent ostroque decori ;
 cetera populea velatur fronde iuventus
 nudatosque umeros oleo perfusa nitescit.

considunt transtris, intentaque bracchia remis ;
 intenti exspectant signum, exsultantiaque haurit
 corda pavor pulsans laudumque arrecta cupido.
 inde ubi clara dedit sonitum tuba, finibus omnes,
 haud mora, prosiluire suis ; ferit aethera clamor
 nauticus, adductis spumant freta versa lacertis.
 infidunt pariter sulcos, totumque dehiscit
 convulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor.
 non tam praecipites biugo certamine campum
 corripuere ruuntque effusi carcere currus,
 nec sic immissis aurigae undantia lora
 concussere iugis pronique in verbera pendent.
 tum plausu fremituque virum studiisque faventum
 consonat omne nemus, vocemque inclusa volutant
 litora, pulsati colles clamore resultant.

Effugit ante alios primisque elabitur undis
 turbam inter fremitumque Gyas ; quem deinde

Cloanthus

consequitur, melior remis, sed pondere pinus
 tarda tenet. post hos aequo discrimine Pristis
 Centaurusque locum tendunt superare priorem ;
 et nunc Pristis habet, nunc victam praeterit ingens
 Centaurus, nunc una ambae iunctisque feruntur
 frontibus et longa sulcant vada salsa carina.
 iamque propinquabant scopulo metamque tenebant

cum princeps medioque Gyas in gurgite victor
rectorem navis compellat voce Menoeten :

‘ quo tantum mihi dexter abis ? huc derige
gressum ;

litus ama et laeva stringat sine palmula cautes ;
altum alii teneant.’ dixit ; sed caeca Menoetes
saxa timens proram pelagi detorquet ad undas.

‘ quo diversus abis ? ’ iterum ‘ pete saxa, Menoete ! ’
cum clamore Gyas revocabat, et ecce Cloanthum
respicit instantem tergo et propiora tenentem.

ille inter navemque Gyae scopulosque sonantis
radit iter laevum interior subitoque priorem
praeterit et metis tenet aequora tuta relictis.
tum vero exarsit iuveni dolor ossibus ingens
nec lacrimis caruere genae, segnemque Menoeten

oblitus decorisque sui sociumque salutis
in mare praecipitem puppi deturbat ab alta ;
ipse gubernaclo rector subit, ipse magister
hortaturque viros clavumque ad litora torquet.
at gravis ut fundo vix tandem redditus imo est
iam senior madidaque fluens in veste Menoetes
summa petit scopuli siccaque in rupe resedit.
illum et labentem Teucri et risere natantem
et salsos rident revomentem pectore fluctus.

Hic laeta extremis spes est accensa duobus,

Sergesto Mnestheique, Gyan superare morantem.
 Sergestus capit ante locum scopuloque propinquat,
 nec tota tamen ille prior praeceunte carina ;
 parte prior, partim rostro premit aemula Pristis.
 at media socios incedens nave per ipsos
 hortatur Mnestheus : ‘ nunc, nunc insurgite remis,
 Hectorei socii, Troiae quos sorte suprema
 delegi comites ; nunc illas promite viris,
 nunc animos, quibus in Gaetulis Syrtibus usi
 Ionioque mari Maleaeque sequacibus undis.
 non iam prima peto Mnestheus neque vincere certo
 (quamquam o !—sed superent quibus hoc, Neptune,
 dedisti),

extremos pudeat rediisse : hoc vincite, cives,
 et prohibete nefas.’ olli certamine summo
 procumbunt : vastis tremit ictibus aerea puppis
 subtrahiturque solum, tum creber anhelitus artus
 aridaque ora quatit, sudor fluit undique rivis.
 attulit ipse viris optatum casus honorem.
 namque furens animi dum proram ad saxa suburget
 interior spatiumque subit Sergestus iniquo,
 infelix saxis in procurrentibus haesit.
 concussae cautes et acuto in murice remi
 obnixa crepuere inlisaque prora pependit.
 consurgunt nautae et magno clamore morantur

ferratasque trudes et acuta cuspidē contos
 expediunt fractosque legunt in gurgite remos.
 at laetus Mnestheus successuque acrior ipso
 agmine remorum celeri ventisque vocatis
 prona petit maria et pelago decurrit aperto.
 qualis spelunca subito commota columba,
 cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi,
 fertur in arva volans plausumque exterrita pennis
 dat tecto ingentem, mox aëre lapsa quieto
 radit iter liquidum celeris neque commovet alas :
 sic Mnestheus, sic ipsa fuga secat ultima Pristis
 aequora, sic illam fert impetus ipse volantem.
 et primum in scopulo luctantem deserit alto
 Sergestum brevibusque vadis frustraue vocantem
 auxilia et fractis discentem currere remis.
 inde Gyan ipsamque ingenti mole Chimaeram
 consequitur ; cedit, quoniam spoliata magistro est.

Solus iamque ipso superest in fine Cloanthus :
 quem petit et summis adnexus viribus urget.
 tum vero ingeminat clamor cunctique sequentem
 instigant studiis, resonatque fragoribus aether.
 hi proprium decus et partum indignantur honorem
 ni teneant, vitamque volunt pro laude pacisci ;
 hos successus alit : possunt, quia posse videntur.
 et fors aequatis cepissent praemia rostris,

ni palmas ponto tendens utrasque Cloanthus
 fudissetque preces divosque in vota vocasset :
 ‘ di, quibus imperium est pelagi, quorum aequora
 curro,
 vobis laetus ego hoc candentem in litore taurum
 constituam ante aras voti reus, extaque salsos
 proiciam in fluctus et vina liquentia fundam.’
 dixit, eumque imis sub fluctibus audiit omnis
 Nereidum Phorcique chorus Panopeaque virgo,
 et pater ipse manu magna Portunus euntem
 impulit : illa noto citius volucrique sagitta
 ad terram fugit et portu se condidit alto.

AENEAS IN THE WORLD OF THE DEAD

And now, their homage to the Goddess paid,
 To joyous regions, ever-blooming bowers,
 Delightsome groves, and mansions of the blest,
 Their pathway led. An ampler, purer air
 Floats round and bathes in light the glowing clime ;
 Its own bright sun and stars illumine the sky.
 In friendly strife disporting in the lists,
 Or wrestling on the sands, the ghosts are seen.
 Some to the dance beat time, or carols sing.
 In flowing robe, the Thracian prophet-bard

Wakes Music's sevenfold notes, and sweeps the lyre
 With glancing fingers or with ivory bow.
 Here rest the high-souled chiefs of Teucer's line,
 True warriors of the old heroic time,
 Assaracus and Linus—mighty names—
 And Troy's great founder, Dardanus. With awe
 Aeneas views their arms and shadowy cars :
 Fixed in the ground their spears ; their coursers graze
 Unharnessed o'er the plain,—the same delight
 In show of glittering arms, the same fond pride
 Of glossy steed and chariot that inspired
 The living hero's soul, outlasts the grave.
 Stretched on the grassy sward are others seen,
 With feast and symphonies of joyous song
 Whiling the hours ; around them laurel groves
 Shed fragrance, and with ample tide rolls down
 His earth-born stream Eridanus. Here dwell
 Patriots, who, battling for their country, bled ;
 Priests undefiled, and holy bards who sang
 Strains such as Phoebus loves ; and they whose minds
 Inventive by new arts embellished life ;
 And they whose deeds beneficent are shrined
 In grateful memories—with snow-white wreaths
 These all are crowned. The Sibyl this bright throng
 Addressed ; but first Musaeus, as he stood

The centre of a group, surpassing all
 In form majestic : ‘ Tell me, happy souls,
 And thou, blest minstrel, in what region dwells
 Renowned Anchises ? Hither have we come,
 And crossed Hell’s awful gulf, to find his shade.’
 Briefly the bard replied : ‘ No fixed abode
 Is ours ; we rove at large in bosky glades,
 On grassy slopes repose, and haunt the meads
 With freshening rivulets green : from yonder height,
 Would ye so far ascend, the path is plain.’
 He led the way, and from the summit showed
 The glittering champaign ;—thither sped the pair.

It chanced that in a green sequestered vale
 The patriarch chief Anchises, wrapt in thought,
 Was musing on the souls, secluded now,
 But destined soon to rise to upper day :
 Before his prescient gaze in vision passed
 His own dear progeny,—of each in turn
 The fortunes, fates, achievements, he surveyed ;
 But when Aeneas o’er the sward he spied
 Advancing, both his arms in ecstasy
 Of joy the Sire outflung—his eyes with tears
 Brimmed o’er—his lips found utterance : ‘ Art thou
 come,

O long desired ?—and hath thy filial love

Surmounted all the terrors of the way ?
 And may I see thee face to face once more ?
 And talk with thee in old familiar strain ?
 Surely my heart with no vain forecast deemed
 Our meeting near, computing well the time.
 What perilous adventures hast thou braved !
 What tracts of land and ocean travelled o'er,
 Since last these arms embraced thee ! How I feared
 Lest Libya's witcheries should work thee ill !'
 'Twas thou, dear Sire,' Aeneas made reply,
 'Twas thy sad ghost that many a time and oft
 Urged me to seek thee here. On Tuscan seas
 My galleys safely ride. O bid me clasp
 Thy hand in mine, nor shun this last embrace !'
 Tears down his cheeks were coursing as he spake ;
 Thrice round that form beloved his arms he flung,
 Thrice mocked his grasp the unsubstantial shade,
 Fleet as the wind, and transient as a dream.

Meanwhile a sheltered glen, with rustling brakes,
 The hero sees, and Lethe's placid stream
 Skirting the blest abodes : beside the banks
 Hovered a countless host of tribes and tongues—
 Like bees that on the flowers in summer's prime
 Alight, and round the snow-white lilies cling,
 While all the air their droning murmur fills.

Amazed the chief inquires : ' What stream is this ?
What multitudinous concourse on the banks ? '

' These souls,' his Sire replied, ' hath Fate decreed
To wear transmuted forms in upper air ;
But first at Lethe's opiate springs they quaff
The anodyne of deep forgetfulness.

Oft have I wished before thee to array
These embryo forms, my progeny unborn :
So shalt thou more delight thee in the prize
Of thine Italian realm.' ' Nay, can it be,'

His son rejoined, ' that souls emancipate
From earth should travel back the weary round,
And seek reunion with their fleshly load ?
Infatuate ! whom such greed of life beguiles ? '

' Attend and thou shalt learn,' his Sire replied ;
Then all the wondrous mystery unveiled.

' Know first that Earth and Sky, the Ocean plains,
The Moon's clear orb, the Stars and giant Sun,
By one indwelling Spirit are sustained—
One all-informing Mind, that breathes and moves
Through every pulse of that stupendous whole ;
To all created things the fount of life,—
Men, beasts, and fowls, and monsters of the deep.
A fiery force and energy inspire
The vital germ, though in base contact held

With sluggish earth and perishable frame.
 Hence passions spring—joy, anguish, fear, desire ;
 Nor can blind mortals, in their bondage dim,
 Pierce the dull mist and lift their gaze to Heaven ;
 Nor e'en when life forsakes them, do the plagues
 That haunt the earthly tenement depart,
 But cling by long companionship ingrained :
 Therefore must guilty souls their crimes atone
 By penal chastisement. Some stretched on high
 Are blanched by winds ; some rid them of their stains,
 Cleansed by immersion in the vasty deep,
 Or, burnt away by purgatorial fires :
 Each shade its own ordeal must endure.
 Thence to Elysian plains, from sufferance freed,
 They pass ; but few those blissful seats attain
 Till lapse of slow-revolving years hath purged
 From foul commixture, every taint erased,
 The pure ethereal germ and spark divine.
 But when a thousand years their round have run,
 Myriads of ghosts, convened at Lethe, drink
 Oblivion : thence, unconscious of the past,
 They long to wear corporeal forms once more,
 And rise to upper day.' Thus spake the Sire,
 And through the murmuring concourse to a mound
 Contiguous led the chief and Sibyl maid ;

Thence the long file of phantoms as they passed
Bade them observe, and scan their aspect well.

‘ Mark now, my son, and learn the destinies
Of those illustrious souls, whom Italy
Upon the old heroic stock of Troy
Shall graft, and add new lustre to our name.
Yon stripling see, who on his headless spear
Stands leaning, nearest to the gates of life,
And foremost claimant to the realms of day.
Mixed in his veins Ausonian blood shall flow :
Silvius of Alba named, thy last-born son,
Whom in the sylvan glades thy destined spouse
To thee Lavinia in thine age shall bear ;
A king himself, and sire of kings to be—
First of our race Long Alba’s crown to wear.
Next Procas, glory of the Teucrian line ;
Capys and Numitor ; thy namesake, too,
Alike for piety and arms renowned
(Should Fate permit to mount his Alban throne),
Silvius Aeneas. Lo ! what forms are there !
What might of lusty youth ! and round their brows
The patriot’s civic wreath, the oak, is twined.
These shall strong bulwarks for thy kingdom build—
Nomentum, Gabii, and Fidenae’s walls,
Collatia towering on her castled steep ;

Pometia, and the fort of Inuus—towns
 In days to come illustrious, nameless now.
 See ! Romulus beside his grandsire stands,
 Whom Ilia, priestess of pure Dardan blood,
 To Mars shall bear ! Lo ! blazing on his helm
 The double plume, and stamped upon his brow
 The signet of paternal Deity ;
 By him with glorious auspices begun,
 Encircling with one wall her sevenfold hill,
 Rome, queen of nations, shall her empire bound
 By earth, her lofty spirit by the skies,
 Rich in heroic progeny of sons.
 So rides in triumph through her Phrygian realms
 The Berecynthian mother, crowned with towers,
 Prolific parent of a hundred Gods,
 All throned on high, all denizens of Heaven.

Now yonder turn thine eyes ; thy sons behold—
 Thine own illustrious Romans—Caesar there,
 And seed that from Iulus' loins shall spring
 Await their earthly heritage of fame.
 There, there, thy great descendant, promised long,
 Child of the Gods, Augustus Caesar, stands—
 Restorer of the antique age of gold
 O'er Latian plains, where Saturn reigned of yore ;
 Lord of a wide-extended realm that far

Outlies the bounds of Garamant or Ind ;
 Beyond the Planets' range and Solar way ;
 Where Atlas on his shoulders heaves the skies
 With stars bejewelled. As his hour draws nigh,
 The Caspian and Maeotian tribes, appalled,
 Quake at the dismal auguries of their Gods,
 And turbid flow the streams of seven-mouthed Nile.
 Not Hercules such boundless tracts o'erran,
 Albeit he pierced the brazen-footed hind,
 Freed from their scourge the Erymanthian glades,
 And quelled the Lernian monster with his bow ;
 Nor Bacchus, who with vine-encircled reins
 His harnessed tigers drives down Nysa's steep.
 And doubt we to extend our fame by deeds,
 Or shrink disheartened from the Ausonian shore ?

But who comes next, with olive chaplet crowned,
 The priestly censer in his hands ? I know
 Thy hoary locks and beard, thou Roman king,
 New founder of the State by well-framed laws ;
 Called from thy niggard soil and petty realm
 Of Cures, to ascend a loftier throne.
 Him follows Tullus, who with trumpet-blast
 Shall break the dreams of peace, and rouse to arms
 His sluggish hosts, to conquest long disused.
 Ancus comes next, vainglorious prince, e'en now

Too greedy of the shouting mob's applause.
 Or would you see the kings of Tarquin's line,
 And Brutus the avenger, haughty soul !
 Who freedom's ravished emblems shall restore ?
 Him first shall men hail Consul : the dread axe
 Before him shall be borne ; and his own sons,
 In traitorous arms against their country leagued,
 The unpitying father shall adjudge to die,
 In Liberty's dear cause. O sorely tried !
 Howe'er posterity account the deed,
 Thy patriot zeal, insatiate of renown,
 Shall bear the palm.

The Decii, Drusi, see,
 And stern Torquatus with the headsman's steel ;
 And there, with standards rescued from the Gaul,
 Camillus stands. Mark now yon warrior pair,
 In arms alike ; here, in their darkling state
 Congenial souls. Ah ! when their day of life
 Shall dawn, what deadly combat shall they wage,
 What hosts shall clash, what streams of carnage flow !
 One chief from Alpine citadel descends,
 His kinsman leads the embattled East to war.
 Cease, cease, my sons, the unhallowed strife, nor
 pierce

Your country's bosom with her own sharp steel;

Thou, offspring of Olympus, mine own blood,
First fling thy weapons down.

Lo ! near thee stands

One who, in conquering car with blood of Greeks
Imbrued, shall to the Capitol bear home
The spoils of vanquished Corinth.

Yonder shade

Shall Agamemnon's haughty towers destroy,
Lay Argos low, and that Thessalian king—
Who boasts Aeacian blood, and claims for sire
Achilles the invincible—o'erthrow ;
Avenging his great ancestors who died
At Ilium, and Minerva's outraged fane.

Who, Cato, thy great name, or Cossus thine,
Could pass untold ? the Gracchi, glorious clan,
Or Scipios, those twin thunderbolts of war,
Scourges of Lybia ? or Fabricius, rich
In low estate ? or thee, content to sow
Thy glebe, Serranus ? Spare my failing breath,
Ye Fabii : thou, the Greatest—thou alone
By masterly delay shalt save the State !

Let others mould in bronze the lifelike form,
Or carve the breathing lineaments in stone ;
Plead at the bar with more persuasive skill,
Or count the constellations as they rise,

And map their wanderings on the chart of Heaven,—
 Be thine the imperial privilege to reign,
 And bow the nations, Roman, to thy sway ;
 With peaceful rule to discipline mankind,
 The vanquished spare, but crush the haughty foe.’

Awhile Anchises paused, but as they gazed
 In silent wonder wrapt, his theme pursued :
 ‘ See there Marcellus, crowned with gorgeous spoils,
 In pride of conquest towering o’er his peers ;
 He, when the State is rocked with wild alarms,
 Shall stay the tottering fabric, trample down
 The Carthaginian and rebellious Gaul,
 And the third trophy of triumphal arms
 Raise to Feretrian Jove.’

But now a youth

Beside the elder chief Aeneas sees,
 Clad in resplendent arms, and passing fair ;
 But grave his mien and downcast is his brow.
 ‘ Say, father, who is this ?—the hero’s son,
 Perchance, or distant offshoot of his line ?
 What murmur of attendants round the boy !
 What dignity of bearing all his own !
 But o’er him hovers Night’s funereal shade.’
 Tears gushed unbidden as his Sire replied :
 ‘ Seek not, my son, to learn the heaviest grief

That o'er thy house impends : that godlike boy
 Shall envious Fate a moment lend to earth,
 Then snatch the boon away ; but, O, ye Gods !
 Well might ye deem our progeny too blest,
 Could Rome such prize retain. Ah me ! what groans,
 Wrung from the breasts of warriors, shall be heard
 On that broad plain beside the towers of Mars !
 What mournful pageant shall thy stream behold,
 O Tiber, gliding by his new-made grave !
 Never shall child of Troy with such fond hopes
 Inspire his Latian fathers, never Rome
 So proudly hail the promise of a son.
 O piety ! O pure and pristine faith !
 O valour, irresistible in arms !
 Woe to the foeman that shall face his steel—
 Whether he heads afoot the charging ranks,
 Or digs the rowels in his foam-flecked steed !
 Dear child of sorrow, should stern Fate allow
 To burst the cloud, Marcellus shalt thou be !
 Bring lilies in your arms a plenteous pile ;
 Be this sad office mine, with purple flowers
 To strew my kinsman's early grave, and pay
 This unavailing homage to his shade.'

Thus wandering through the spacious fields of air,
 They traversed all the region ; all in turn

Surveyed : Anchises to his son the while
 The secrets of futurity unveiled,
 And fired his breast with visions of renown ;
 Forewarned him, too, of conflicts yet to come—
 Of King Latinus and Laurentian tribes ;
 What perils must be braved, what toils endured.

The gates of Sleep are twain—the first of horn,
 Whence truthful spirits on their errands speed ;
 The other of transparent ivory wrought,
 Whence baseless visions of the night ascend.
 Through this fair portal sent Anchises forth—
 His fond discourse continuing to the last—
 To upper day the Sibyl and his son.
 He to the ships, impatient to rejoin
 His comrades, hied in haste ; along the coast
 Straight to Caieta's bay his bark he steered :
 There rode his anchored galleys fast to shore.

Sir G. K. Rickards

AENEIDOS VI. 637-901

His demum exactis, perfecto munere divae,
 devenere locos laetos et amoena virecta
 fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.
 largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit
 purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

pars in gramineis exercent membra palaestris,
 contendunt ludo et fulva luctantur harena ;
 pars pedibus plaudunt choreas et carmina dicunt.
 nec non Threicius longa cum veste sacerdos
 obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,
 iamque fidem digitis, iam pectine pulsat eburno.
 hic genus antiquum Teucri, pulcherrima proles,
 magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis,
 Ilusque Assaracusque et Troiae Dardanus auctor.
 arma procul currusque virum miratur inanis.
 stant terra defixae hastae passimque soluti
 per campum pascuntur equi. quae gratia currum
 armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitentis
 pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.
 conspicit, ecce, alios dextra laevaue per herbam
 vescentis laetumque choro paeana canentis
 inter odoratum lauri nemus, unde superne
 plurimus Eridani per silvam volvitur amnis.
 hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
 quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
 quique pii vates et Phoebo digna locuti,
 inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artis,
 quique sui memores alios fecere merendo :
 omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta.
 quos circumfusus sic est adfata Sibylla,

Musaeum ante omnis (medium nam plurima turba
hunc habet atque umeris exstantem suspicit altis) :
' dicite, felices animae, tuque, optime vates,
quae regio Anchisen, quis habet locus ? illius ergo
venimus et magnos Erebi tranavimus amnis.'
atque huic responsum paucis ita reddidit heros :
' nulli certa domus ; lucis habitamus opacis,
riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis
incolimus. sed vos, si fert ita corde voluntas,
hoc superate iugum, et facili iam tramite sistam.'
dixit, et ante tulit gressum camposque nitentis
desuper ostentat ; dehinc summa cacumina relinquunt.

At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti
inclusas animas superumque ad lumen ituras
lustrabat studio recolens, omnemque suorum
forte recensebat numerum, carosque nepotes
fataque fortunasque virum moresque manusque.
isque ubi tendentem adversum per gramina vidit
Aenean, alacris palmas utrasque tetendit,
effusaeque genis lacrimae et vox excidit ore :
' venisti tandem, tuaque exspectata parenti
vicit iter durum pietas ? datur ora tueri,
nate, tua et notas audire et reddere voces ?
sic equidem ducebam animo rebarque futurum
tempora dinumerans, nec me mea cura fefellit.

quas ego te terras et quanta per aequora vectum
 accipio ! quantis iactatum, nate, periclis !
 quam metui ne quid Libyae tibi regna nocerent !
 ille autem : ' tua me, genitor, tua tristis imago
 saepius occurrens haec limina tendere adegit ;
 stant sale Tyrrheno classes. da iungere dextram,
 da, genitor, teque amplexu ne subtrahe nostro.'
 sic memorans largo fletu simul ora rigabat.
 ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum ;
 ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,
 par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.

Interea videt Aeneas in valle reducta
 seclusum nemus et virgulta sonantia silvae,
 Lethaeumque domos placidas qui praenatat amnem.
 hunc circum innumerae gentes populique volabant,
 ac velut in pratis ubi apes aestate serena
 floribus insidunt variis et candida circum
 lilia funduntur, strepit omnis murmure campus.
 horrescit visu subito causasque requirit
 inscius Aeneas, quae sint ea flumina porro,
 quive viri tanto compleverint agmine ripas.
 tum pater Anchises : ' animae, quibus altera fato
 corpora debentur, Lethaei ad fluminis undam
 securos latices et longa obliviam potant.
 has equidem memorare tibi atque ostendere coram,

iampridem hanc prolem cupio enumerare meorum,
quo magis Italia mecum laetere reperta.'

'o pater, anne aliquas ad caelum hinc ire putandum
est

sublimis animas iterumque ad tarda reverti
corpora? quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido?'

'dicam equidem nec te suspensum, nate, tenebo'
suscipit Anchises atque ordine singula pandit.

'Principio caelum ac terram camposque liquentis
lucentemque globum lunae Titaniaque astra
spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.
inde hominum pecudumque genus vitaeque volantum
et quae marmoreo fert monstra sub aequore pontus.
igneus est ollis vigor et caelestis origo
seminibus, quantum non corpora noxia tardant
terrenique hebetant artus moribundaque membra.
hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque, neque
auras

dispiciunt clausae tenebris et carcere caeco.
quin et supremo cum lumine vita reliquit,
non tamen omne malum miseris nec funditus omnes
corporeae excedunt pestes, penitusque necesse est
multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.
ergo exercentur poenis veterumque malorum

supplicia expendunt : aliae panduntur inanes
 suspensae ad ventos, aliis sub gurgite vasto
 infectum eluitur scelus aut exurituri igni—
 quisque suos patimur manis ; exinde per amplum
 mittimur Elysium et pauci laeta arva tenemus—
 donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe
 concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
 aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.
 has omnis, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
 Lethaeum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno,
 scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant
 rursus, et incipiant in corpora velle reverti.’

Dixerat Anchises natumque unaque Sibyllam
 conventus trahit in medios turbamque sonantem,
 et tumulum capit unde omnis longo ordine posset
 adversos legere et venientum discere vultus.

‘ Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quae deinde sequatur
 gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
 inlustris animas nostrumque in nomen ituras,
 expediam dictis, et te tua fata docebo.
 ille, vides, pura iuvenis qui nititur hasta,
 proxima sorte tenet lucis loca, primus ad auras
 aetherias Italo commixtus sanguine surget,
 Silvius, Albanum nomen, tua postuma proles,
 quem tibi longaevo serum Lavinia coniunx

educet silvis regem regumque parentem,
 unde genus Longa nostrum dominabitur Alba.
 proximus ille Procas, Troianae gloria gentis,
 et Capys et Numitor et qui te nomine reddet
 Silvius Aeneas, pariter pietate vel armis
 egregius, si umquam regnandam acceperit Albam.
 qui iuvenes ! quantas ostentant, aspice, viris
 atque umbrata gerunt civili tempora quercu !
 hi tibi Nomentum et Gabios urbemque Fidenam,
 hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces,
 Pometios Castrumque Inui Bolamque Coramque.
 haec tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terrae.
 quin et avo comitem sese Mavortius addet
 Romulus, Assaraci quem sanguinis Ilia mater
 educet. viden, ut geminae stant vertice cristae
 et pater ipse suo superum iam signat honore ?
 en huius, nate, auspiciis illa incluta Roma
 imperium terris, animos aequabit Olympo,
 septemque una sibi muro circumdabit arces,
 felix prole virum : qualis Berecynthia mater
 invehitur curru Phrygias turrata per urbes
 laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
 omnis caelicolas, omnis supera alta tenentis.
 huc geminas nunc flecte acies, hanc aspice gentem
 Romanosque tuos. hic Caesar et omnis Iuli

progenies magnum caeli ventura sub axem.
 hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti saepius audis,
 Augustus Caesar, divi genus, aurea condet
 saecula qui rursus Latio regnata per arva
 Saturno quondam, super et Garamantas et Indos
 proferet imperium ; iacet extra sidera tellus,
 extra anni solisque vias, ubi caelifer Atlas
 axem umero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum.
 huius in adventum iam nunc et Caspia regna
 responsis horrent divum et Maeotia tellus,
 et septemgemi turbant trepida ostia Nili.
 nec vero Alcides tantum telluris obivit,
 fixerit aeripedem cervam licet, aut Erymanthi
 pacarit nemora et Lernam tremefecerit arcu ;
 nec qui pampineis victor iuga flectit habenis
 Liber, agens celso Nysae de vertice tigris.
 et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis,
 aut metus Ausonia prohibet consistere terra ?
 quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivae
 sacra ferens ? nosco crinis incanaque menta
 regis Romani primam qui legibus urbem
 fundabit Curibus parvis et paupere terra,
 missus in imperium magnum. cui deinde subibit
 otia qui rumpet patriae residesque movebit
 Tullus in arma viros et iam desueta triumphis

agmina. quem iuxta sequitur iactantior Ancus
nunc quoque iam nimium gaudens popularibus auris.
vis et Tarquinius reges animamque superbam
ultoris Bruti, fascisque videre receptos ?
consulis imperium hic primus saevasque securis
accipiet, natosque pater nova bella moventis
ad poenam pulchra pro libertate vocabit.
infelix ! utcumque ferent ea facta minores :
vincet amor patriae laudumque immensa cupido.
quin Decios Drusosque procul saevumque securi
aspice Torquatum et referentem signa Camillum.
illae autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
concordes animae nunc et dum nocte premuntur,
heu quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitae
attigerint, quantas acies stragemque ciebunt,
aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monoeci
descendens, gener adversis instructus Eois !
ne, pueri, ne tanta animis adsuescite bella
neu patriae validas in viscera vertite viris ;
tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
proice tela manu, sanguis meus !—
ille triumphata Capitolia ad alta Corinθο
victor aget currum caesis insignis Achivis.
eruet ille Argos Agamemnoniasque Mycenae
ipsumque Aeaciden, genus armipotentis Achilli,

ultus avos Troiae templa et temerata Minervae.
 quis te, magne Cato, tacitum aut te, Cosse, relinquat ?
 quis Gracchi genus aut geminos, duo fulmina belli,
 Scipiadas, cladem Libyae, parvoque potentem
 Fabricium vel te sulco, Serrane, serentem ?
 quo fessum rapitis, Fabii ? tu Maximus ille es,
 unus qui nobis cunctando restituis rem.
 excudent alii spirantia mollius aera
 (credo equidem), vivos ducent de marmore vultus,
 orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus
 describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent :
 tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
 (hae tibi erunt artes), pacisque imponere morem,
 parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.'

Sic pater Anchises atque haec mirantibus addit :
 'aspice, ut insignis spoliis Marcellus opimis
 ingreditur victorque viros supereminet omnis.
 hic rem Romanam magno turbante tumultu
 sistet, eques sternet Poenos Gallumque rebellem,
 tertiaque arma patri suspendet capta Quirino.'
 atque hic Aeneas (una namque ire videbat
 egregium forma iuvenem et fulgentibus armis,
 sed frons laeta parum et deiecto lumina vultu)
 'quis, pater, ille, virum qui sic comitatur euntem ?
 filius, ane aliquis magna de stirpe nepotum ?

qui strepitus circa comitum ! quantum instar in ipso !
 sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra.
 tum pater Anchises lacrimis ingressus obortis :
 ‘ o nate, ingentem luctum ne quaere tuorum ;
 ostendent terris hunc tantum fata neque ultra
 esse sinent. nimium vobis Romana propago
 visa potens, superi, propria haec si dona fuissent.
 quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem
 campus aget gemitus ! vel quae, Tiberine, videbis
 funera, cum tumulum praeterlabere recentem !
 nec puer Iliaca quisquam de gente Latinos
 in tantum spe tollet avos, nec Romula quondam
 ullo se tantum tellus iactabit alumno.
 heu pietas, heu prisca fides invictaque bello
 dextera ! non illi se quisquam impune tulisset
 obviis armato, seu cum pedes iret in hostem
 seu spumantis equi foderet calcaribus armos.
 heu, miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,
 tu Marcellus eris. manibus date lilia plenis,
 purpureos spargam flores animamque nepotis
 his saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
 munere.’ sic tota passim regione vagantur
 aëris in campis latis atque omnia lustrant.
 quae postquam Anchises natum per singula duxit
 incenditque animum famae venientis amore,

exim bella viro memorat quae deinde gerenda,
 Laurentisque docet populos urbemque Latini,
 et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem.

Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum altera fertur
 cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris,
 altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
 sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia manes.
 his ibi tum natum Anchises unaque Sibyllam
 prosequitur dictis portaque emittit eburna,
 ille viam secat ad navis sociosque revisit.

Tum se ad Caietae recto fert litore portum.
 ancora de prora iacitur ; stant litore puppes.

HORACE

TO PYRRHA

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind ?

To what heart-ravisht lover

Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,

Thy hidden sweets discover,

And with large bounty open set

All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet ?

Ah simple youth, how oft will he

Of thy chang'd faith complain ?

And his own fortunes find to be

So airy and so vain,

Of so chameleon-like an hue,

That still their colour changes with it too ?

How oft, alas, will he admire

The blackness of the skies ?

Trembling to hear the winds sound higher

And see the billows rise ;

Poor unexperienced he

Who ne'er, alas, before had been at sea !

◁ H O R A C E ▷

He enjoys thy calmy sunshine now,
 And no breath stirring hears,
 In the clear heaven of thy brow
 No smallest cloud appears.
 He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
 And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy ! thrice unhappy he,
 To whom thou untried dost shine !
 But there's no danger now for me,
 Since o'er Loretto's shrine
 In witness of the shipwreck past
 My consecrated vessel hangs at last.
Abraham Cowley

C A R M I N V M I . 5

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
 perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
 grato, Pyrrha, sub antro ?
 cui flavam religas comam,
 simplex munditiis ? heu quotiens fidem
 mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
 nigris aequora ventis
 emirabitur insolens,

qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
 qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
 sperat, nescius auræ
 fallacis ! miseri, quibus
 intemptata nites. me tabula sacer
 votiva paries indicat uvida
 suspendisse potenti
 vestimenta maris deo.

SORACTE

One dazzling mass of solid snow
 Soracte stands ; the bent woods fret
 Beneath their load ; and, sharpest-set
 With frost, the streams have ceased to flow.

Pile on great faggots and break up
 The ice : let influence more benign
 Enter with four-years-treasured wine,
 Fetched in the ponderous Sabine cup :

Leave to the Gods all else. When they
 Have once bid rest the winds that war
 Over the passionate seas, no more
 Gray ash and cypress rock and sway.

HORACE

Ask not what future suns shall bring :
Count to-day gain, whate'er it chance
To be : nor, young man, scorn the dance
Nor deem sweet love an idle thing,

Ere Time thy April youth hath changed
To sourness. Park and public walk
Attract thee now, and whispered talk
At twilight meetings pre-arranged ;

Hear now the pretty laugh that tells
In what dim corner lurks thy love ;
And snatch a bracelet or a glove
From wrist or hand that scarce rebels.

C. S. Calverley

CARMINVM I. 9

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec iam sustineant onus
silvae laborantes, geluque
flumina constiterint acuto.
dissolve frigus ligna super foco
large reponens atque benignius
deprome quadrimum Sabina,
O Thaliarche, merum diota :

permitte divis cetera, qui simul
 stravere ventos aequore fervido
 deproeliantis, nec cupressi
 nec veteres agitantur orni.
 quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere et
 quem Fors dierum cumque dabit lucro
 appone, nec dulcis amores
 sperne puer neque tu choreas,
 donec virenti canities abest
 morosa. nunc et campus et areae
 lenesque sub noctem susurri
 composita repetantur hora,
 nunc et latentis proditor intimo
 gratus puellae risus ab angulo
 pignusque dereptum lacertis
 aut digito male pertinaci.

SUFFICIENT TO THE DAY

Be patient, friend, nor seek to know
 What length of years be still to go
 For you, for me ; nor search the lines
 Of eastern horoscopes for signs
 That such forbidden numbers show.

Accept as such this life below,
 And, should these bitter winds that blow
 Mark the last sun for us that shines,
 Be patient, friend.

E'en as we chat, our jealous foe,
 Time flies ahead, alas, not slow ;
 A little space our term confines.
 Enjoy to-day, decant your wines,
 Herein true wisdom lies, and so
 Be patient, friend.

‘ *Exul* ’

CARMINVM I. 11

Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
 finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios
 temptaris numeros. ut melius, quidquid erit, pati,
 seu pluris hiemes seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam,
 quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
 Tyrrhenum : sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
 spem longam reseces. dum loquimur, fugerit invida
 aetas : carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

TO GLYCERA

Again the cruel deities
 Of Love, of Wine, of wanton Ease,
 To kindle in my breast conspire
 Of love the long-extinguish'd fire.
 On Glycera with fond delight
 I gaze, as Parian marble bright ;
 Though coy, she looks with such a grace
 No heart 's secure against her face.
 Venus, in haste, her Cyprus quits,
 Enthron'd within my breast she sits :
 No more of Parthian wars I sing—
 Love tunes alone the vocal string.

Boys, cut green turf, an altar raise,
 There let perfumes and vervain blaze ;
 Libations pour ; perhaps the fair,
 Venus appeas'd, may grant my prayer.

Isaac Pacatus Shard

CARMINVM I. 19

Mater saeva Cupidinum
 Thebanaeque iubet me Semelae puer
 et lasciva Licentia
 finitis animum reddere amoribus.

urit me Glycerae nitor
 splendentis Pario marmore purius :
 urit grata protervitas
 et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.
 in me tota ruens Venus
 Cyprum deseruit, nec patitur Scythas
 et versis animosum equis
 Parthum dicere nec quae nihil attinent.
 hic vivum mihi caespitem, hic
 verbenas, pueri, ponite turaque
 bimi cum patera meri :
 mactata veniet lenior hostia.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA

Sing, maidens, Cynthia, Queen of night,
 Sing, youths, Apollo, Lord of morn,
 Phoebus with golden locks unshorn :
 Hymn too Latona, Jove's delight.

Sing, maids, that huntress Queen who shines
 O'er the wreathed crown and gelid rills
 Of Algidus, green Lycian hills,
 And Erymanthus black with pines.

HORACE

Praise, noble youths, in strains of fire,
 Delos, and Tempe's mellowed airs,
 And him, the quivered God, who bears
 His brother Hermes' silver lyre.

He hears your vows : he grants your prayer :
 On painted Britons, Parthian foes,
 He casts the burthen of your woes,
 War, famine, pestilence, despair.

Sir Stephen de Vere

CARMINVM I. 21

Dianam tenerae dicite virgines,
 intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium
 Latonamque supremo
 dilectam penitus Iovi.
 vos laetam fluviis et nemorum coma,
 quaecumque aut gelido prominet Algido
 nigris aut Erymanthi
 silvis aut viridis Cragi.
 vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus
 natalemque, mares. Delon Apollinis,
 insignemque pharetra
 fraternaue umerum lyra.

hic bellum lacrimosum, hic miseram famem
 pestemque a populo et principe Caesare in
 Persas atque Britannos
 vestra motus aget prece.

TO CHLOE

Why, whenever she can spy me,
 Like a fawn will Chloe fly me ?
 Like a fawn, its mother seeking
 O'er the hills, through brambles breaking ;
 Frightened if the breezes move
 But a leaflet in the grove ;
 Or a branch the Zephyr tosses ;
 Or its path a lizard crosses ;
 Nothing can its fears dissemble—
 Heart and knees together tremble.

Stop, my love ; thou needst not fear me,
 For I follow not to tear thee
 Like the lion, prowling o'er
 Far Getulia's savage shore :
 Stop—thy budding charms discover
 'Tis thy time to choose a lover.

P. Branwell Brontë

HORACE

CARMINVM I. 23

Vitas inuleo me similis, Chloe,
quaerenti pavidam montibus aviis
matrem non sine vano
aurarum et siluae metu.
nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
adventus foliis seu virides rubum
dimovere lacertae,
et corde et genibus tremit.
atqui non ego te tigris ut aspera
Gaetulusve leo frangere persequor :
tandem desine matrem
tempestiva sequi viro.

TO VENUS

Come, Cnidian, Paphian Venus, come
Thy well-beloved Cyprus spurn,
Haste, where for thee in Glycera's home
Sweet odours burn.

Bring too thy Cupid, glowing warm,
Graces and Nymphs, unzoned and free,
And Youth, that lacking thee lacks charm,
And Mercury.

John Conington

CARMINVM I. 30

O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique,
 sperne dilectam Cypron et vocantis
 ture te multo Glycerae decoram
 transfer in aedem.
 fervidus tecum puer et solutis
 Gratiae zonis properentque Nymphae
 et parum comis sine te Iuventas
 Mercuriusque.

TO HIS LYRE

If ever, underneath the shade,
 My careless fingers I have cast
 Over the strings and something played
 A year or more to last,
 Help me my Latin strain to pour,
 Oh ! lyre, that first the Lesbian strung,
 Who his rocked galley to the shore
 Would fasten, whilst he sung
 The Muses, Bacchus, Venus fair,
 And him the boy who with her flies,
 And Lycus with the deep black hair
 And with the deep black eyes.

Aid me, when I invoke thee right,
 Oh! thou that Phoebus' glory art,
 That givest to the gods delight
 And sooth'st the weary heart.

Edward Yardley

CARMINVM I. 32

Poscimur. si quid vacui sub umbra
 lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
 vivat et pluris, age dic Latinum,
 barbite, carmen,

Lesbio primum modulate civi,
 qui ferox bello, tamen inter arma
 sive iactatam religarat udo
 litore navim.

Liberum et Musas Veneremque et illi
 semper haerentem puerum canebat
 et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
 crine decorum.

o decus Phoebi et dapibus supremi
 grata testudo Iovis, o laborum
 dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salve
 rite vocanti.

THE SIMPLER TASTE

Boy, I hate their empty shows ;
 Persian garlands I detest ;
 Bring not me the late-blown rose,
 Lingering after all the rest.

Plainer myrtle pleases me,
 Thus outstretch'd beneath my vine ;
 Myrtle more becoming thee,
 Waiting with thy master's wine.

William Cowper

CARMINVM I. 38.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,
 displicent nexae philyra coronae ;
 mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
 sera moretur.
 simplici myrto nihil allabores
 sedulus curo : neque te ministrum
 dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
 vite bibentem.

THE FAIR PERJURER

Did any punishment attend

Thy former perjuries,

I should believe a second time

Thy charming flatteries :

Did but one wrinkle mark this face,

Or hadst thou lost one single grace.

No sooner hast thou, with false vows,

Provok'd the powers above

But thou art fairer than before,

And we are more in love.

Thus Heaven and Earth seem to declare

They pardon falsehood in the fair.

Sure 'tis no crime vainly to swear

By every power on high,

And call our buried mother's ghost

A witness to the lie :

Heaven at such perjury connives,

And Venus, with a smile, forgives.

The Nymphs, and cruel Cupid too,

Sharpening his pointed dart

On an old hone besmear'd with blood,

Forbear thy perjur'd heart.

Fresh youth grows up to wear thy chains,
And the old slave no freedom gains.

Thee mothers for their eldest sons,
Thee wretched misers fear,
Lest thy prevailing beauty should
Seduce the hopeful heir ;
New-married virgins fear thy charms
Should keep their bridegrooms from their arms.

Sir Charles Sedley

C A R M I N U M I I . 8

Vlla si iuris tibi peierati
poena, Barine, nocuisset umquam,
dente si nigro fieres vel uno
turpior ungui,
crederem. sed tu, simul obligasti
perfidum votis caput, enitescis
pulchrior multo iuvenumque prodis
publica cura.
expedit matris cineres opertos
fallere et toto taciturna noctis
signa cum caelo gelidaque divos
morte carentis.

ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa, rident
simplices Nymphae, ferus et Cupido,
semper ardentis acuens sagittas
cote cruenta.

adde quod pubes tibi crescit omnis,
servitus crescit nova, nec priores
impiae tectum dominae relinquunt,
saepe minati.

te suis matres metuunt iuencis,
te senes parci, miseraeque nuper
virgines nuptae, tua ne retardet
aura maritos.

THE GOLDEN MEAN

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse fortune's power ;
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,

Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blast, the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground ;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain ;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast ?
The dark appearance will not last,
Expect a brighter sky ;
The God that strings the silver bow,
Awakes sometimes the Muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
 Thy magnanimity display,
 And let thy strength be seen ;
 But oh ! if Fortune fill thy sail
 With more than a propitious gale,
 Take half thy canvas in !
William Cowper

C A R M I N U M I I . 10

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
 semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
 cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
 litus iniquum.
 auream quisquis mediocritatem
 diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
 sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
 sobrius aula.
 saepius ventis agitur ingens
 pinus et celsae graviore casu
 decidunt turres feriuntque summos
 fulgura montis.
 sperat infestis, metuit secundis
 alteram sortem bene praeparatum
 pectus. informis hiemes reducit
 Iuppiter, idem

summovet. non, si male nunc, et olim
 sic erit : quondam cithara tacentem
 suscitât Musam neque semper arcum
 tendit Apollo.

rebus angustis animosus atque
 fortis appare ; sapienter idem
 contrahes vento nimium secundo
 turgida vela.

THE LYRIC THEME

Dire Hannibal, the Roman dread,
 Numantian wars, which rag'd so long,
 And seas with Punic slaughter red,
 Suit not the softer lyric song :

Nor savage Centaurs, mad with wine,
 Nor Earth's enormous rebel brood
 Who shook with fear the Powers Divine,
 Till by Alcides' arms subdu'd.

Better, Maecenas, thou in prose
 Shalt Caesar's glorious battles tell ;
 With what bold heat the victor glows,
 What captive kings his triumphs swell.

Thy Mistress all my Muse employs ;
 Licinia's voice, her sprightly turns,
 The fire that sparkles in her eyes,
 And in her faithful bosom burns.

When she adorns Diana's day,
 And all the beauteous choirs advance
 With sweetest airs, divinely gay,
 She shines, distinguish'd in the dance !

Not all Arabia's spicy fields
 Can with Licinia's breath compare ;
 Nor India's self a treasure yields
 To purchase one bright flowing hair :

When she with bending neck complies
 To meet the lover's eager kiss,
 With gentle cruelty denies,
 Or snatches first the fragrant bliss.

Sir Jeffray Gilbert

CARMINVM II. 12

Nolis longa ferae bella Numantiae
 nec dirum Hannibalem nec Siculum mare
 Poeno purpureum sanguine mollibus
 aptari citharae modis,

nec saevos Lapithas et nimium mero
 Hylaeum domitosque Herculea manu
 Telluris iuvenes, unde periculum
 fulgens contremuit domus
 Saturni veteris ; tuque pedestribus
 dices historiis proelia Caesaris,
 Maecenas, melius ductaque per vias
 regum colla minacium.
 me dulces dominae Musa Licymniae
 cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum
 fulgentis oculos et bene mutuis
 fidum pectus amoribus,
 quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris
 nec certare ioco nec dare brachia
 ludentem nitidis virginibus sacro
 Dianae celebris die.
 num tu quae tenuit dives Achaemenes
 aut pinguis Phrygiae Mygdonias opes
 permutare velis crine Licymniae,
 plenas aut Arabum domos,
 cum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
 cervicem aut facili saevitia negat,
 quae poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
 interdum rapere occupet ?

THE BIRTH-BOND

Why rend my heart with that sad sigh ?

It cannot please the gods or me
That you, Maecenas, first should die,
My pillar of prosperity.

Ah ! should I lose one half my soul

Untimely, can the other stay
Behind it ? Life that is not whole,

Is *that* as sweet ? The self-same day
Shall crush us twain ; no idle oath

Has Horace sworn ; whene'er you go,
We both will travel, travel both
The last dark journey down below.

No, not Chimaera's fiery breath,

Nor Gyas, could he rise again,
Shall part us ; Justice, strong as death,
So wills it ; so the Fates ordain.

Whether 'twas Libra saw me born

Or angry Scorpio, lord malign
Of natal hour, or Capricorn,

The tyrant of the western brine,
Our planets sure with concord strange

Are blended. You by Jove's blest power

Were snatch'd from out the baleful range
 Of Saturn, and the evil hour
 Was stay'd, when rapturous benches full
 Three times the auspicious thunder peal'd ;
 Me the curst trunk, that smote my skull,
 Had slain ; but Faunus, strong to shield
 The friends of Mercury, check'd the blow
 In mid descent. Be sure to pay
 The victims and the fane you owe ;
 Your bard a humbler lamb will slay.

John Conington

CARMINVM II. 17

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis ?
 nec dis amicum est nec mihi te prius
 obire, Maecenas, mearum
 grande decus columenque rerum.
 a ! te meae si partem animae rapit
 maturior vis, quid moror altera,
 nec carus aequae nec superstes
 integer ? ille dies utramque
 ducet ruinam. non ego perfidum
 dixi sacramentum : ibimus, ibimus,
 utcumque praecedes, supremum
 carpere iter comites parati.

me nec Chimaerae spiritus igneae
nec, si resurgat, centimanus Gyas
divellet umquam : sic potenti

Iustitiae placitumque Parcis,
seu Libra seu me Scorpios aspicit
formidulosus, pars violentior
natalis horae, seu tyrannus

Hesperiae Capricornus undae,
utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
consentit astrum : te Iovis impio
tutela Saturno refulgens

eripuit volucrisque Fati
tardavit alas, cum populus frequens
laetum theatri ter crepuit sonum :

me truncus illapsus cerebro
sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum
dextra levasset, Mercurialium
custos virorum. reddere victimas
aedemque votivam memento :
nos humilem feriemus agnam.

HORACE AND LYDIA

HORACE

Whilst I was fond, and you were kind,
Nor any dearer youth reclin'd
On your soft bosom sought to rest,
Not Persia's monarch was so blest.

LYDIA

Whilst you ador'd no other face,
Nor lov'd me in the second place,
Your Lydia's celebrated fame
Outshone the Roman Ilia's name.

HORACE

Me Chloe now possesses whole ;
Her voice and lyre command my soul :
Nor would I death itself decline,
Could I redeem her life with mine.

LYDIA

For me young lovely Calais burns,
And warmth for warmth my heart returns.
Twice would I life for him resign,
Could his be ransom'd thus with mine.

HORACE

HORACE

What if the God, whose bands we broke,
 Again should tame us to the yoke ;
 What if my Chloe cease to reign,
 And Lydia her lost power regain!

LYDIA

Though Phosphor be less fair than he ;
 Thou wilder than the raging sea,
 Lighter than down ; yet gladly I
 With thee would live, with thee would die.

Francis Atterbury

CARMINVM III. 9

Donec gratus eram tibi
 nec quisquam potior bracchia candidae
 cervici iuvenis dabat,
 Persarum vigui rege beatior.

‘ donec non alia magis
 aristi neque erat Lydia post Chloen,
 multi Lydia nominis
 Romana vigui clarior Ilia.’

me nunc Thraessa Chloe regit,
 dulcis docta modos et citharae sciens,
 pro qua non metuam mori,
 si parcent animae fata superstiti.

' me torret face mutua
 Thurini Calais filius Ornyti,
 pro quo bis patiar mori,
 si parcent puero fata superstiti.'
 quid si prisca redit Venus
 diductosque iugo cogit aeneo,
 si flava excutitur Chloe
 reiectaeque patet ianua Lydiae ?
 ' quamquam sidere pulchrior
 ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo
 iracundior Hadria,
 tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.'

BANDUSIA

O font ! with fair unruffled face,
 More clear than crystal and more bright than glass ;
 To thee my only bowl shall pour
 The sweet libation crown'd with many a flower.
 To thee a sportive kid shall bleed,
 Proud of the spreading honours of his head ;
 Who meditates the angry shock,
 For some first love the fairest of the flock.
 In vain ! for Venus will not save—
 His youthful blood shall tinge thy azure wave.

Not Phoebus, with his summer beams,
Can penetrate thy shade, and gild thy streams ;

But ever from the dog-star's heat
The wearied herds require thy green retreat.

Let other bards their fountains sing,
A bard shall love and celebrate thy spring,
The secret shelter of thy wood,
And babbling rills that fall into thy flood.

John Cam Hobhouse, Lord Broughton

CARMINVM III. 13

O fons Bandusiae splendidior vitro
dulci digne mero non sine floribus,
cras donaberis haedo,
cui frons turgida cornibus
primis et venerem et proelia destinat ;
frustra : nam gelidos inficiet tibi
rubro sanguine rivos
lascivi suboles gregis.
te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae
nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile
fessis vomere tauris
praebes et pecori vago.
fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
saxis, unde loquaces
lympae desiliunt tuae.

TO FAUNUS

Faunus, who lov'st to chase the light-foot nymphs,
Propitious guard my fields and sunny farm,
And nurse with kindly care
The promise of my flock.

So to thy power a kid shall yearly bleed,
And the full bowl to genial Venus flow ;
And on thy rustic shrine
Rich odours incense breathe :

So through the vale the wanton herds shall bound,
When thy December comes, and on the green
The steer in traces loose
With the free village sport :

No more the lamb shall fly the insidious wolf,
The woods shall shed their leaves, and the glad hind
The ground, where once he dug,
Shall beat in sprightly dance.

Thomas Warton

CARMINVM III. 18

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator,
 per meos finis et aprica rura
 lenis incedas abeasque parvis
 aequus alumnis,
 si tener pleno cadit haedus anno,
 larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
 vina craterae, vetus ara multo
 fumat odore.

ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
 cum tibi Nonae redeunt Decembres ;
 festus in pratis vacat otioso
 cum bove pagus ;
 inter audaces lupus errat agnos ;
 spargit agrestis tibi silva frondis ;
 gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
 ter pede terram.

WHITHER, BACCHUS ?

Whither, Bacchus, tear'st thou me,
 Fill'd with thy strength ? What dens, what forests
 these,

Thus in wildering race I see ?

◁ HORACE ▷

What cave shall hearken to my melodies,
 Tuned to tell of Caesar's praise,
 And throne him high the heavenly ranks among ?
 Sweet and strange shall be my lays,
 A tale till now by poet voice unsung.
 As the Evian on the height,
 Roused from her sleep, looks wonderingly abroad,
 Looks on Thrace with snow-drifts white,
 And Rhodope by barbarous footstep trod,
 So my truant eyes admire
 The banks, the desolate forests. O great King
 Who the Naiads dost inspire,
 And Bacchantes, strong from earth huge trees to wring!
 Not a lowly strain is mine,
 No mere man's utterance. O, 'tis venture sweet
 Thee to follow, God of wine,
 Making the vine-branch round thy temples meet !
John Conington

CARMINVM III. 25

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
 plenum ? quae nemora aut quos agor in specus
 velox mente nova ? quibus
 antris egregii Caesaris audiar
 aeternum meditans decus

stellis inserere et consilio Iovis ?
 dicam insigne recens adhuc
 indictum ore alio. non secus in iugis
 exsomnia stupet Euhias
 Hebrum prospiciens et nive candidam
 Thracen ac pede barbaro
 lustratam Rhodopen, ut mihi devio
 ripas et vacuum nemus
 mirari libet. o Naiadum potens
 Baccharumque valentium
 proceras manibus vertere fraxinos,
 nil parvum aut humili modo,
 nil mortale loquar. dulce periculum est,
 o Lenaeae, sequi deum
 cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

A FAREWELL TO LOVE

For ladies' love I late was fit,
 And good success my warfare blest ;
 But now my arms, my lyre I quit,
 And hang them up to rust or rest.
 Here, where arising from the sea
 Stands Venus, lay the load at last,

◀ HORACE ▶

Links, crowbars, and artillery,
 Threatening all doors that dared be fast.
 O Goddess ! Cyprus owns thy sway,
 And Memphis, far from Thracian snow :
 Raise high thy lash, and deal, I pray,
 That haughty Chloe just one blow !
John Conington

CARMINVM III. 26

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus
 et militavi non sine gloria ;
 nunc arma defunctumque bello
 barbiton hic paries habebit,
 laevum marinae qui Veneris latus
 custodit. hic, hic ponite lucida
 funalia et vectis et arcus
 oppositis foribus minaces.
 o quae beatam diva tenes Cyprum et
 Memphin carentem Sithonia nive,
 regina, sublimi flagello
 tange Chloen semel arrogantem.

TO MAECENAS

AN INVITATION

Descended of an ancient line,
 That long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
 Make haste to meet the generous wine,
 Whose piercing is for thee delay'd :
 The rosy wreath is ready made
 And artful hands prepare
 The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy hair.

When the wine sparkles from afar
 And the well-natur'd friend cries ' Come away,'
 Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care ;
 No mortal interest can be worth thy stay.
 Leave for awhile thy costly country seat,
 And—to be great indeed—forget
 The nauseous pleasures of the great ;
 Make haste and come ;
 Come, and forsake thy cloying store ;
 Thy turret, that surveys from high
 The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome,
 And all the busy pageantry
 That wise men scorn, and fools adore :
 Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of
 the poor.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
 A short vicissitude and fit of poverty ;
 A savoury dish, a homely treat,
 Where all is plain, where all is neat,
 Without the stately spacious room,
 The Persian carpet or the Tyrian loom,
 Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high ;
 The Syrian star
 Barks from afar,
 And with his sultry breath infects the sky ;
 The ground below is parch'd, the heavens above us
 fry ;
 The shepherd drives his fainting flock
 Beneath the covert of a rock,
 And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh :
 The Sylvans to their shades retire,
 Those very shades and streams new shades and
 streams require,
 And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging
 fire.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
 And what the city faction dare,

HORACE

And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know.
But God has wisely hid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night :
He laughs at all the giddy turns of State,
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's power.
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed ;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force ;
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown,
Both house and homestead into seas are borne,
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd
honours mourn.

Happy the man—and happy he alone,—
 He who can call to-day his own,
 He who, secure within, can say
 ‘ To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv’d to-day:
 Be fair or foul or rain or shine,
 The joys I have possess’d in spite of Fate are mine.
 Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
 But what has been, has been, and I have had my
 hour.’

Fortune, that with malicious joy
 Does Man, her slave, oppress,
 Proud of her office to destroy,
 Is seldom pleas’d to bless ;
 Still various, and unconstant still,
 But with an inclination to be ill,
 Promotes, degrades, delights in strife
 And makes a lottery of life.
 I can enjoy her while she’s kind,
 But when she dances in the wind,
 And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
 I puff the prostitute away.
 The little or the much she gave is quietly resign’d :
 Content with poverty my soul I arm,
 And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

HORACE

What is 't to me,
 Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
 If storms arise and clouds grow black,
 If the mast split and threaten wreck ?
 Then let the greedy merchant fear
 For his ill-gotten gain,
 And pray to gods that will not hear,
 While the debating winds and billows bear
 His wealth into the main.
 For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
 Secure of what I cannot lose,
 In my small pinnace I can sail,
 Contemning all the blustering roar ;
 And running with a merry gale
 With friendly stars my safety seek
 Within some little winding creek.
 And see the storm ashore.

John Dryden

CARMINVM III. 29

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi
 non ante verso lene merum cado
 cum flore, Maecenas, rosarum et
 pressa tuis balanus capillis

iamdudum apud me est. eripe te morae,
 nec semper udum Tibur et Aefulae
 declive contempleris arvum et
 Telegoni iuga parricidae.
 fastidiosam desere copiam et
 molem propinquam nubibus arduis ;
 omitte mirari beatae
 fumum et opes strepitumque Romae.
 plerumque gratae divitibus vices
 mundaеque parvo sub lare pauperum
 cenae sine aulaeis et ostro
 sollicitam explicuere frontem.
 iam clarus occultum Andromedae pater
 ostendit ignem, iam Procyon furit
 et stella vesani Leonis,
 sole dies referente siccos :
 iam pastor umbras cum grege languido
 rivumque fessus quaerit et horridi
 dumeta Silvani, caretque
 ripa vagis taciturna ventis.
 tu civitatem quis deceat status
 curas et Vrbi sollicitus times
 quid Seres et regnata Cyro
 Bactra parent Tanaisque discors.
 prudens futuri temporis exitum

caliginosa nocte premit deus,
 ridetque si mortalis ultra
 fas trepidat. quod adest memento
 componere aequus : cetera fluminis
 ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
 cum pace delabentis Etruscum
 in mare, nunc lapides adesos
 stirpesque raptas et pecus et domos
 volventis una non sine montium
 clamore vicinaeque silvae,
 cum fera diluvies quietos
 irritat amnis. ille potens sui
 laetusque deget, cui licet in diem
 dixisse ‘ vixi : cras vel atra
 nube polum Pater occupato
 vel sole puro ; non tamen irritum,
 quodcumque retro est, efficiet neque
 diffinget infectumque reddet,
 quod fugiens semel hora vexit.’
 Fortuna saevo laeta negotio et
 ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
 transmutat incertos honores,
 nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
 laudo manentem ; si celeris quatit
 pennas, resigno quae dedit et mea

◀ ○ HORACE ○ ▶

virtute me involvo probamque
pauperiem sine dote quaero.
non est meum, si mugiat Africis
malus procellis, ad miseræ preces
decurrere et votis pacisci
ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces
addant avaro divitias mari.
tunc me biremis praesidio scaphæ
tutum per Aegæos tumultus
aura feret geminusque Pollux.

MONUMENT

My monument is wrought, outlasting brass,
Outsoaring pyramids, the work of kings,
Which rain may not devour nor hurricane's
Wild rage destroy, nor all the marching years
Innumerable, nor any lapse of time.
I shall not wholly perish : much of me
Will 'scape the grave : I shall live on to reap
Fresh praise in ages new, while silent maid
And solemn priest shall climb the Capitol.
Fame, through the deafening roar of Aufidus,
Where once King Daunus ruled a peasant folk
In thirsty fields, shall tell that I, from small

Grown mighty, foremost set the Lesbian song
 To tunes of Italy. Put the glory on
 Won by desert, and crown, Melpomene,
 With Delphic laurel, of thy grace, my brow.

Hugh Macnaghten

CARMINVM III. 30

Exegi monumentum aere perennius
 regalique situ pyramidum altius,
 quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
 possit diruere aut innumerabilis
 annorum series et fuga temporum.
 non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
 vitabit Libitinam : usque ego postera
 crescā laude recens, dum Capitolium
 scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.
 dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus
 et qua pauper aquae Daunus agrestium
 regnavit populorum, ex humili potens
 princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos
 deduxisse modos. sume superbiam
 quaesitam meritis et mihi Delphica
 lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

RETURN OF SPRING

The snow, dissolv'd, no more is seen,
 The fields and woods, behold, are green ;
 The changing year renews the plain ;
 The rivers know their banks again ;
 The sprightly Nymph and naked Grace
 The mazy dance together trace ;
 The changing year's successive plan
 Proclaims mortality to man ;
 Rough Winter's blasts to Spring give way :
 Spring yields to Summer's sovereign ray ;
 Then Summer sinks in Autumn's reign,
 And Winter chills the world again.
 Her losses soon the Moon supplies ;
 But wretched man, when once he lies
 Where Priam and his sons are laid,
 Is nought but ashes and a shade.
 Who knows if Jove who counts our score
 Will rouse us in a morning more ?
 What with your friend you nobly share
 At least you rescue from your heir.
 Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,
 When Minos once has fixed your doom,

Or eloquence, or splendid birth,
 Or virtue, shall replace on earth.
 Hippolytus, unjustly slain,
 Diana calls to life in vain ;
 Nor can the might of Theseus rend
 The chains of Hell that hold his friend.

Samuel Johnson

CARMINVM IV. 7

Diffugere nives, redeunt iam gramina campis
 arboribusque comae ;
 mutat terra vices, et decrescentia ripas
 flumina praetereunt ;
 Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
 ducere nuda choros.
 immortalia ne speres, monet annus et alnum
 quae rapit hora diem :
 frigora mitescunt Zephyris, ver proterit aestas
 interitura simul
 pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
 bruma recurrit iners.
 damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae :
 nos ubi decidimus
 quo pater Aeneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
 pulvis et umbra sumus.

quis scit an adiciant hodiernae crastina summae
 tempora di superi ?
 cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
 quae dederis animo.
 cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos
 fecerit arbitria,
 non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
 restituet pietas ;
 infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
 liberat Hippolytum,
 nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
 vincula Pirithoo.

TO LOLLIUS

Think not, my Lollius, that these strains can die ;
 Strains linked by arts unknown before
 With chords of lyric harmony
 Which from far-sounding Aufidus I bore
 Where foams the mountain flood down to the Adrian
 shore.

The poet dies not. Homer reigns alone :
 Divine Alcaeus clangs his vengeful lyre :
 Stesichorus still chaunts in graver tone ;
 And Pindar's glowing hymns the soul inspire.

The generations pass away,
 But spare Anacreon's sportive lay ;
 And love still breathes where Sappho sings,
 And still the soul of rapture clings
 To the wild throbbings of th' Aeolian strings.

Not Spartan Helen, false as fair,
 By passion blinded, driven by Fate,
 First loved a stranger's braided hair,
 His golden robes, his princely state ;
 And, lost to shame, to honour dead,
 From home, from country, fled :

Not Hector, not Deiphobus,
 Died first their wives, their babes, to guard ;
 Idomeneus and Sthenelus
 Not first defied the foemen's sword :
 Not Teucer first bent the Cydonian bow :
 Nor once alone Troy's god-built walls lay low.

A race of heroes brave and strong
 Before Atrides fought and died ;
 No Homer lived ; no sacred song
 Their great deeds sanctified :
 Obscure, unwept, unknown they lie,

Opprest with clouds of endless night :
 No poet lived to glorify
 Their names with light.

Virtue from human eye concealed,
 Unsung, unhonoured, unrevealed,
 Like buried sloth forgotten dies.
 Thy toils, my Lollius, shall defy
 Oblivion pale, foul obloquy ;
 Thy fame shall live, and star-like rise
 On song's immortal blazon penned
 By me, thy Poet, and thy friend.

Thine is the strenuous will, the constant mind,
 The soul serene in calm or storm resigned :—
 CONSUL FOR LIFE ! for, while one pulse survives,
 In thee the Roman Consul's spirit lives,
 Spirit of justice, which disdains
 The fraudulent wile, the miser's gains,
 The proffered bribe ; which loves the light,
 Scorns the expedient, grasps the right ;—
 Spirit heroic, which when foes
 Unnumbered round the legion close,
 Measures the peril with untroubled eye,
 And bursts through circling hosts to victory.

Who dwells on earth supremely blest ?
 Not he of wealth and power possess ;
 But he alone to whom is given
 Wisdom to use the gifts of Heaven ;
 Who fears to sin, but not to die,
 Most rich when steeped in poverty,
 Exulting when his native land,
 Or friends beloved, his life demand.

Sir Stephen de Vere

C A R M I N U M I V . 9

Ne forte credas interitura, quae
 longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum
 non ante vulgatas per artis
 verba loquor socianda chordis :
 non, si priores Maeonius tenet
 sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
 Caeaeque et Alcaei minaces
 Stesichorique graves Camenae ;
 nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
 delevit aetas ; spirat adhuc amor
 vivuntque commissi calores
 Aeoliae fidibus puellae.
 non sola comptos arsit adulteri

crinis et aurum vestibus illitum
 mirata regalisque cultus
 et comites Helene Lacaena,
 primusve Teucer tela Cydonio
 direxit arcu ; non semel Ilios
 vexata ; non pugnavit ingens
 Idomeneus Sthenelusve solus
 dicenda Musis proelia ; non ferox
 Hector vel acer Deiphobus gravis
 excepit ictus pro pudicis
 coniugibus puerisque primus.
 vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
 multi ; sed omnes illacrimabiles
 urgentur ignotique longa
 nocte, carent quia vate sacro.
 paulum sepultae distat inertiae
 celata virtus. non ego te meis
 chartis inornatum silebo,
 totve tuos patiar labores
 impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
 obliviones. est animus tibi
 rerumque prudens et secundis
 temporibus dubiisque rectus,
 vindex avarae fraudis et abstinens
 ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniae,

HORACE

consulque non unius anni,
 sed quotiens bonus atque fidus
 iudex honestum praetulit utili,
 reiecit alto dona nocentium
 vultu, per obstantis catervas
 explicuit sua victor arma.
 non possidentem multa vocaveris
 recte beatum ; rectius occupat
 nomen beati, qui deorum
 muneribus sapienter uti
 duramque callet pauperiem pati
 peiusque leto flagitium timet,
 non ille pro caris amicis
 aut patria timidus perire.

TO NEAERA

'Twas midnight, and the rising moon
 Amongst the lesser stars serenely shone,
 When you, the false, the perjur'd you,
 Devoutly swore you would be always true.
 Scarce half so close doth ivy twine
 Round oaks, as you did then your arms in mine :
 As long as wolves pursue the sheep,
 As long as winter storms shall toss the deep,

As long as wanton gales shall move
 Apollo's locks, so long should be your love.
 Perjur'd Neaera, false as Hell,
 Yet fair as Heaven, and ah ! beloved too well,
 How shalt thou mourn at my disdain !
 For sure, if Horace be but half a man,
 He'll scorn to bear repeated slights,
 Nor tamely see his rival's happy nights,
 But with an equal flame pursue
 A face as fair, but not so false, as you.
 And know when I begin to hate,
 I'll ne'er be kind, I am as fixt as Fate :
 And thou, the blest, who'er thou art,
 The fancy'd happy master of her heart,
 That dost thy conquests proudly boast
 And triumph'st in the spoils that I have lost,—
 Though thou art rich as misers' dreams,
 And though Pactolus brought thee all his streams,
 Though fam'd Pythagoras' arts be thine,
 Thy face more fair than Nirea's, half divine,—
 Yet thou shalt mourn to find that she
 Doth prove as false as once to me,
 And then 'twill be my turn to laugh at thee.

Thomas Creech

EPODON XV.

Nox erat et caelo fulgebat luna sereno
 inter minora sidera,
 cum tu magnorum numen laesura deorum
 in verba iurabas mea,
 artius atque hedera procera adstringitur ilex,
 lentis adhaerens bracchiis,
 dum pecori lupo et nautis infestus Orion
 turbaret hibernum mare,
 intonsosque agitaret Apollinis aura capillos,
 fore hunc amorem mutuum.
 o dolitura mea multum virtute Neaera !
 nam si quid in Flacco viri est,
 non feret adsiduas potiori te dare noctes,
 et quaeret iratus parem,
 nec semel offensae cedit constantia formae,
 si certus intrarit dolor.
 et tu, quicumque es felcior atque meo nunc
 superbus incedis malo,
 sis pecore et multa dives tellure licebit,
 tibiue Pactolus fluat,
 nec te Pythagorae fallant arcana renati,
 formaue vincas Nirea,
 heu heu translatos alio maerebis amores :
 ast ego vicissim risero.

TIBULLUS

THE AGE OF SATURN

How blest was life in Saturn's reign of gold,
 When earth was closed to man's exploring foot !
 Unchallenged yet the purple billow rolled ;
 No canvas swelled before the wind's pursuit.

No sailor steered for some uncharted strand,
 Returning rich with deeply laden keel ;
 No bull had bowed his neck to till the land ;
 No horse was tamed the slavish bit to feel.

The home unguarded asked no jealous door,
 No boundary stone confined the narrow field ;
 The oaks poured forth unsought their honeyed store,
 The ewes untended came their milk to yield.

Then war was not, nor battlefield, nor strife,
 Before the smith had forged the cruel sword.
 Now land and sea alike take toll of life ;
 A thousand paths lead deathward—Jove is Lord !

J. H. Vince

I. III. 35-50

Quam bene Saturno vivebant rege, priusquam
 tellus in longas est patefacta vias !
 nondum caeruleas pinus contempserat undas,
 effusum ventis prae bueratque sinum,
 nec vagus ignotis repetens compendia terris
 presserat externa navita merce ratem.
 illo non validus subiit iuga tempore taurus,
 non domito frenos ore momordit equus,
 non domus ulla fores habuit, non fixus in agris,
 qui regeret certis finibus arva, lapis.
 ipsae mella dabant quercus, ultroque ferebant
 obvia securis ubera lactis oves.
 non acies, non ira fuit, non tela nec ensem
 immiti saevus duxerat arte faber.
 nunc Iove sub domino caedes et vulnera semper,
 nunc mare, nunc leti mille repente viae.

MY LADY RUSTICATES

To pleasures of the country-side
 My lady-love is lightly flown ;
 And now in cities to abide
 Betrays a heart of stone.

Venus herself henceforth will choose
 Only in field and farm to walk,
 And Cupid but the language use
 Which plough-boy lovers talk.

O what a ploughman I could be !
 How deep the furrows I would trace,
 If while I toiled, I might but see
 My mistress' smiling face !

A farmer true, I'd guide my team
 Of barren steers o'er fruitful lands,
 Nor murmur at the noon-day beam,
 Or my soft, blistered hands.

Once fair Apollo fed the flocks
 Of King Admetus, like a swain ;
 Little availed his flowing locks,
 His lyre was little gain.

No virtuous herb to reach that ill
 His heavenly arts of healing knew ;
 For love made vain his famous skill,
 And all his art o'er-threw.

TIBULLUS

Himself his herds afield he drove,
Or where the cooling waters stray ;
Himself the willow baskets wove,
And strained out curds and whey.

Oft would his heavenly shoulders bear
A calf adown some pathless place ;
And oft Diana met him there,
And blushed at his disgrace.

O often, if his voice divine
Echoed the mountain glens along,
Out-burst the loud, audacious kine,
And bellowing drowned his song.

His tripods prince and people found
All silent to their troubled cry,
His locks dishevelled and unbound
Woke fond Latona's sigh.

To see his pale, neglected brow,
And unkempt tresses, once so fair,—
They cried, ' O where is Phoebus now ?
His glorious tresses, where ?

‘ In place of Delos’ golden fane,
 Love gives thee but a lowly shed !
 O, where are Delphi and its train ?
 The Sibyl, whither fled ? ’

Happy the days, forever flown,
 When even immortal gods could dare
 Proudly to serve at Venus’ throne
 Nor blushed her chain to wear !

‘ Irreverent fables ! ’ I am told.
 But lovers true these tales receive :
 Rather a thousand such they hold,
 Than loveless gods believe.

O Ceres, who didst charm away
 My Nemesis from life in Rome,
 May barren glebe thy pains repay
 And scanty harvest come !

A curse upon thy merry trade !
 Young Bacchus, giver of the vine !
 Thy vineyards have ensnared a maid
 Far sweeter than thy wine.

TIBULLUS

Let herbs and acorns be our meat !

 Drink good old water ! Better so
Than that my fickle beauty's feet
 To those far hills should go !

Did not our sires on acorns feed,
 And love-sick rove o'er hill and dale ?
Our furrowed fields they did not need,
 Nor did love's harvest fail.

When passion did their hearts employ,
 And o'er them breathed the blissful hour,
Mild Venus freely found them joy
 In every leafy bower.

No chaperone was there, no door
 Against a lover's sighs to stand.
Delicious age ! May Heaven restore
 Its customs to our land !

Nay, take me ! In my lady's train
 Some stubborn field I fain would plough.
Lay on the lash and clamp the chain !
 I bear them meekly now.

Theodore G. Williams

II. 3

Rura meam, Cornute, tenent villaeque puellam :
 ferreus est, heu heu, quisquis in urbe manet.
 ipsa Venus latos iam nunc migravit in agros,
 verbaque aratoris rustica discit Amor.
 o ego, cum aspicerem dominam, quam fortiter illic
 versarem valido pingue bidente solum
 agricolaeque modo curvum sectarer aratrum,
 dum subigunt steriles arva serenda boves !
 nec quereretur quod sol graciles exureret artus,
 laederet et teneras pussula rupta manus.
 pavit et Admeti tauros formosus Apollo,
 nec cithara intonsae profueruntve comae,
 nec potuit curas sanare salubribus herbis :
 quidquid erat medicae vicerat artis amor.
 ipse deus solitus stabulis expellere vaccas

 et miscere novo docuisse coagula lacte,
 lacteus et mixtis obriguisset liquor.
 tunc fiscella levi detexta est vimine iunci,
 raraque per nexus est via facta sero.
 o quotiens illo vitulum gestante per agros
 dicitur occurrens erubuisse soror !
 o quotiens ausae, caneret dum valle sub alta,
 rumpere mugitu carmina docta boves !

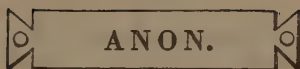
◁ TIBULLUS ▷

saepe duces trepidis petiere oracula rebus,
venit et a templis inrita turba domum :
saepe horrere sacros doluit Latona capillos,
quos admirata est ipsa noverca prius.
quisquis inornatumque caput crinesque solutos
aspiceret, Phoebi quaereret ille comam.
Delos ubi nunc, Phoebe, tua est, ubi Delphica Pytho ?
nempe Amor in parva te iubet esse casa.
felices olim, Veneri cum fertur aperte
servire aeternos non puduisse deos.
fabula nunc ille est : sed cui sua cura puella est,⁴
fabula sit mavult quam sine amore deus.
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at tibi, dura seges, Nemesim quae abducis ab urbe,
persolvat nulla semina Terra fide.
et tu, Bacche tener, iucundae consitor uvae,
tu quoque devotos, Bacche, relinque lacus.
haud impune licet formosas tristibus agris
abdere : non tanti sunt tua musta, pater.
o valeant fruges, ne sint modo rure puellae :
glans alat et prisco more bibantur aquae.
glans aluit veteres, et passim semper amarunt :
quid nocuit sulcos non habuisse satos ?
tunc, quibus aspirabat Amor, praebebat aperte
mitis in umbrosa gaudia valle Venus.

TIBULLUS

nullus erat custos, nulla exclusura dolentes
ianua : si fas est, mos precor ille redi.

• • • • •
ducite : ad imperium dominae sulcabimus agros :
non ego me vinclis verberibusque nego.



ON SULPICIA

If She but move or look, Her Step, Her Face
By stealth adopt unmeditated grace.

Horace Walpole

[TIBVLLI III. viii. 7-8]

Illam quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit
componit furtim subsequiturque decor.

SULPICIA

TO CERINTHUS

My Life ! may I be less esteem'd by you
 Than what I thought myself some days ago,
 If any fault, if any trifling crime
 Of all my youthful hours and foolish time
 E'er vex'd me more than what I've lately done
 Abruptly, leaving you last night alone.
 'Twas slight ; the little artifice I tried
 To blind my passion which I strove to hide.

John Dart

[TIBULLI III. 18]

Ne tibi sim, mea lux, aequè iam fervida cura
 ac videor paucos ante fuisse dies,
 si quicquam tota commisi stulta iuventa
 cuius me fatear paenituisse magis,
 hesternam quam te solum quod nocte reliqui,
 ardorem cupiens dissimulare meum.

PROPERTIUS

BEAUTY UNADORNED

Dear girl, what boots it thus to dress thy hair,
 Or flaunt in silken garment rich and rare,
 To reek of perfume from a foreign mart,
 And pass thyself for other than thou art—
 Thus Nature's gift of beauty to deface
 And rob thy own fair form of half its grace ?
 Trust me, no skill can greater charms impart :
 Love is a naked boy and scorns all art.
 Bears not the sod unbidden blossoms rare ?
 The untrained ivy, is it not most fair ?
 Greenest the shrub on rocks untended grows,
 Brightest the rill in unhewn channel flows.
 The beach is with unpolished pebbles gay,
 And birds untutored trill the sweetest lay.
 Not thus the damsels of the golden age
 Were wont the hearts of heroes to engage :
 Their loveliness was to no jewels due,
 But to such tints as once Apelles drew.
 From vain coquettish arts they all were free,

Content to charm with simple modesty.
 Less honour from my love I need not fear ;
 She is well dressed who to one heart is dear.
 And thou art numbered with Apollo's choir ;
 On thee Calliope bestows her lyre,
 And then, whose gifts of converse are so sweet ?
 The gifts of Venus and Minerva meet.
 For these by me adored will ever be,
 Then bid a long farewell to finery.

Goldwin Smith

ELEGIARVM I. II.

Quid iuvat ornato procedere, vita, capillo
 et tenuis Coa veste movere sinus ?
 aut quid Orontea crinis perfundere murra,
 teque peregrinis vendere muneribus,
 naturaeque decus mercato perdere cultu,
 nec sinere in propriis membra nitere bonis ?
 crede mihi, non ulla tua est medicina figurae :
 nudus Amor formae non amat artificem.
 aspice quos summittat humus formosa colores ;
 ut veniant hederæ sponte sua melius,
 surgat et in solis formosius arbutus antris,
 et sciat indocilis currere lympa vias.

litora nativis persuadent picta lapillis,
 et volucres nulla dulcius arte canunt.
 non sic Leucippis succendit Castora Phoebe,
 Pollucem cultu non Hilaira soror ;
 non, Idae et cupido quondam discordia Phoebus,
 Eueni patriis filia litoribus ;
 nec Phrygium falso traxit candore maritum
 aucta externis Hippodamia rotis :
 sed facies aderat nullis obnoxia gemmis,
 qualis Apelleis est color in tabulis.
 non illis studium vulgo conquirere amantis :
 illis ampla satis forma pudicitia.
 non ego nunc vereor ne sim tibi vilior istis :
 uni si qua placet, culta puella sat est ;
 cum tibi praesertim Phoebus sua carmina donet
 Aoniamque libens Calliopea lyram,
 unica nec desit iucundis gratia verbis,
 omnia quaeque Venus, quaeque Minerva probat.
 his tu semper eris nostrae gratissima vitae,
 taedia dum miserae sint tibi luxuriae.

HYLAS

Here bubbles out beneath Arganthus' top
 A spring, wherein the Thynian nymphs delight.
 From boughs uncared for dewy apples drop,
 And all around the watered meads are dight
 With scarlet poppies and with lilies white.
 Boy-like he recked not wherefore he was sent,
 But culled with idle hands those garlands bright,
 In artless wonder o'er the water bent,
 And lingering long admired the charms that mirror
 lent.

Then, stooping from the brink, he stretched his hand
 And leaned upon one arm his urn to fill.
 At once his beauty charmed the Naiad band,
 Who straight unlinked their dance and gazed, until,
 Just as the lad hung forward o'er the rill,
 They drew him lightly through the yielding tide.
 One call for help he gave : then all was still.
 Alcides far away in answer cried,
 But faint from furthest springs the empty air replied.

J. H. Vince

ELEGIARVM I. XX. 33-50

Hic erat Arganthi Pege sub vertice montis
 grata domus Nymphis umida Thyniasin,
 quam supra nullae pendebant debita curae
 roscida desertis poma sub arboribus,
 et circum irriguo surgebant lilia prato
 candida purpureis mixta papaveribus.
 quae modo decerpens tenero pueriliter ungui
 proposito florem praetulit officio,
 et modo formosis incumbens nescius undis
 errorem blandis tardat imaginibus.
 tandem haurire parat demissis flumina palmis
 innixus dextro plena trahens umero.
 cuius ut accensae Dryades candore puellae
 miratae solitos destituere choros,
 prolapsum leviter facili traxere liquore :
 tum sonitum rapto corpore fecit Hylas.
 cui procul Alcides iterat responsa, sed illi
 nomen ab extremis fontibus aura refert.

TO MAECENAS

You ask, why thus my Loves I still rehearse,
 Whence the soft strain and ever-melting verse ?
 From Cynthia all that in my numbers shines ;
 She is my Genius, she inspires the lines ;
 No Phoebus else, no other Muse I know,
 She tunes my easy rhyme, and gives the lay to flow.
 If the loose curls around her forehead play,
 Or lawless, o'er their ivory margin stray ;
 If the thin Coan web her shape reveal,
 And half disclose the limbs it should conceal ;
 Of those loose curls, that ivory front I write ;
 Of the dear web whole volumes I indite ;
 Or if to music she the lyre awake,
 That the soft subject of my song I make,
 And sing with what a careless grace she flings
 Her artful hand across the sounding strings.
 If sinking into sleep she seem to close
 Her languid lids, I favour her repose
 With lulling notes, and thousand beauties see
 That slumber brings to aid my Poetry.
 When, less averse, and yielding to desires,
 She half accepts, and half rejects, my fires,
 While to retain the envious lawn she tries,

PROPERTIUS

And struggles to elude my longing eyes,
The fruitful Muse from that auspicious night
Dates the long Iliad of the amorous fight.
In brief whate'er she do, or say, or look,
'Tis ample matter for a lover's book ;
And many a copious narrative you'll see
Big with the important Nothing's history.

Thomas Gray

ELEGIARVM II. I. 1-16

Quaeritis, unde mihi totiens scribantur amores,
unde meus veniat mollis in ore liber.
non haec Calliope, non haec mihi cantat Apollo,
ingenium nobis ipsa puella facit.
sive illam Cois fulgentem incedere cogis,
hoc totum e Coa veste volumen erit ;
seu vidi ad frontem sparsos errare capillos,
gaudet laudatis ire superba comis ;
sive lyrae carmen digitis percussit eburnis,
miramur, facilis ut premat arte manus ;
seu cum poscentis somnum declinat ocellos,
invenio causas mille poeta novas ;
seu nuda erepto mecum luctatur amictu,
tum vero longas condimus Iliadas ;
seu quidquid fecit sive est quodcumque locuta,
maxima de nihilo nascitur historia.

THE BOY-GOD

Had he not hands of rare device, whoe'er
 First painted Love in figure of a boy ?
 He saw what thoughtless beings lovers were,
 Who blessings lose, whilst lightest cares employ.

Nor added he those airy wings in vain,
 And bade through human hearts the godhead fly :
 For we are tost upon a wavering main ;
 Our gale, inconstant, veers around the sky.

Nor, without cause, he grasps those barbed darts,
 The Cretan quiver o'er his shoulder cast ;
 Ere we suspect a foe, he strikes our hearts ;
 And those inflicted wounds for ever last.

In me are fix'd those arrows, in my breast ;
 But sure his wings are shorn, the boy remains ;
 For never takes he flight, nor knows he rest ;
 Still, still I feel him warring through my veins.

In these scorch'd vitals dost thou joy to dwell ?
 Oh shame ! to others let thy arrows flee ;
 Let veins untouch'd with all thy venom swell ;
 Not me thou torturest, but the shade of me.

Destroy me—who shall then describe the fair ?

This my light Muse to thee high glory brings :

When the nymph's tapering fingers, flowing hair,

And eyes of jet, and gliding feet she sings.

Sir Charles Elton

ELEGIARVM II. XII.

Quicumque ille fuit, puerum qui pinxit Amorem,

nonne putas miras hunc habuisse manus ?

is primum vidit sine sensu vivere amantis,

et levibus curis magna perire bona.

idem non frustra ventosas addidit alas,

fecit et humano corde volare deum :

scilicet alterna quoniam iactamur in unda,

nostraque non ullis permanet aura locis.

et merito hamatis manus est armata sagittis,

et pharetra ex umero Gnosia utroque iacet :

ante ferit quoniam, tuti quam cernimus hostem,

nec quisquam ex illo vulnere sanus abit.

in me tela manent, manet et puerilis imago :

sed certe pennas perdidit ille suas ;

evolat ei nostro quoniam de pectore nusquam,

assiduusque meo sanguine bella gerit.

quid tibi iucundum est siccis habitare medullis ?

si pudor est, alio traice duella tua !

intactos isto satius temptare veneno :
 non ego, sed tenuis vapulat umbra mea.
 quam si perdideris, quis erit qui talia cantet
 (haec mea Musa levis gloria magna tua est),
 qui caput, et digitos, et lumina nigra puellae,
 et canat ut soleant molliter ire pedes ?

CORNELIA'S DEFENCE

Weep no more, Paullus, where thy wife is laid :
 At the dark gate thy prayer will beat in vain ;
 Once let the nether realm receive the shade,
 The adamantine bar turns not again.

Prayer may move Heaven, but, the sad river passed,
 The grave relentless gives not back its dead :
 Such sentence spake the funeral trumpet's blast,
 As sank in funeral flames thy loved one's head.

No honours that on Paullus' consort wait,
 No pride of ancestry or storied bust,
 Could save Cornelia from her cruel fate :
 Now one small hand may hold her grandeur's dust.

PROPERTIUS

Shades of the Dead and sluggish fens that gloom
Around Hell's murky shores my steps to bind,
Before my hour, but pure in soul, I come,
Then let the Judge of all the Dead be kind.

Call the dread Court ; let silence reign in Hell ;
Set for an hour the damned from torture free,
And still the Guardian Hound. If aught I tell
But truth, fall Hell's worst penalty on me.

Is honour to a glorious lineage due ?
What my sires were, Afric and Spain proclaim.
Nor poor the blood I from my mother drew,
For well may Libo's match with Scipio's name.

And when, my virgin vesture laid aside,
They set the matron's wreath upon my head,
Thine, Paullus, I became, till death thy bride :
' Wedded to one ' shall on my tomb be read.

By Glory's shrine I swear, great Scipio's tomb,
Where crownless Afric sits a captive maid,
By him that led the Macedonian home
In chains and all his pride in ruin laid,

Never for me was bent the censor's law ;
 Never by me wrong to your honour done ;
 Your scutcheon to Cornelia owes no flaw,
 To her your roll of worthy names owes one.

Nor failed my virtue ; faithful still I stood,
 And stainless from the bridal to the bier.
 No law I needed save my noble blood ;
 The basely born are innocent through fear.

Judge strictly as ye will, within the bound
 Of Death's wide realm not one, matron or maid,
 Howe'er renowned in story, will be found
 To shun communion with Cornelia's shade.

Not she, the maid of purity unstained,
 At touch of whose chaste hand Cybele moved,
 When other hands in vain the cable strained ;
 Not she, the virgin of the gods beloved,

For whom, when Vesta's sacred fire was lost,
 It from her votary's robe rekindled sprang.
 And thou, dear mother, did thy child e'er cost
 Thee, save by her untimely fate, a pang ?

Short was my span, yet children three I bore,
 And in their arms I drew my latest breath ;
 In these I live although my life is o'er ;
 Their dear embraces took the sting from death.

Twice did my brother fill the curule chair,
 There sat he when I parted. Daughter, thou
 Wast born a censor's child ; be it thy care
 Like me, by wedded troth, his rule to show.

Husband, to thee our pledges I consign,
 Still in my dust there lives a mother's heart ;
 Around one neck henceforth their arms must twine ;
 Father and mother too henceforth thou art.

Kiss for thyself and then for her that's gone ;
 Thy loving breast the whole dear burden bears ;
 Oft as for me thou weepest, weep alone,
 And ere thy children kiss thee dry thy tears.

Be it enough by night thy grief to pour,
 By night to commune with Cornelia's shade ;
 If to my likeness in thy secret bower
 Thou speakest, speak as though I answer made.

PROPERTIUS

Should time bring on another wedding-day,
And set a stepdame in your mother's place,
My children, let no looks your gloom betray ;
Kind ways and loving words will win her grace.

Nor speak too much of me ; the jealous ear
Of the new wife perchance offence may take.
But ah ! if my poor ashes are so dear
That he will live unwedded for my sake,

Learn, children, to forestall your sire's decline,
And let no lonesome thought come near his life ;
Add to your years what Fate has reft from mine ;
Blest in my children let him bless his wife.

Though brief my day, I have not lived in vain ;
Mourning for child of mine I never wore ;
When from my home went forth my funeral train
Not one was missing there of all I bore.

My cause is pleaded. Now, ye mourners, rise
And witness bear till earth my meed decree ;
If worth may claim its guerdon in the skies,
My glorious ancestors may welcome me.

Goldwin Smith

ELEGIARVM IV. XI.

Desine, Paulle, meum lacrimis urgere sepulcrum :
 panditur ad nullas ianua nigra preces ;
 cum semel infernas intrarunt funera leges,
 non exorato stant adamante viae.
 te licet orantem fuscae deus audiat aulae :
 nempe tuas lacrimas litora surda bibent.
 vota movent superos : ubi portitor aera recepit,
 obserat herbosos lurida porta rogos.
 sic maestae cecinere tubae, cum subdita nostrum
 detraheret lecto fax inimica caput.
 quid mihi coniugium Paulli, quid currus avorum
 profuit aut famae pignora tanta meae ?
 non minus immitis habuit Cornelia Parcas :
 et sum, quod digitis quinque legatur, onus.
 damnatae noctes et vos vada lenta paludes,
 et quaecumque meos implicat unda pedes,
 immatura licet, tamen huc non noxia veni :
 det pater hic umbrae mollia iura meae.
 aut si quis posita iudex sedet Aeacus urna,
 in mea sortita vindicet ossa pila :
 assideant fratres iuxta, Minoia sella, et
 Eumenidum intento turba severa foro.
 Sisyphe, mole vaces ; taceant Ixionis orbes ;
 fallax Tantaleus corripere liquor ;

Cerberus et nullas hodie petat improbus umbras ;
 et iaceat tacita laxa catena sera.
 ipsa loquor pro me : si fallo, poena sororum
 infelix umeros urgeat urna meos.
 si cui fama fuit per avita tropaea decori,
 Afra Numantinos regna loquuntur avos :
 altera maternos exaequat turba Libones,
 et domus est titulis utraque fulta suis.
 mox, ubi iam facibus cessit praetexta maritis,
 vinxit et acceptas altera vitta comas,
 iungor, Paulle, tuo sic discessura cubili :
 in lapide hoc uni nupta fuisse legar.
 testor maiorum cineres tibi, Roma, verendos,
 sub quorum titulis, Africa, tonsa iaces,
 et Persen proavi stimulantem pectus Achilli,
 quique tuas proavo fregit Achille domos,
 me neque censurae legem mollisse neque ulla
 labe mea nostros erubuisse focos.
 non fuit exuviis tantis Cornelia damnum :
 quin et erat magnae pars imitanda domus.
 nec mea mutata est aetas, sine crimine tota est :
 viximus insignes inter utramque facem.
 mi natura dedit leges a sanguine ductas,
 ne possem melior iudicis esse metu.
 quaelibet austeras de me ferat urna tabellas :

turpior assessu non erit ulla meo,
 vel tu, quae tardam movisti fune Cybellen,
 Claudia, turritae rara ministra deae,
 vel cui, iuratos cum Vesta reposceret ignis,
 exhibuit vivos carbasus alba focos.
 nec te, dulce caput, mater Scribonia, laesi :
 in me mutatum quid nisi fata velis ?
 maternis laudor lacrimis urbisque querelis,
 defensa et gemitu Caesaris ossa mea.
 ille sua nata dignam vixisse sororem
 increpat, et lacrimas vidimus ire deo.
 et tamen emerui generosos vestis honores,
 nec mea de sterili facta rapina domo.
 tu, Lepide, et tu, Paulle, meum post fata levamen,
 condita sunt vestro lumina nostra sinu.
 vidimus et fratrem sellam geminasse curulem ;
 consule quo facto, tempore rapta soror.
 filia, tu specimen censurae nata paternae,
 fac teneas unum nos imitata virum.
 et serie fulcite genus : mihi cumba volenti
 solvitur aucturis tot mea fata meis.
 haec est feminei merces extrema triumpho,
 laudat ubi emeritum libera fama rogam.
 nunc tibi commendo communia pignora natos :
 haec cura et cineri spirat inusta meo.

fungere maternis vicibus, pater : illa meorum
 omnis erit collo turba ferenda tuo.
 oscula cum dederis tua flentibus, adice matris :
 tota domus coepit nunc onus esse tuum.
 et si quid doliturus eris, sine testibus illis !
 cum venient, siccis oscula falle genis !
 sat tibi sint noctes, quas de me, Paulle, fatiges,
 somniaque in faciem credita saepe meam ;
 atque ubi secreto nostra ad simulacra loqueris,
 ut responsurae singula verba iace.
 seu tamen adversum mutarit ianua lectum,
 sederit et nostro cauta noverca toro,
 coniugium, pueri, laudate et ferte paternum :
 capta dabit vestris moribus illa manus.
 nec matrem laudate nimis ; collata priori
 vertet in offensas libera verba suas.
 seu memor ille mea contentus manserit umbra
 et tanti cineres duxerit esse meos,
 discite venturam iam nunc sentire senectam,
 caelibis ad curas nec vacet ulla via.
 quod mihi detractum est, vestros accedat ad annos :
 prole mea Paullum sic iuvet esse senem.
 et bene habet : numquam mater lugubria sumpsi ;
 venit in exsequias tota caterva meas.

PROPERTIUS

causa perorata est. flentes me surgite, testes,
dum pretium vitae grata rependit humus.
moribus et caelum patuit : sim digna merendo,
cuius honoratis ossa vehantur avis.

OVID

UNWELCOME DAWN

Too soon Aurora brings the day,
 Too soon she leaves the bed
 Beneath the ocean where her lord
 Still rests his ancient head.

Why make such haste, O golden queen,
 Thy chariot to uprear ?
 This is the hour when most I love
 To feel my darling near.

In the cool breeze the little birds
 Begin their morning song.
 But our sound sleep is scarce disturbed
 By the harmonious throng.

Nor men nor maids desire thee yet ;
 Thy dew-wet steeds restrain.
 Wait for a while, and in thy car
 Hold back the glistening rein.

F. A. Wright

AMORVM I. XIII. 1-10

Iam super oceanum venit a seniore marito
 flava pruinoso quae vehit axe diem.
 ‘quo properas, Aurora ? mane ; sic Memnonis umbris
 annua sollemni caede parentet avis.
 nunc iuvat in teneris dominae iacuisse lacertis :
 si quando, lateri nunc bene iuncta meo est.
 nunc etiam somni pingues et frigidus aer,
 et liquidum tenui gutture cantat avis.
 quo properas, ingrata viris, ingrata puellis ?
 roscida purpurea supprime lora manu.’

TO CORINNA'S CHAMBER-MAID

Dear skilful Betty, who dost far excel
 My Lady's other maids in dressing well :
 Dear Betty, fit to be prefer'd above
 To Juno's chamber, or the Queen of Love ;
 Gentle, well-bred, not rustically coy,
 Not easy to deny desired joy,
 Through whose soft eyes still secret wishes shine,
 Fit for thy mistress' use, but more for mine.
 Who, Betty, did the fatal secret see,
 Who told Corinna you were kind to me ?

Yet when she chid me for my kind embrace,
 Did any guilty blush spread o'er my face ?
 Did I betray thee, maid, or could she spy
 The least confession in my conscious eye ?
 Not that I think it a disgrace to prove
 Stol'n sweets, or make a chamber-maid my Love.
 Achilles wanton'd in Briseis' arms,
 Atrides bow'd to fair Cassandra's charms.
 Sure I am less than these, then what can bring
 Disgrace to me, that so became a king ?
 But when she lookt on you, poor harmless maid,
 You blusht, and all the kind intrigue betray'd :
 Yet still I vow'd, I made a stout defence,
 I swore and lookt as bold as Innocence :
 Damme, egad, all that, and let me die ;
 Kind Venus, do not hear my perjury,
 Kind Venus, stop thy ears when lovers lie.
 Now, Betty, how will you my oaths requite ?
 Come, prithee let's compound for more delight,
 Faith, I am easy, and but ask a night.
 What ! Start at the proposal ? how ! deny ?
 Pretend fond fears of a discovery ?
 Refuse, lest some sad chance the thing betray ?
 Is this your kind, your damn'd obliging way ?
 Well, deny on, I'll lie, I'll swear, no more,

Corinna now shall know thou art a whore ;
 I'll tell, since you my fair address forbid,
 How often, when, and where and what we did.

Thomas Creech

AMORVM II. VIII.

Ponendis in mille modos perfecta capillis,
 comere sed solas digna, Cypassi, deas,
 et mihi iucundo non rustica cognita furto,
 apta quidem dominae, sed magis apta mihi,
 quis fuit inter nos sociati corporis index ?
 sensit concubitus unde Corinna tuos ?
 num tamen erubui, num verbo lapsus in ullo
 furtivae Veneris conscia signa dedi ?
 quid ? quod in ancilla si quis delinquere possit,
 illum ego contendi mente carere bona ?
 Thessalus ancillae facie Briseidos arsit :
 serva Mycenaeo Phoebas amata duci.
 non ego Tantalide maior, nec maior Achille.
 quod decuit reges, cur mihi turpe putem ?
 ut tamen iratos in te defixit ocellos,
 vidi te totis erubuisse genis.
 at quanto, si forte refers, praesentior ipse,
 per Veneris feci numina magna fidem !

tu dea, tu iubeas animi periuria puri
 Carpathium tepidos per mare ferre Notos.
 pro quibus officiis pretium mihi dulce repende,
 concubitus hodie, fusca Cypassi, tuos.
 quid renuis, fingisque novos, ingrata, timores?
 unum est e dominis emeruisse satis.
 quod si stulta negas, index anteacta fatebor
 et veniam culpae proditor ipse meae,
 quoque loco tecum fuerim, quotiesque, Cypassi,
 narrabo dominae, quotque quibusque modis.

TO LOVE

O Love ! how cold and slow to take my part
 Thou idle wanderer about my heart.
 Why thy old faithful soldier wilt thou see
 Opprest in thy own tents ? They murther me.
 Thy flames consume, thy arrows pierce thy friends.
 Rather on foes pursue more noble ends.
 Achilles' sword would certainly bestow
 A cure, as certain as it gave the blow.
 Hunters, who follow flying game, give o'er
 When the prey's caught ; hopes still lead on before.
 We, thine own slaves, feel thy tyrannic blows,
 Whilst thy tame hand's unmov'd against thy foes.

On men disarm'd how can you gallant prove ?
 And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.
 Millions of dull men live and scornful maids :
 We'll own Love valiant when he these invades.
 Rome from each corner of the wide world snatch'd
 A laurel, or 't had been to this day thatch'd.
 But the old soldier has his resting place,
 And the good batter'd horse is turn'd to grass :
 The harrast whore, who liv'd a wretch to please,
 Has leave to be a bawd, and take her ease.
 For me then, who have truly spent my blood,
 Love, in thy service, and so boldly stood
 In Celia's trenches, were 't not wisely done
 E'en to retire, and live at peace at home ?
 No—might I gain a godhead to disclaim
 My glorious title to my endless flame,
 Divinity with scorn I would forswear,
 Such sweet, dear, tempting devils women are !
 Whene'er those flames grow faint, I quickly find
 A fierce, black storm pour down upon my mind ;
 Headlong I'm hurl'd, like horsemen who in vain
 Their fury-flaming coursers would restrain.
 As ships, just when the harbour they attain,
 Are snatch'd by sudden blasts to sea again ;
 So love's fantastic storms reduce my heart

Half rescu'd ; and the God resumes his dart.
 Strike here, this undefended bosom wound,
 And for so brave a conquest be renown'd.
 Shafts fly so fast to me from every part,
 You'll scarce discern the quiver from my heart.
 What wretch can bear a live-long night's dull rest,
 Or think himself in lazy slumbers blest ?
 Fool, is not Sleep the image of pale Death ?
 There's time for rest, when Fate has stopp'd your
 breath.

Me may my soft deluding dear deceive !
 I'm happy in my hopes while I believe ;
 Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide,
 Often may I enjoy, oft be denied !
 With doubtful steps the God of war does move,
 By thy example of ambiguous love.
 Blown to and fro like down from thy own wing,
 Who knows when joy or anguish thou wilt bring ?
 Yet, at thy mother's and thy slave's request,
 Fix an eternal empire in my breast ;
 And let th' inconstant, charming sex,
 Whose wilful scorn does lovers vex,
 Submit their hearts before thy throne ;
 The vassal world is then thy own.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

AMORVM II. IX.

O numquam pro me satis indignate Cupido,
 o in corde meo desidiose puer !
 quid me, qui miles numquam tua signa reliqui,
 laedis, et in castris vulneror ipse tuis ?
 cur tua fax urit, figit tuus arcus amicos ?
 gloria pugnantes vincere maior erat.
 quid ? non Aemonius, quem cuspide perculit heros
 confossum medica postmodo iuvit ope ?
 venator sequitur fugientia, capta relinquit,
 semper et inventis ulteriora petit.
 nos tua sentimus, populus tibi deditus, arma :
 pigra reluctanti cessat in hoste manus.
 quid iuvat in nudis hamata recondere tela
 ossibus ? ossa mihi nuda relinquit Amor.
 tot sine amore viri, tot sunt sine amore puellae :
 hinc tibi cum magna laude triumphus eat.
 Roma, nisi immensam vires promosset in urbem,
 stramineis esset nunc quoque densa casis.
 fessus in acceptos miles deducitur agros,
 tutaque deposito poscitur ense rudis ;
 longaque subductam celant navalia pinum :
 mittitur in saltus carcere liber equus.
 me quoque, qui toties merui sub amore puellae,
 defunctum placide vivere tempus erat.

'vive deus, posito' si quis mihi dicat 'amore,'
 deprecet : usque adeo dulce puella malum est.
 cum bene pertaesum est, animoque relanguit ardor,
 nescio quo miserae turbine mentis agor.
 ut rapit in praeceps dominum, spumantia frustra
 frena retentantem, durior oris equus ;
 ut subitus, prope iam prensa tellure, carinam
 tangentem portus ventus in alta rapit ;
 sic me saepe refert incerta Cupidinis aura ;
 notaque purpureus tela resumit Amor.
 fige, puer. positis nudus tibi praebeor armis :
 hic tibi sint vires : hic tua dextra valet.
 huc tanquam iussae veniunt iam sponte sagittae.
 vix illis prae me nota pharetra sua est.
 infelix, tota quicumque quiescere nocte
 sustinet, et somnos praemia magna vocat.
 stulte, quid est somnus gelidae nisi mortis imago ?
 longa quiescendi tempora fata dabunt.
 me modo decipiant voces fallacis amicae ;
 sperando certe gaudia magna feram.
 et modo blanditias dicat, modo iurgia nectat ;
 saepe fruar domina, saepe repulsus eam.
 quod dubius Mars est, per te, privigne Cupido, est ;
 et movet exemplo vitricus arma tuo.
 tu levis es multoque tuis ventosior alis ;

gaudiaque ambigua dasque negasque fide.
 si tamen exaudis, pulchra cum matre, Cupido,
 indeserta meo pectore regna gere.
 accedant regno, nimium vaga turba, puellae.
 ambobus populis sic venerandus eris.

TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS

Now love and hate my light breast each way move,
 But victory, I think, will hap to love.
 I'll hate, if I can ; if not, love 'gainst my will :
 Bulls hate the yoke, yet what they hate have still.
 I fly her lust, but follow beauty's creature ;
 I loathe her manners, love her body's feature.
 Nor with thee, nor without thee, can I live,
 And doubt to which desire the palm to give.
 Or less fair, or less lewd, would thou might'st be !
 Beauty with lewdness doth right ill agree.
 Her deeds gain hate, her face entreateth love :
 Ah, she doth more worth than her vices prove !
 Spare me, oh by our fellow bed, by all
 The gods who by thee to be perjur'd fall,
 And by thy face, to me a power divine,
 And by thine eyes whose radiance burns out mine !

Whate'er thou art, mine art thou : choose this
course,—

Wilt have me willing, or to love by force ?
Rather I'll hoist up sail and use the wind,
That I may love yet, though against my mind.

Christopher Marlowe

AMORVM III. XI. 33-52

Luctantur pectusque leve in contraria tendunt
hac amor, hac odium ; sed, puto, vincit amor.
odero, si potero ; si non, invitus amabo.
nec iuga taurus amat ; quae tamen odit, habet.
nequitiam fugio : fugientem forma reducit ;
aversor morum crimina : corpus amo.
sic ego nec sine te nec tecum vivere possum,
et videor voti nescius esse mei.
aut formosa fores minus, aut minus improba, vellem ;
non facit ad mores tam bona forma malos.
facta merent odium ; facies exorat amorem :
me miserum, vitiis plus valet illa suis !
parce, per o lecti socialia iura, per omnis,
qui dant fallendos se tibi saepe, deos,
perque tuam faciem, magni mihi numinis instar,
perque tuos oculos, qui rapuere meos.

quidquid eris, mea semper eris ; tu selige tantum,
 me quoque velle velis, anne coactus amem.
 lintea dem potius ventisque ferentibus utar,
 ut, quamvis nolim, cogar amare, velim.

THE FLIGHT OF DAPHNE

As when a hare the speedy greyhound spies,
 His feet for prey, she hers for safety plies—
 Now bears he up ; now, now he hopes to fetch her,
 And with his snout extended strains to catch her :
 Not knowing whether caught or no, she slips
 Out of his wide-stretch'd jaws and touching lips.—
 The god and virgin in such strife appear,
 He quicken'd by his hope, she by her fear ;
 But the pursuer doth more nimble prove,
 Enabled by th' industrious wings of love.
 Nor gives he time to breathe : now at her heels,
 His breath upon her dangling hair she feels.
 Clean-spent and fainting, her affrighted blood
 Forsakes her cheeks. She cries unto the Flood.
 ' Help, Father, if your streams contain a Power—
 May Earth, for too well pleasing, me devour !
 Or, by transforming, O destroy this shape,
 That thus betrays me to undoing rape.'

Forthwith a numbness all her limbs possesses,
 And slender films her softer sides invest.
 Hair into leaves, her arms to branches grow,
 And late swift feet, now roots, are less than slow.
 Her graceful head a leafy top sustains,
 One beauty throughout all her form remains.
 Still Phoebus loves : he handles the new plant,
 And feels her heart within the bark to pant,
 Embrac'd the bole, as he would her have done,
 And kiss'd the boughs : the boughs his kisses shun.

George Sandys

METAMORPHOSEON I. 533-556

Vt canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo
 vidit, et hic praedam pedibus petit, ille salutem ;
 alter inhaesuro similis iam iamque tenere
 sperat et extento stringit vestigia rostro ;
 alter in ambiguo est an sit comprehensus, et ipsis
 morsibus eripitur tangentialque ora relinquit :
 sic deus et virgo est hic spe celer, illa timore.
 qui tamen insequitur, pennis adiutus Amoris,
 ocior est requiemque negat tergoque fugacis
 imminet et crinem sparsum cervicibus adflat.
 viribus absumptis expalluit illa, citaeque
 victa labore fugae, spectans Peneidas undas,

'fer pater' inquit 'opem, si flumina numen habetis ;
 qua nimium placui, mutando perde figuram.'
 vix prece finita, torpor gravis occupat artus ;
 mollia cinguntur tenui praecordia libro ;
 in frondem crines, in ramos bracchia crescunt ;
 pes modo tam velox pigris radicibus haeret ;
 ora cacumen obit : remanet nitor unus in illa.
 hanc quoque Phoebus amat, positaque in stipite
 dextra

sentit adhuc trepidare novo sub cortice pectus.
 complexusque suis ramos, ut membra, lacertis
 oscula dat ligno : refugit tamen oscula lignum.

THE PALACE OF THE SUN

Sublime on lofty columns, bright with gold
 And fiery carbuncle, its roof inlaid
 With ivory, rose the Palace of the Sun,
 Approached by folding gates with silver sheen
 Radiant ; material priceless,—yet less prized
 For its own worth than what the cunning hand
 Of Mulciber thereon had wrought,—the globe
 Of Earth,—the Seas that wash it round,—the Skies
 That overhang it. 'Mid the waters played
 Their Gods caerulean. Triton with his horn

Was there, and Proteus of the shifting shape,
 And old Aegeon, curbing with firm hand
 The monsters of the deep. Her Nereids there
 Round Doris sported, seeming, some to swim,
 Some on the rocks their tresses green to dry,
 Some dolphin-borne to ride ; nor all in face
 The same, nor different ;—so should sisters be.
 Earth showed her men, and towns, and woods, and
 beasts,

And streams, and Nymphs, and rural Deities :
 And over all the mimic Heaven was bright
 With the twelve Zodiac signs, on either valve
 Of the great portal figured,—six on each.

And now the child of Clymene, the steep
 Ascending, passed the threshold of his Sire,
 Yet unassured, and towards the Godhead bent
 His steps, yet far off stood, nor nearer bore
 The dazzling radiance. Clad in flowing robe
 Of purple, on a throne of state, that shone
 Crusted with beryl, Phoebus sate. To right
 And left were ranged the Days, and Months, and
 Years,

And Ages, and the Hours, with each its space
 Allotted equal. Spring, with flowery crown
 Round his young brows,—and Summer, lightly clad,

With wreath of odorous spices,—Autumn, stained
 With juice of trodden wine-press,—and the head
 Of Winter, white with frost and age,—were there.
 Himself sits midmost :—nor escapes his eye
 All-seeing long the youth, with wondering awe
 Such marvels viewing :—and ‘ What brings thee here,
 My offspring,—for I recognise thee such,—
 What wouldst thou of me ? ’ asks the God. To whom
 The youth—‘ O common light of all the world,
 Phoebus, my Sire, if by such name I dare
 Address thee, nor hath Clymene her shame
 With falsehood sought to veil,—give me, I pray,
 Some pledge whereby henceforth I may be known
 Thy son indeed, and all this doubt be cleared ! ’
 He said—and straight the Godhead laid aside
 The dazzling glories of his brow, and bade
 Approach, and folded in his arms his child,
 And—‘ O well worthy to be owned my Son,’
 He said, ‘ Thy Mother’s tale was truth. To still
 All question, ask what boon thou wilt —ere asked
 I grant it thee. By Styx, dread oath of Gods,
 Which never yet these rays illumed, I swear ! ’

Henry King

METAMORPHOSEON II. 1-46

Regia Solis erat sublimibus alta columnis,
 clara micante auro flammisque imitante pyropo,
 cuius ebur nitidum fastigia summa tegebat :
 argenti bifores radiabant lumine valvae.
 materiem superabat opus ; nam Mulciber illic
 aequora caelarat medias cingentia terras,
 terrarumque orbem, caelumque, quod imminet orbi.
 caeruleos habet unda deos, Tritona canorum,
 Proteaque ambiguum, balaenarumque prementem
 Aegaeona suis immania terga lacertis,
 Doridaque et natas, quarum pars nare videntur,
 pars in mole sedens viridis siccare capillos,
 pisce vehi quaedam ; facies non omnibus una,
 nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.
 terra viros urbesque gerit, silvasque, ferasque,
 fluminaque et nymphas, et caetera numina ruris.
 haec super imposita est caeli fulgentis imago
 signaque sex foribus dextris, totidemque sinistris.
 quo simul acclivi Clymeneia limite proles
 venit, et intravit dubitati tecta parentis ;
 protinus ad patrios sua fert vestigia vultus
 consistitque procul ; neque enim propiora ferebat
 lumina. purpurea velatus veste sedebat
 in solio Phoebus claris lucente smaragdis.

a dextra laevaue Dies et Mensis et Annus,
 Saeculaque, et positae spatiis aequalibus Horae;
 Verque novum stabat cinctum florente corona;
 stabat nuda Aestas et spicea sarta gerebat;
 stabat et Autumnus calcatis sordidus uvis,
 et glacialis Hiems canos hirsuta capillos.
 inde loco medius rerum novitate paventem
 Sol oculis iuvenem, quibus aspicit omnia, vidit
 ' quae ' que ' viae tibi causa ? quid hac ' ait ' arce
 petisti,
 progenies, Phaethon, haud infitianda parenti ? '
 ille refert ' o lux immensi publica mundi,
 Phoebe pater, si das huius mihi nominis usum,
 nec falsa Clymene culpam sub imagine celat,
 pignora da, genitor, per quae tua vera propago
 credar, et hunc animis errorem detrahe nostris.'
 dixerat ; at genitor circum caput omne micantes
 deposuit radios, propiusque accedere iussit ;
 amplexuque dato ' nec tu meus esse negari
 dignus es, et Clymene veros ' ait ' edidit ortus.
 quoque minus dubites, quodvis pete munus, ut illud
 me tribuente feras. promissis testis adesto
 dis iuranda palus, oculis incognita nostris.'

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

So sang he, and, accordant to his plaint,
 As wailed the strings, the bloodless Ghosts were moved
 To weeping. By the lips of Tantalus
 Unheeded slipped the wave ;—Ixion's wheel
 Forgot to whirl ; the Vulture's bloody feast
 Was stayed ; awhile the Belides forbore
 Their leaky urns to dip ; and Sisyphus
 Sate listening on his stone. Then first, they say,
 The iron cheeks of the Eumenides
 Were wet with pity. Of the nether realm
 Nor King nor Queen had heart to say him nay.
 Forth from a host of new-descended Shades
 Eurydice was called ; and, halting yet,
 Slow with her recent wound she came—alive
 On one condition to her Spouse restored,
 That, till Avernus' vale is passed and Earth
 Regained, he look not backward, or the boon
 Is null and forfeit. Through the silent realm
 Upward against the steep and fronting hill
 Dark with obscurest gloom, the way he led :
 And now the upper air was all but won,
 When, fearful lest the toil o'ertask her strength,
 And yearning to behold the form he loved,

An instant back he looked,—and back the Shade
That instant fled ! The arms that wildly strove
To clasp and stay had clasped but yielding air !
No word of plaint even in that second Death
Against her Lord she uttered,—how could Love
Too anxious be upbraided ?—but one last
And sad ‘ Farewell,’ scarce audible, she sighed,
And vanished to the Ghosts that late she left.

Henry King

METAMORPHOSEON X. 40-63

Talia dicentem nervosque ad verba moventem
exsanguis flebant animae ; nec Tantalus undam
captavit refugam, stupuitque Ixionis orbis,
nec carpere iecur volucres, urnisque vacarunt
Belides, inque tuo sedisti, Sisyphe, saxo.
tum primum lacrimis victarum carmine fama est
Eumenidum maduisse genas. nec regia coniunx
sustinet oranti, nec qui regit ima, negare,
Eurydicenque vocant. umbras erat illa recentes
inter et incessit passu de vulnere tardo.
hanc simul et legem Rhodopeius accipit heros,
ne flectat retro sua lumina, donec Avernas
exierit valles ; aut irrita dona futura.
carpitur acclivis per muta silentia trames,

OID

arduus, obscurus, caligine densus opaca.
nec procul afuerunt telluris margine summae ;
hic, ne deficeret, metuens avidusque videndi
flexit amans oculos ; et protinus illa relapsa est,
bracchiaque intendens, prendique et prendere
certans,
nil nisi cedentes infelix arripit auras.
iamque iterum moriens non est de coniuge quicquam
questa suo ; quid enim sese quereretur amatam ?
supremumque ' vale,' quod iam vix auribus ille
acciperet, dixit revolutaque rursus eodem est.

CAVE OF SOMNUS

Near the Cimmerian Land, deep-caverned, lies
A hollow mount, the home of sluggish Sleep ;
Where never ray from morn or evening skies
Can enter, but where blackening vapours creep,
And doubtful gloom unbroken sway doth keep.

There never crested bird evokes the dawn,
Nor watchful dogs disturb the silence deep,
Nor wandering beast, nor forest tempest-torn,
Nor harsher sound of human passions born.

Mute quiet reigns ;—but from the lowest cave
A spring Lethaeon rising evermore
Pours through the murmuring rocks a slumberous
wave.

The plenteous poppy blossoms at the door,
And countless herbs, of night the drowsy store.

D. M. Dolben

METAMORPHOSEON XI. 592-607

Est prope Cimmerios longo spelunca recessu,
mons cavus, ignavi domus et penetralia Somni ;
quo numquam radiis oriens mediusve cadensve
Phoebus adire potest. nebulae caligine mixtae
exhalantur humo, dubiaeque crepuscula lucis.
non vigil ales ibi cristati cantibus oris
evocat Auroram, nec voce silentia rumpunt
sollicitive canes canibusve sagacior anser ;
non fera, non pecudes, non moti flamine rami
humanaeve sonum reddunt convicia linguae ;
muta quies habitat. saxo tamen exit ab imo
rivus aquae Lethes, per quem cum murmure labens
invitat somnos crepitantibus unda lapillis.
ante fores antri fecunda papavera florent,
innumeraeque herbae, quarum de lacte soporem
Nox legit, et spargit per opacas umida terras.

POLYPHEMUS PLEADS HIS SUIT

' O lovely Galatea, whiter far
 Than falling snows, and rising lilies are ;
 More flowery than the meads, as crystal bright,
 Erect as alders, and of equal height :
 More wanton than a kid ; more sleek thy skin,
 Than orient shells that on the shores are seen :
 Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade,
 Pleasing as winter suns or summer shade :
 More grateful to the sight than goodly planes,
 And softer to the touch than down of swans,
 Or curds new turn'd ; and sweeter to the taste
 Than swelling grapes, that to the vintage haste :
 More clear than ice, or running streams, that stray
 Through garden plots, but ah ! more swift than they.

Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
 Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke,
 And far more stubborn than the knotted oak :
 Like sliding streams, impossible to hold ;
 Like them fallacious ; like their fountains, cold :
 More warping than the willow, to decline
 My warm embrace ; more brittle than the vine ;
 Immovable, and fix'd in thy disdain :
 Rough, as these rocks, and of a harder grain ;

More violent than is the rising flood :
 And the prais'd peacock is not half so proud :
 Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are,
 And more outrageous than a mother bear :
 Deaf as the billows to the vows I make,
 And more revengeful than a trodden snake :
 In swiftness fleeter than the flying hind,
 Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.
 All other faults with patience I can bear,
 But swiftness is the vice I only fear.

Yet, if you knew me well, you would not shun
 My love, but to my wish'd embraces run :
 Would languish in your turn, and court my stay ;
 And much repent of your unwise delay.

My palace in the living rock is made
 By Nature's hand, a spacious pleasing shade,
 Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
 My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,
 And grapes in clusters, imitating gold ;
 Some blushing bunches of a purple hue :
 And these, and those, are all reserv'd for you.
 Red strawberries in shades expecting stand,
 Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand.
 Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
 And plums, to tempt you, turn their glossy side—

Not those of common kinds, but such alone
 As in Phaeacian orchards might have grown :
 Nor chestnuts shall be wanting to your food,
 Nor garden fruits, nor wildings of the wood ;
 The laden boughs for you alone shall bear,
 And yours shall be the product of the year.

The flocks you see are all my own ; beside
 The rest that woods and winding valleys hide,
 And those that folded in the caves abide.
 Ask not the numbers of my growing store ;
 Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
 Nor will I praise my cattle ; trust not me,
 But judge yourself, and pass your own decree :
 Behold their swelling dugs, the sweepy weight
 Of ewes that sink beneath the milky freight ;
 In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie,
 Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
 New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly serv'd
 For daily drink ; the rest for cheese reserv'd.
 Nor are these household dainties all my store :
 The fields and forests will afford us more ;
 The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar,
 All sorts of venison, and of birds the best,
 A pair of turtles taken from the nest.
 I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,

Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground,
 So like, that no distinction could be seen,
 So pretty, they were presents for a queen ;
 And so they shall ; I took them both away,
 And keep, to be companions of your play.

Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
 The waves, nor scorn my presents and my love.
 Come, Galatea, come, and view my face ;
 I late beheld it in the watery glass,
 And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.
 Survey my towering stature, and my size :
 Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the skies,
 Bears such a bulk or is so largely spread :
 My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
 Hang o'er my manly face, and dangling down,
 As with a shady grove, my shoulders crown.
 Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
 A thickset underwood of bristling hair,
 My shape deform'd : what fouler sight can be
 Than the bald branches of a leafless tree ?
 Foul is the steed without a flowing mane,
 And birds without their feathers and their train.
 Wool decks the sheep ; and man receives a grace
 From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.
 My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,

Round as a ball and ample as a shield :
 The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun,
 Is Nature's eye ; and she's content with one.
 Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
 Like you, am of the watery family.
 I make you his, in making you my own ;
 You I adore, and kneel to you alone :
 Jove, with his fabled thunder, I despise,
 And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
 Frown not, fair nymph ; yet I could bear to be
 Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.
 But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
 The love of Acis, heavens ! I cannot bear.
 But let the stripling please himself ; nay more,
 Please you, though that's the thing I most abhor ;
 The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
 These giant limbs endu'd with giant might.
 His living bowels from his belly torn,
 And scatter'd limbs, shall on the flood be borne,
 Thy flood, ungrateful nymph ; and fate shall find
 That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
 For oh ! I burn with love, and thy disdain
 Augments at once my passion and my pain.
 Translated Aetna flames within my heart,
 And thou, inhuman, wilt not ease my smart.'

John Dryden

METAMORPHOSEON XIII. 789-869

Candidior nivei folio, Galatea, ligustri,
 floridior pratis, longa procerior alno,
 splendidior vitro, tenero lascivior haedo,
 levior assiduo detritis aequore conchis,
 solibus hibernis, aestiva gratior umbra,
 nobilior pomis, platano conspectior alta,
 lucidior glacie, matura dulcior uva,
 mollior et cygni plumis et lacte coacto,
 et, si non fugias, riguo formosior horto ;
 saevior indomitis eadem Galatea iuven-
 cibus, durior annosa quercu, fallacior undis,
 lentior et salicis virgis et vitibus albis,
 his immobilior scopulis, violentior amne,
 laudato pavone superbior, acrior igni,
 asperior tribulis, feta truculentior ursa,
 surdior aequoribus, calcato immitior hydro,
 et, quod praecipue vellem tibi demere possem,
 non tantum cervo claris latratibus acto,
 verum etiam ventis volucrique fugacior aura.
 at bene si noris, pigeat fugisse morasque
 ipsa tuas damnes, et me retinere labores.
 sunt mihi, pars montis, vivo pendentia saxo
 antra, quibus nec sol medio sentitur in aestu,

nec sentitur hiems. sunt poma gravantia ramos,
 sunt auro similes longis in vitibus uvae,
 sunt et purpureae; tibi et has servamus et illas.
 ipsa tuis manibus silvestri nata sub umbra
 mollia fraga leges, ipsa autumnalia corna
 prunaque, non solum nigro liventia suco,
 verum etiam generosa novasque imitantia ceras.
 nec tibi castaneae, me coniuge, nec tibi deerunt
 arbuti fetus; omnis tibi serviet arbos.
 hoc pecus omne meum est; multae quoque vallibus
 errant,

multas silva tegit, multae stabulantur in antris.
 nec, si forte roges, possim tibi dicere quot sint;
 pauperis est numerare pecus. de laudibus harum
 nil mihi credideris; praesens potes ipsa videre,
 ut vix sustineant distentum cruribus uber.
 sunt, fetura minor, tepidis in ovilibus agni,
 sunt quoque, par aetas, aliis in ovilibus haedi.
 lac mihi semper adest niveum; pars inde bibenda
 servatur, partem liquefacta coagula durant.
 nec tibi deliciae faciles vulgataque tantum
 munera contingent, dammae leporesque capraeque,
 parve columbarum demtusve cacumine nidus;
 inveni geminos, qui tecum ludere possint,
 inter se similes, vix ut dignoscere possis,

villosae catulos in summis montibus ursae,
 inveni : et dixi ' dominae servabimus istos. '
 iam modo caeruleo nitidum caput exsere ponto,
 iam, Galatea, veni, nec munera despice nostra.
 certe ego me novi, liquidaeque in imagine vidi
 nuper aquae, placuitque mihi mea forma videnti.
 adspice, sim quantus. non est hoc corpore maior
 Iuppiter in caelo ; nam vos narrare soletis
 nescio quem regnare Iovem. coma plurima torvos
 prominet in vultus umerosque, ut lucus, obumbrat.
 nec mihi quod rigidis horrent densissima saetis
 corpora turpe puta. turpis sine frondibus arbos,
 turpis equus, nisi colla iubae flaventia velent,
 pluma tegit volucres, ovibus sua lana decori est,
 barba viros hirtaeque decent in corpore saetae.
 unum est in media lumen mihi fronte, sed instar
 ingentis clipei. quid ? non haec omnia magno
 Sol videt e caelo ? Soli tamen unicus orbis.
 adde, quod in vestro genitor meus aequore regnat ;
 hunc tibi do socerum. tantum miserere, precesque
 supplicis exaudi ; tibi enim succumbimus uni.
 quique Iovem et caelum sperno et penetrabile fulmen,
 Nerei, te vereor ; tua fulmine saevior ira est.
 atque ego contemptus essem patientior huius,
 si fugeres omnes. sed cur, Cyclope repulso,

Acin amas praefersque meis amplexibus Acin ?
 ille tamen placeatque sibi, placeatque licebit,
 quod nollem, Galatea, tibi ; modo copia detur,
 sentiet esse mihi tanto pro corpore vires.
 viscera viva traham divulsaque membra per agros,
 perque tuas spargam (sic se tibi misceat) undas.
 uror enim, laesusque exaestuat acrius ignis,
 cumque suis videor translata viribus Aetnen,
 pectore ferre meo ; nec tu, Galatea, moveris.'

ON HIS AFTER-FAME

And now the work is ended, which Jove's rage,
 Nor fire, nor sword shall raze, nor eating age.
 Come when it will my death's uncertain hour,
 Which of this body only hath a power,
 Yet shall my better part transcend the sky,
 And my immortal name shall never die.
 For, wheresoe'er the Roman eagles spread
 Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read ;
 And, if we poets true presages give,
 I in my Fame eternally shall live.

George Sandys

METAMORPHOSEON XV. 871-879

Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira nec ignis
 nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas.
 cum volet, illa dies, quae nil nisi corporis huius
 ius habet, incerti spatium mihi finiat aevi;
 parte tamen meliore mei super alta perennis
 astra ferar nomenque erit indelebile nostrum.
 quaque patet domitis Romana potentia terris,
 ore legar populi perque omnia saecula fama,
 siquid habent veri vatum praesagia, vivam.

TO HIS WIFE AT ROME,

WHEN HE WAS SICK

But thou—for after death I shall be free,—
 Fetch home these bones, and what is left of me,
 A few flowers give them, with some balm, and lay
 Them in some suburb-grave, hard by the way :
 And, to inform posterity who's there,
 This sad inscription let my marble wear,
 ‘ Here lies the soft-soul'd lecturer of love,
 Whose envy'd wit did his own ruin prove.
 But thou—whoe'er thou beest—that passing by
 Lendst to this sudden stone a hasty eye,
 If e'er thou knew'st of love the sweet disease,

Grudge not to say, may Ovid rest in peace !
 This for my tomb : but for my books they'll see
 More strong and lasting monuments of me,
 Which I believe—though fatal—will afford
 An endless name unto their ruin'd lord.
 And now thus gone, it rests for love of me
 Thou shew'st some sorrow to my memory ;
 Thy funeral offerings to my ashes bear,
 With wreaths of cypress bath'd in many a tear.
 Though nothing there but dust of me remain,
 Yet shall that dust perceive thy pious pain.
 But I have done, and my tir'd sickly head,
 Though I would fain write more, desires the bed ;
 Take then this word—perhaps my last to tell—
 Which though I want, I wish it thee, farewell !

Henry Vaughan

TRISTIVM III. III. 65-88

Ossa tamen facito parva referantur in urna :
 sic ego non etiam mortuus exul ero.
 non vetat hoc quisquam : fratrem Thebana
 peremptum
 supposuit tumulo rege vetante soror.
 atque ea cum foliis et amomi pulvere misce,
 inque suburbano condita pone solo ;

OVID

quosque legat versus oculo properante viator,
grandibus in tituli marmore caede notis :

HIC . EGO . QVI . IACEO . TENERORVM . LVSOR . AMORVM
INGENIO . PERII . NASO . POETA . MEO

AT . TIBI . QVI . TRANSIS . NE . SIT . GRAVE . QVISQVIS .
AMASTI

DICERE . NASONIS . MOLLITER . OSSA . CVBENT
hoc satis in titulo est. etenim maiora libelli
et diuturna magis sunt monimenta mihi,
quos ego confido, quamvis nocuere, daturos
nomen et auctori tempora longa suo.
tu tamen extincto feralia munera semper
deque tuis lacrimis umida sarta dato.
quamvis in cineres corpus mutaverit ignis,
sentiet officium maesta favilla pium.
scribere plura libet : sed vox mihi fessa loquendo
dictandi vires siccaque lingua negat.
accipe supremo dictum mihi forsitan ore,
quod, tibi qui mittit, non habet ipse, ' vale.'

MANILIUS

THE MILKY WAY

Nor must that gentler rumour be suppress
 How milk once flowing from fair Juno's breast,
 Stain'd the Celestial Pavement ; from whence came
 This Milky Path, its cause shown in its name.
 Or is't a crowd of stars crowning the night ?
 A candid diadem of condens'd light ?
 Or valiant souls freed from corporeal gyves
 Thither repair and lead ethereal lives ?
 There the Atrides, there the Aeacides,
 Fierce Diomedé ; he, who through lands and seas
 His triumphs over conquer'd Nature rear'd,
 Subtle Ulysses, we believe inspher'd.
 There Nestor's thron'd among the Grecian peers,
 Crown'd with a triple century of years.
 Aurora's Black Son, he who Lycia sway'd,
 Jove's royal issue ; and thou, Martial Maid !
 The kings whom Asia did or Greece beget,
 Or Pella, justly greatest in the great.

There those whom Wisdom hath exalted, shine ;
 Just Solon, stout Lycurgus, the divine
 Plato, and He who made him such, whose doom
 Justlier condemns his Athens. . . .

Edward Sherburne

ASTRONOMICON I. 750-776

Nec mihi celandā est famae vulgata vetustas
 mollior, e niveo lactis fluxisse liquorem
 pectore reginae divum caelumque colore
 infecisse suo ; quapropter lacteus orbis
 dicitur, et nomen causa descendit ab ipsa.
 an maior densa stellarum turba corona
 convexit flammās et crasso lumine candet,
 et fulgore nitet collato clarior orbis ?
 an fortes animae dignataque nomina caelo
 corporibus resoluta suis terraeque remissa
 huc migrant ex orbe suumque habitantia caelum
 aetherios vivunt annos mundoque fruuntur ?
 atque hic Aeacidas, hic et veneramur Atridas,
 Tydidenque ferum, terraeque marisque triumphis
 naturae victorem Ithacum, Pyliumque senecta
 insignem triplici, Danaumque ad Pergama reges,
 Auroraeque nigrum partum, stirpemque Tonantis
 rectorem Lyciae ; nec te, Mavortia virgo,

praeteream, regesque alios, quos Graecia misit
 atque Asiae gentes et Magno maxima Pella ;
 quique animi vires et strictae pondera mentis
 prudentes habuere viri, quibus omnis in ipsis
 census erat, iustusque Solon fortisque Lycurgus,
 aetheriusque Platon, et qui fabricaverat illum
 damnatusque suas melius damnavit Athenas,
 Persidis et victor, strarat quae classibus aequor.

SENECA

THE QUIET LIFE

Climb at Court for me that will
 Tottering favour's pinnacle ;
 All I seek is to lie still.
 Settled in some secret nest
 In calm leisure let me rest,
 And far off the public stage
 Pass away my silent age.
 Thus when without noise, unknown,
 I have liv'd out all my span,
 I shall die, without a groan,
 An old honest country man.
 Who expos'd to other's eyes,
 Into his own heart ne'er pries,
 Death to him's a strange surprise.

Andrew Marvell

THYESTES 391-403

Stet quicumque volet potens
 aulae culmine lubrico :
 me dulcis saturet quies ;
 obscuro positus loco
 leni perfruar otio,
 nullis notaque litibus
 aetas per tacitum fluat.
 sic cum transierint mei
 nullo cum strepitu dies,
 plebeius moriar senex.
 illi mors gravis incubat
 qui, notus nimis omnibus,
 ignotus moritur sibi.

NOTHINGNESS

After death nothing is, and nothing death ;
 The utmost limits of a gasp of breath.
 Let the ambitious zealot lay aside
 His hopes of Heaven (whose faith is but his pride) ;
 Let slavish souls lay by their fear,
 Nor be concern'd which way, or where,
 After this life they shall be hurl'd :
 Dead, we become the lumber of the world,

And to that mass of matter shall be swept,
 Where things destroy'd with things unborn are kept ;
 Devouring Time swallows us whole,
 Impartial Death confounds body and soul.
 For Hell and the foul fiend that rules
 The everlasting fiery goals,
 Devis'd by rogues, dreaded by fools,
 With his grim grisly dog that keeps the door,
 Are senseless stories, idle tales,
 Dreams, whimsies, and no more.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

TROADES 397-408

Post mortem nihil est ipsaque mors nihil,
 velocis spatii meta novissima ;
 spem ponant avidi, solliciti metum :
 tempus nos avidum devorat et chaos.
 mors individua est, noxia corpori
 nec parcens animae ; Taenara et aspero
 regnum sub domino limen et obsidens
 custos non facili Cerberus ostio
 rumores vacui verbaque inania
 et par sollicito fabula somnio.
 quaeris quo iaceas post obitum loco ?
 quo non nata iacent.

LUCAN

THE LAST DAY

Thus, when the last concluding hour is come,
 That finish'd Nature shall receive her doom ;
 The loosen'd fabric shall in pieces fall
 And ancient Chaos triumph over all.
 Stars, shocking stars, shall lose their wonted way,
 Cast from their spheres, and drop into the sea :
 The shores no longer shall the waves restrain,
 But on the land admit the rushing main ;
 The moon shall cease her nightly stage to run,
 Usurp her brother's course, and thwart the sun;
 And the whole frame, in wild confusion hurl'd,
 Shall mar the union of the shatter'd world.

Jabez Hughes

DE BELLO CIVILI I. 72-80

Sic cum compage soluta
 saecula tot mundi suprema coegerit hora,
 antiquum repetent iterum chaos omnia ; mixta
 sidera sideribus concurrent, ignea pontum

astra petent, tellus extendere litora nolet,
 excutietque fretum, fratri contraria Phoebe
 ibit, et obliquum bigas agitare per orbem
 indignata, diem poscet sibi, totaque discors
 machina divolsi turbabit foedera mundi.

ON POMPEY'S TOMB IN EGYPT

Oh Fortune ! can thy malice swell so high ?
 Canst thou with Caesar's every wish comply ?
 Must he, thy Pompey once, thus meanly lie ?
 But oh ! forbear, mistaken man, forbear !
 Nor dare to fix the mighty Pompey there :
 Where there are seas, or air, or earth, or skies,
 Where'er Rome's empire stretches, Pompey lies ;
 Far be the vile memorial then convey'd,
 Nor let this stone the partial Gods upbraid !
 Shall Hercules all Oeta's heights demand,
 And Nysa's hill for Bacchus only stand,
 While one poor pebble is the warrior's doom,
 That fought the cause of Liberty and Rome ?
 If Fate decrees he must in Egypt lie,
 Let the whole fertile realm his grave supply :
 Yield the wide country to his awful shade,
 Nor let us bear on any part to tread,

Fearful to violate the mighty dead.
 But if one stone must bear the sacred name,
 Let it be fill'd with long records of fame.
 There let the passenger with wonder read
 The pirates vanquish'd, and the ocean freed ;
 Sertorius taught to yield ; the Alpine war ;
 And the young Roman knight's triumphal car.
 With these, the mighty Pontic king be plac'd,
 And every nation of the vanquish'd East :
 Tell with what loud applause of Rome he drove
 Thrice his glad wheels to Capitolian Jove :
 Tell too the patriot's greatest, best renown,
 Tell how the victor laid his empire down,
 And chang'd his armour for the peaceful gown.
 But ah ! what marbles to the task suffice !
 Instead of these turn, Roman, turn thy eyes ;
 Seek the known name our Fasti us'd to wear,
 The noble mark of many a glorious year ;
 The name that wont the trophied Arch to grace,
 And ev'n the temples of the gods found place :
 Decline thee lowly, bending to the ground,
 And there that name, that Pompey, may be found.

Oh fatal land ! what curse can I bestow
 Equal to those we to thy mischiefs owe ?
 Well did the wise Cumaean maid of yore

Warn our Hesperian chiefs to shun thy shore.
 Forbid, just heavens, your dews to bless the soil,
 And thou withhold thy waters, fruitful Nile !
 Let Egypt, like the land of Ethiops, burn,
 And her fat earth to sandy deserts turn.
 Have we with honours dead Osiris crown'd,
 And mourn'd him to the tinkling timbrel's sound ;
 Receiv'd her Isis to divine abodes
 And rank'd her dogs deform'd with Roman gods ;
 While in despite to Pompey's injur'd shade
 Low in her dust his sacred bones are laid ?
 And thou, oh Rome ! by whose forgetful hand
 Altars and temples rear'd to tyrants stand,
 Canst thou neglect to call thy hero home
 And leave his ghost in banishment to roam ?
 What though the victor's frown and thy base fear
 Bade thee, at first, the pious task forbear ;
 Yet now at least, oh let him now return
 And rest with honour in a Roman urn.
 Nor let mistaken superstition dread
 On such occasion to disturb the dead :
 Oh ! would commanding Rome my hand employ,
 The impious task should be perform'd with joy :
 How would I fly to tear him from that tomb,
 And bear his ashes in my bosom home !

Perhaps, when flames their dreadful ravage make,
 Or groaning earth shall from the centre shake,
 When blasting dews the rising harvest seize,
 Or nations sicken with some dire disease,
 The gods, in mercy to us, shall command
 To fetch our Pompey from th' accursed land.
 Then, when his venerable bones draw near,
 In long processions shall the priests appear
 And their great Chief the sacred relics bear.
 Or if thou still possess the Pharian shore,
 What traveller but shall thy grave explore,
 Whether he tread Syene's burning soil,
 Or visit sultry Thebes, or fruitful Nile ?
 Or if the merchant, drawn by hopes of gain,
 Seek rich Arabia and the ruddy main,
 With holy rites thy shade he shall atone,
 And bow before thy venerable stone.
 For who but shall prefer thy tomb above
 The meaner fane of an Egyptian Jove ?
 Nor envy thou, if abject Romans raise
 Statues and temples to their tyrant's praise ;
 Though his proud name on altars may preside,
 And thine be wash'd by every rolling tide ;
 Thy grave shall the vain pageantry despise,
 Thy grave, where that great god, thy fortune, lies.

Ev'n those who kneel not to the gods above
Nor offer sacrifice or prayer to Jove,
To the Bidental bend their humble eyes,
And worship where the buried Thunder lies.

Perhaps Fate wills, in honour to thy fame,
No marble shall record thy mighty name.
So may thy dust, ere long, be worn away,
And all remembrance of thy wrongs decay :
Perhaps a better age shall come, when none
Shall think thee ever laid beneath this stone,
When Egypt's boast of Pompey's tomb shall prove
As unbeliev'd a tale as Crete relates of Jove.

Nicholas Rowe

DE BELLO CIVILI VIII. 793-872

Placet hoc, Fortuna, sepulcrum
dicere Pompei, quo condi maluit illum,
quam terra caruisse socer ? temeraria dextra,
cur obicis Magno tumulum manesque vagantis
includis ? situs est, qua terra extrema refuso
pendet in oceano : Romanum nomen et omne
imperium Magno tumuli est modus ; obrue saxa
crimine plena deum : si tota est Herculis Oete
et iuga tota vacant Bromio Nyseia, quare
unus in Aegypto est Magni lapis ? omnia Lagi

rura tenere potest. si nullo caespite nomen
 haeserit, erremus populi cinerumque tuorum,
 Magne, metu nullas Nili calcemus harenas.
 quod si tam sacro dignaris nomine saxum,
 adde actus tantos monumentaque maxima rerum,
 adde trucidis Lepidi motus Alpinaque bella
 armaque Sertori revocato consule victa
 et currus, quos egit eques, commercia tuta
 gentibus et pavidos Cilicas maris; adde subactam
 barbariem gentesque vagas et quidquid in Euro
 regnorum Boreaque iacet. dic semper ab armis
 civilem repetisse togam, ter curribus actis
 contentum multos patriae donasse triumphos.
 quis capit haec tumulus? surgit miserabile bustum
 non ullis plenum titulis, non ordine tanto
 fastorum, solitumque legi super alta deorum
 culmina et extractos spoliis hostilibus arcus.
 haud procul est ima Pompei nomen harena
 depressum tumulo, quod non legat advena rectus,
 quod nisi monstratum Romanus transeat hospes.

Noxia civili tellus Aegyptia fato,
 haud equidem inmerito Cumanae carmine vatis
 cautum, ne Nili Pelusia tangeret ora
 Hesperius miles ripasque aestate tumentis.
 quid tibi saeva precer pro tanto crimine, tellus?

vertat aquas Nilus, quo nascitur orbe retentus,
 et steriles egeant hibernis imbribus agri,
 totaque in Aethiopum putres solvaris harenas.
 nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Isim
 semideosque canes et sistra iubentia luctus
 et, quem tu plangens hominem testaris, Osirim :
 tu nostros, Aegypte, tenes in pulvere manes.
 tu quoque, cum saevo dederis iam templa tyranno,
 nondum Pompei cineres, o Roma, petisti ;
 exul adhuc iacet umbra ducis. si saecula prima
 victoris timuere minas, nunc excipe saltem
 ossa tui Magni, si nondum subruta fluctu
 invisa tellure sedent. quis busta timebit,
 quis sacris dignam movisse verebitur umbram ?
 imperet hoc nobis utinam scelus et velit uti
 nostro Roma sinu : satis o nimiumque beatus,
 si mihi contingat manes transferre revolsos
 Ausoniam, si tale ducis violare sepulcrum.
 forsitan aut sulco sterili cum poscere finem
 a superis aut Roma volet feralibus Austris
 ignibus aut nimiis aut terrae tecta moventi,
 consilio iussuque deum transibis in urbem,
 Magne, tuam, summusque feret tua busta sacerdos.
 nam quis ad exustam Cancro torrente Syenen
 ibit et imbrifera siccas sub Pliade Thebas

spectator Nili, quis rubri stagna profundi
 aut Arabum portus mercis mutator Eoae,
 Magne, petet, quem non tumuli venerabile saxum
 et cinis in summis forsán turbatus harenis
 avertet manesque tuos placare iubebit
 et Casio praeferre Iovi ? nil ista nocebunt
 famae busta tuae : templis auroque sepultus
 vilior umbra fores ; nunc es pro numine summo
 hoc tumulo, Fortuna, iacens : augustius aris
 victoris Libyco pulsatur in aequore saxum.
 Tarpeis qui saepe deis sua tura negarunt,
 inclusum Tusco venerantur caespite fulmen.
 proderit hoc olim, quod non mansura futuris
 ardua marmoreo surrexit pondere moles.
 pulveris exigui sparget non longa vetustas
 congeriem, bustumque cadet, mortisque peribunt
 argumenta tuae. veniet felicior aetas,
 qua sit nulla fides saxum monstrantibus illud ;
 atque erit Aegyptus populis fortasse nepotum
 tam mendax Magni tumulo, quam Creta Tonantis.

PETRONIUS

THE SNOW-BALL

White as her hand fair Julia threw,

A ball of silver snow ;

The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,

My bosom felt it glow.

Strange power of love ! whose great command

Can thus a snow-ball arm ;

When sent, fair Julia, from thine hand

Ev'n ice itself can warm.

How should we then secure our hearts ?

Love's power we all must feel,

Who thus can by strange magic arts

In ice his flames conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair Julia, know,

Canst quench my fierce desire ;

But not with water, ice, or snow,

But with an equal fire.

Soame Jenyns

EX ANTHOLOGIA LATINA

Me nive candenti petiit modo Iulia. rebar
 igne carere nivem : nix tamen ignis erat.
 quid nive frigidius ? nostrum tamen urere pectus
 nix potuit manibus, Iulia, missa tuis.
 quis locus insidiis dabitur mihi tutus amoris
 frigore concreta si latet ignis aqua ?
 Iulia sola potes nostras extinguere flammās :
 non nive, non glacie, sed potes igne pari.

The *beginning* of the *band* in "Phyllis and
 the dove delay" by Wacker is *more* by
 the *haws* - see Potter - *Richmond* of
 the *Song* p. 58. The *latin* can be
 seen in the *haws*, *mus*, *is* *is* *is*

STATIUS

A PICTURE OF VENUS

It happ'd that where the nightly heavens display
 Their silver path, and show the Milky Way,
 Just as the dawn its early blush disclos'd,
 Lay beauteous Venus on her bed repos'd ;
 The little Loves officious wait around
 The curious couch, with diligence profound ;
 They watch the sign, what torch to raise on high,
 Or on what suffering breast their darts to try ;
 Whether on earth to magnify her sway,
 Or exercise their rage beneath the sea
 Among the watery gods, or boldly fire
 The Thunderer's breast, and vex him with desire.
 Uncertain where to fix, the Power Divine
 Enjoy'd her welcome ease, and lay supine,
 Stretch'd on the guilty bed, o'er which the chain
 By Vulcan forg'd had cast its links in vain ;
 When starting from amidst the youthful quire,
 A bloomy Boy, adorn'd with brighter fire,
 (In his left hand unerring shafts were seen,)

With fair address accosted thus the Queen ;
Soft was the wanton's voice ; in silence drown'd,
His quiver'd brethren hem the speaker round.

Jabex Hughes

SILVARVM I. II. 51-64

Forte, serenati qua stat plaga lactea caeli,
alma Venus thalamo pulsa modo nocte iacebat,
amplexu duro Getici resoluta mariti.
fulcra torosque deae tenerum premit agmen Amorum ;
signa petunt quas ferre faces, quae pectora figi
imperet ; an terris saevire an malit in undis,
an miscere deos an adhuc vexare Tonantem.
ipsi animus nondum nec cordi fixa voluntas.
fessa iacet stratis, ubi quondam conscia culpa
Lemnia deprenso repserunt vincula furto.
hic puer e turba volucrum cui plurimus ignis
ore, manusque levi numquam frustrata sagitta,
agmine de medio tenera sic dulce profatur
voce (pharetrati pressere silentia fratres) :

‘HE HATH OUTSOARED THE SHADOW
OF OUR NIGHT’

And so Death took him. Yet be comforted :
Above this sea of sorrow lift thy head.
Death—or his shadow—look, is over all ;
What but an alternating funeral
The long procession of the nights and days ?
The starry heavens fail, the solid earth
Fails and its fashion. Why, beholding this,
Why with our wail o’er sad mortality
Mourn we for men, mere men, that fade and fall ?
Battle or shipwreck, love or lunacy,
Some warp o’ the will, some taint o’ the blood, some
touch

Of winter’s icy breath, the Dog-star’s rage
Relentless, on the dank and ghostly mists
Of Autumn—any or all of these suffice
To die by. In the fee and fear of Fate
Lives all that is. We one by one depart
Into the silence—one by one. The Judge
Shakes the vast urn : the lot leaps forth : we die.

But *he* is happy, and you mourn in vain.
He has outsoared the envy of gods and men,
False fortune and the dark and treacherous way,

—Scatheless : he never lived to pray for death,
 Nor sinned—to fear her, nor deserved to die.
 We that survive him, weak and full of woes,
 Live ever with a fearful eye on Death—
 The how and when of dying : ‘ Death ’ the thunder,
 ‘ Death ’ the wild lightning speaks to us.

In vain,—

Atedius hearkens not to words of mine.
 Yet shall he hearken to the dead : be done,
 Sweet lad he loved, be done with Death, and come,
 Leaving the dark Tartarean halls, come hither ;
 Come, for thou canst : ’tis not to Charon given,
 Nor yet to Cerberus, to keep in thrall
 The innocent soul : come to thy father, soothe
 His sorrow, dry his eyes, and day and night
 A living voice be with him—look upon him,
 Tell him thou art not dead (thy sister mourns,
 Comfort her, comfort as a brother can)
 And win thy parents back to thee again.

H. W. Garrod

SILVARVM II. I. 207-234

Hic finis raptō ! quin tu iam vulnera sedas
 et tollis mersum luctu caput ? omnia functa
 aut moritura vides : obeunt noctesque diesque
 astraque, nec solidis prodest sua machina terris.
 nam populus mortale genus ; plebisque caducae
 quis fleat interitus ? hos bella, hos aequora poscunt ;
 his amor exitio, furor his et saeva cupido,
 ut sileam morbos ; hos ora rigentia brumae,
 illos implacido letalis Sirius igni,
 hos manet imbrifero pallens Autumnus hiatu.
 quicquid init ortus, finem timet. ibimus omnes,
 ibimus : immensis urnam quatit Aeacus umbris.

Ast hic, quem gemimus, felix hominesque deosque
 et dubios casus et caecae lubrica vitae
 effugit, immunis fati. non ille rogavit,
 non timuit renuitve mori : nos anxia plebes,
 nos miseri, quibus unde dies suprema, quis aevi
 exitus incertum, quibus instet fulmen ab astris,
 quae nubes fatale sonet. nil flecteris istis ?
 sed flectere libens. ades huc emissus ab atro
 limine, cui soli cuncta impetrare facultas,
 Glaucia !—nam insontis animas nec portitor arcet,
 nec durae comes ille serae :—tu pectora mulce,
 tu prohibe manare genas noctisque beatas

dulcibus alloquiis et vivis vultibus imple,
et periisse nega : desolatamque sororem,
qui potes, et miseros perge insinuare parentis.

TO SLEEP

What sin was mine, sweet, silent boy-god, Sleep,
Or what, poor sufferer, have I left undone,
That I should lack thy guerdon, I alone ?
Quiet are the brawling streams : the shuddering deep
Sinks, and the rounded mountains feign to sleep.
The high seas slumber pillowed on Earth's breast ;
All flocks and birds and beasts are stilled in rest,
But my sad eyes their nightly vigil keep. . . .

O ! if beneath the night some happier swain,
Entwined in loving arms, refuse thy boon
In wanton happiness,—come hither soon,
Come hither, Sleep. Let happier mortals gain
The full embrace of thy soft angel wing :
But touch me with thy wand, or hovering
Above mine eyelids sweep me with thy train.

W. Hamilton Fyfe

SILVARVM V. IV.

Crimine quo merui, iuvenis, placidissime divum,
 quove errore miser, donis ut solus egerem,
 Somne, tuis ? tacet omne pecus volucresque feraeque
 et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos,
 nec trucibus fluviis idem sonus ; occidit horror
 aequoris, et terris maria acclinata quiescunt.
 septima iam rediens Phoebe mihi respicit aegras
 stare genas ; totidem Oetaeae Paphiaeque revisunt
 lampades et totiens nostros Tithonia questus
 praeterit et gelido parcit miserata flagello.
 unde ego sufficiam ? non si mihi lumina mille
 quae vafer alterna tantum statione tenebat
 Argus et haud umquam vigilabat corpore toto.
 at nunc heu ! si aliquis longa sub nocte puellae
 brachia nexa tenens ultro te, Somne, repellit,
 inde veni. nec te totas infundere pennas
 luminibus compello meis (hoc turba precetur
 laetior) : extremo me tange cacumine virgae
 (sufficit) aut leviter suspenso poplite transi.

THE STORM

(Polynices, having departed from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm)

'Twas now the time when Phoebus yields to night,
 And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light.
 Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew,
 Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew ;
 All birds and beasts lie hush'd ; sleep steals away
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
 And brings, descending through the silent air,
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
 Promise the skies the bright return of day ;
 No faint reflections of the distant light
 Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of night :
 From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
 Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
 At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
 Burst from th' Aeolian caves, and rend the ground,
 With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
 And win by turns the kingdom of the sky :
 But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
 The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
 From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
 Which the cold north congeals to haily showers.

From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
 And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.
 Now smokes with showers the misty mountain-ground,
 And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.
 Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
 And Erasinus rolls a deluge on :
 The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
 And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds :
 Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
 Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away :
 Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
 Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne :
 The storm the dark Lycaean groves display'd,
 And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
 Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
 Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
 And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
 The floods descending, and the watery war,
 That, driven by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
 Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
 Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread ;
 His brother's image to his mind appears,
 Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with
 fears.

Alexander Pope

THEBAIDOS I. 336-369

Iamque per emeriti surgens confinia Phoebi
 Titanis late, mundo subvecta silenti,
 rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga ;
 iam pecudes volucresque tacent, iam Somnus avaris
 inserpit curis pronusque per aëra nutat,
 grata laboratae referens oblivia vitae.
 sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila caelo
 promiserere iubar, nec rarescentibus umbris
 longa repercusso nituere crepuscula Phoebō :
 densior a terris et nulli pervia flammæ
 subtextit nox atra polos. iam claustra rigentis
 Aeoliae percussa sonant, venturaque rauco
 ore minatur hiems, venti transversa frementes
 configunt axemque emoto cardine vellunt
 dum caelum sibi quisque rapit ; sed plurimus Auster
 inglomerat noctem, et tenebrosa volumina torquet,
 defunditque imbris, sicco quos asper hiatu
 persolidat Boreas ; nec non abrupta tremescunt
 fulgura et attritus subita face rumpitur aether.
 iam Nemea, iam Taenariis contermina lucis
 Arcadiae capita alta madent ; ruit agmine facto
 Inachus et gelida surgens Erasinus in unda,
 pulverulenta prius calcandaque flumina nullae
 aggeribus tenuere morae, stagnoque refusa est

funditus et veteri spumavit Lerna veneno.
frangitur omne nemus, rapiunt antiqua procellae
bracchia silvarum, nullisque aspecta per aevum
solibus umbrosi patuere aestiva Lycae.
ille tamen, modo saxa iugis fugientia ruptis
miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnis
aure pavens passimque insano turbine raptas
pastorum pecorumque domos. non segnius amens
incertusque viae per nigra silentia vastum
haurit iter; pulsat metus undique, et undique frater.

MARTIAL

FAUSTINUS' VILLA: TO BASSUS

The Baian Villa our Faustinus loves,
 Good Bassus, boasts no idle myrtle groves :
 No close-clipped box, nor widowed planes displace
 The open country, nor contract his space.
 Nature is here in her rude plenty found,
 Rich Ceres claims each corner of the ground,
 And jars of sweet old vintages abound.
 Here, while the winter still from frost escapes,
 The pruner brings in the late season's grapes :
 Through the deep valleys the wild cattle low,
 And hornless calves pretend the warlike blow.
 In farm-yard straw the tame domestic breed
 Of cackling geese and jewelled peacocks feed :
 The gorgeous bird, whose name is justly due
 To his red wings ; the partridge gay of hue ;
 Of speckled guinea-fowls abundant store ;
 And pheasants brought from Colchis' impious shore :
 Proud Rhodian cocks their consorts strut around :
 With fluttering wings the lofty cotes resound :

Here moans the ring-dove ; there soft turtles coo ;
 Fat greedy pigs the farmer's wife pursue
 And while the lambs their mother's milk desire,
 Small house-slaves gather round the cheerful fire,
 And the warm glow of woodland logs admire.
 Not here the vintner, lacking healthy toil,
 Grows pale ; the trainer wastes no useful oil ;
 But each his traps for greedy thrushes sets ;
 Oft on the quivering line a trout he gets,
 And many a deer's made captive in his nets.
 The city hands light garden work employs ;
 With eager haste a troop of long-haired boys
 Speed on their tasks, as though they were at
 play,

And, ere the bailiff orders them, obey.
 Hither the rural neighbours come in bands
 To pay respects, but not with empty hands :
 One in the waxen comb brings honey good,
 Or rich cream-cheese from Sassina's own wood ;
 This offers sleepy dormice, as a gift :
 With bleating kids or capons some make shift :
 Good wives by their tall girls send presents choice
 In baskets. Asked to dine, the guests rejoice ;
 Nor does the miser table ever spare,
 Or save a portion for to-morrow's fare :

All eat at will : if any over-drink,
The well-fed waiter merely tips the wink.

But you near Rome neat barren grounds survey ;
And since your tower looks down on nought but bay,
No thief, you know, will from your garden steal ;
Your vine-dresser you feed on town-bought meal,
And from the city shops bring, as you please,
Eggs, cabbage, poultry, apples, must, and cheese,
Which in your idle villa you gulp down !
This, country ? Bah ! A town-house out of town !

W. J. Courthope

EPIGRAMMATON III. LVIII.

Baiana nostri villa, Basse, Faustini,
non otiosis ordinata myrtetis,
viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto
ingrata lati spatia detinet campi :
sed rure vero barbaroque laetatur.
hic farta premitur angulo Ceres omni,
et multa fragrat testa senibus autumnis.
hic post Novembres, imminente iam bruma,
seras putator horridus refert uvas.
truces in alta valle mugiunt tauri,
vitulusque inermi fronte prurit in pugnam.
vagatur omnis turba sordidae cortis,

argutus anser, gemmeique pavones,
 nomenque debet quae rubentibus pennis,
 et picta perdix, Numidicaeque guttatae,
 et impiorum phasiana Colchorum.
 Rhodias superbi feminas premunt galli ;
 sonantque turres plausibus columbarum.
 gemit hinc palumbus, inde cereus turtur.
 avidi sequuntur villicae sinum porci ;
 matremque plenam mollis agnus expectat.
 cingunt serenum lactei focum vernae.
 et larga festos lucet ad Lares silva.
 non segnis albo pallet otio caupo,
 nec perdit oleum lubricus palaestrita :
 sed tendit avidis rete subdolum turdis,
 tremulave captum linea trahit piscem,
 aut impeditam cassibus refert dammam.
 exercet hilares facilis hortus urbanos,
 et paedagogo non iubente lascivi
 parere gaudent villico capillati :
 et delicatus opere fruitur eunuchus.
 nec venit inanis rusticus salutator :
 fert ille ceris cana cum suis mella,
 metamque lactis Sassinate de silva ;
 somniculosos ille porrigit glires ;
 hic vagientem matris hispidae fetum ;

alius coactos non amare capones.
 et dona matrum vimineo ferunt textu
 grandes proborum virgines colonorum.
 facto vocatur laetus opere vicinus,
 nec avara servat crastinas dapes mensa,
 vescuntur omnes, ebrioque non novit
 satur minister invidere convivae.
 At tu sub urbe possides famem mundam,
 et turre ab alta prospicis meras laurus,
 furem Priapo non timente securus :
 et vinitorem farre pascis urbano,
 pictamque portas otiosus ad villam
 olus, ova, pullos, poma, caseum, mustum.
 Rus hoc vocari debet, an domus longe ?

ON THE MARRIAGE OF PUDENS AND CLAUDIA

Strange Claudia's married to a friend of mine,
 O Hymen, be thou ready with thy pine !
 Thus the rare cinnamons with the spikenard join,
 And the Thesean sweets with Massic wine.
 Nor better do the elm and vine embrace,
 Nor the lote trees affect the fenny place,
 Nor yet the myrtles more
 Love and desire the shore.

MARTIAL

Let a perpetual peace surround their bed,
 And may their loves with equal fire be fed !
 May she so love him old, that to him she,
 Though old indeed, may not seem so to be.

R. Fletcher

EPIGRAMMATON IV. XIII.

Claudia, Rufe, meo nubit Peregrina Pudenti :
 macte esto taedis, o Hymenaeae, tuis.
 tam bene rara suo miscentur cinnama nardo,
 Massica Theseis tam bene vina favis ;
 nec melius teneris iunguntur vitibus ulmi,
 nec plus lotos aquas, litora myrtus amat.
 candida perpetuo reside, Concordia, lecto,
 tamque pari semper sit Venus aequa iugo :
 diligat illa senem quondam, sed et ipsa marito,
 tum quoque, cum fuerit, non videatur anus.

EPITAPH ON A LITTLE SLAVE GIRL

Underneath this greedy stone
 Lies little sweet Erotion,
 Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
 Nipped away at six years old.

Thou, whoever thou may'st be,
 That hast this small field after me,
 Let the yearly rites be paid
 To her little slender shade ;
 So shall no disease or jar
 Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar ;
 But this tomb be here alone
 The only melancholy stone.

Leigh Hunt

EPIGRAMMATON X. I.

Hic festinata requiescit Erotion umbra,
 crimine quam fati sexta peremit hiems.
 quisquis eris nostri post me regnator agelli,
 manibus exiguis annua iusta dato.
 sic Lare perpetuo, sic turba sospite, solus
 flebilis in terra sit lapis iste tua.

ON A GOOD OLD AGE

Now Antoninus, in a smiling age,
 Counts of his life the fifteenth finished stage.
 The rounded days and the safe years he sees,
 Nor fears death's water mounting round his knees.

To him remembering not one day is sad,
 Not one but that its memory makes him glad.
 So good men lengthen life ; and to recall
 The past is to have twice enjoyed it all.

Robert Louis Stevenson

EPIGRAMMATON X. XXIII.

Iam numerat placido felix Antonius aevo
 quindecies actas Primus Olympiadas ;
 praeteritosque dies, et tutos respicit annos,
 nec metuit Lethes iam propioris aquas.
 nulla recordanti lux est ingrata gravisque :
 nulla subit cuius non meminisse velit.
 ampliat aetatis spatium sibi vir bonus : hoc est
 vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE

Martial, the things for to attain
 The happy life be these, I find :
 The riches left, not got with pain ;
 The fruitful ground ; the quiet mind ;
 The equal friend ; no grudge, nor strife ;
 No charge of rule nor governance ;
 Without disease, the healthful life ;

The household of continuance ;
 The mean diet, no delicate fare ;
 Wisdom joined with simplicity ;
 The night discharged of all care,
 Where wine may bear no sovereignty ;
 The chaste wife, wise, without debate ;
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night ;
 Contented with thine own estate,
 Neither wish death, nor fear his might.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey

EPIGRAMMATON X. XLVII.

Vitam quae faciant beatiorem,
 iucundissime Martialis, haec sunt ;
 res non parta labore, sed relictæ ;
 non ingratus ager, focus perennis ;
 lis numquam, toga rara, mens quieta ;
 vires ingenuae, salubre corpus ;
 prudens simplicitas, pares amici ;
 convictus facilis, sine arte mensa ;
 nox non ebria, sed soluta curis ;
 non tristis torus, et tamen pudicus ;
 somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras ;
 quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis ;
 summum nec metuas diem nec optes.

HADRIAN

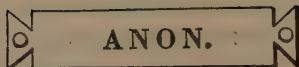
TO HIS SOUL

Little, courteous, wand'ring thing,
 Whither wilt thou turn thy wing,
 The body's friend and guest :
 Pale and naked, cold as clay,
 Forgot, alas ! thy wonted play,
 Where wilt thou take thy rest ?

Anon.

AD ANIMAM SVAM

Animula, vagula, blandula,
 hospes comesque corporis,
 quae nunc abibis in loca,
 pallidula rigida nudula,
 nec ut soles dabis iocos !



VENUS VIGILS

*Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;
To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.*

The spring appears in which the earth
Receiv'd a new harmonious birth ;
When all things mutual love unites ;
When birds perform their nuptial rites,
And fruitful by her watery lover,
Each grove its tresses doth recover ;
Love's Queen to-morrow, in the shade
Which by these verdant trees is made,
Their sprouting tops in wreaths shall bind,
And myrtles into arbours wind ;
To-morrow rais'd on a high throne,
Dione shall her laws make known.

*Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;
To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.*

Then the round ocean's foaming flood,
Immingled with celestial blood,
'Mongst the blue people of the main,

And horses whom two feet sustain,
Rising Dione did beget,
With fruitful waters dropping wet.

*Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;
To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.*

With flowery jewels everywhere
She paints the purple colour'd year ;
She, when the rising bud receives
Favonius' breath, thrusts forth the leaves,
The naked roof with these to adorn ;
She the transparent dew o' the morn,
Which the thick air of night still uses
To leave behind, in rain diffuses ;
These tears with orient brightness shine,
Whilst they with trembling weight decline,
Whose every drop, into a small
Clear orb distill'd, sustains its fall.
Pregnant with these the bashful rose
Her purple blushes doth disclose.
The drops of falling dew, that are
Shed in calm nights by every star,
She in her humid mantle holds,
And then her virgin leaves unfolds.
I' the morn by her command each maid
With dewy roses is array'd ;

Which from Cythera's crimson blood,
 From the soft kisses love bestow'd,
 From jewels, from the radiant flame,
 And the sun's purple lustre came.
 She to her spouse shall married be
 To-morrow ; not asham'd, that he
 Should with a single knot untie
 Her fiery garment's purple dye.

*Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;
 To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.*

The Goddess bade the nymphs remove
 Unto the shady myrtle grove ;
 The Boy goes with the maids, yet none
 Will trust, or think love tame is grown,
 If they perceive that any where
 He arrows doth about him bear.
 Go fearless, nymphs, for love hath laid
 Aside his arms, and tame is made.
 His weapons by command resign'd,
 Naked to go he is enjoin'd,
 Lest he hurt any by his craft,
 Either with flame, or bow, or shaft.
 But yet take heed, young nymphs, beware
 You trust him not, for Cupid's fair,
 Lest by his beauty you be harm'd ;

Love naked is completely arm'd.

Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;

To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.

Fair Venus virgins sends to thee,
 Indu'd with equal modesty ;
 One only thing we thee desire,
 Chaste Delia for a while retire ;
 That the wild forest, that the wood
 May be unstain'd with savage blood ;
 She would with prayers herself attend thee,
 But that she knew she could not bend thee ;
 She would thyself to come have pray'd,
 Did these delights beseem a maid ;
 Now might'st thou see with hallowed rites,
 The chorus solemnise three nights,
 'Mongst troops whom equal pleasure crowns,
 To play and sport upon thy downs ;
 'Mongst garlands made of various flowers,
 'Mongst ever verdant myrtle bowers ;
 Ceres nor Bacchus absent be,
 Nor yet the poets' deity :
 All night we wholly must employ
 In vigils, and in songs of joy ;
 None but Dione must bear sway
 Amongst the woods, Delia, give way.

*Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;
To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.*

She the tribunal did command
Deck'd with Hyblæan flowers should stand ;
She will in judgment sit ; the Graces
On either side shall have their places ;
Hybla, thy flowers pour forth whate'er
Was brought thee by the welcome year ;
Hybla, thy flowery garment spread,
Wide as is Enna's fruitful mead ;
Maids of the country here will be ;
Maids of the mountains come to see ;
Hither resort, all such as dwell
Either in grove, or wood, or well ;
The wing'd boy's mother every one
Commands in order to sit down ;
Charging the virgins, that they must
In nothing Love, though naked, trust.

*Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;
To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.*

Let the fresh covert of a shade
Be by these early flowers display'd ;
To-morrow (which with sports and play
We keep) was Aether's wedding-day ;
When first the father of the spring

Did out of clouds the young year bring ;
 The husband shower then courts his spouse,
 And in her sacred bosom flows,
 That all which that vast body bred
 By this defluxion may be fed :
 Produc'd within, she all there sways,
 By a hid spirit, which by ways
 Unknown diffus'd, through soul and veins,
 All things both governs and sustains.
 Piercing through the unsounded sea,
 And earth, and highest heaven, she
 All places with her power doth fill,
 Which through each part she doth distil ;
 And to the world the mystic ways
 Of all production open lays.

Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;

To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.

She to the Latins did transfer
 The Trojan nephews ; and by her
 Was the Laurentian virgin won,
 And join'd in marriage to her son ;
 By her assistance did Mars gain
 A votaress from Vesta's fane ;
 To marriage Romulus betray'd
 The Sabine women, by her aid,

(Of Romans the wide-spreading stem)
 And in the long descent of them
 In whom that offspring was dilated,
 Caesar her nephew she created.

Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;
To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.

The fields are fruitful made by pleasure ;
 The fields are rich in Venus' treasure ;
 And Love, Dione's son (fame yields
 For truth) his birth had in the fields :
 As soon as born, the field reliev'd him ;
 Into its bosom first receiv'd him ;
 She bred him from his infant hours
 With the sweet kisses of the flowers.

Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;
To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.

See how the bulls their sides distend,
 And broomstalks with the burthen bend ;
 Now every one doth safely lie,
 Confin'd within his marriage tie ;
 See, with their husbands here are laid
 The bleating flocks, beneath the shade ;
 The warbling birds on every tree
 The Goddess wills not silent be ;
 The vocal swans on every lake

With their hoarse voice a harsh sound make ;
 And Tereus' hapless maid beneath
 The poplar's shade her song doth breathe ;
 Such as might well persuade thee, Love
 Doth in these trembling accents move,
 Not that the sister in those strains
 Of the inhuman spouse complains.
 We silent are, whilst she doth sing ;
 How long in coming is my spring ?
 When will the time arrive, that I
 May swallow-like my voice untie ?
 My Muse for being silent flies me,
 And Phoebus will no longer prize me :
 So did Amiclae once, whilst all
 Silence observ'd, through silence fall.

Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;

To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persevere.

Thomas Stanley

PERVIGILIVM VENERIS

Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;

quique amavit, cras amet !

ver novum, ver iam canorum,

vere natus Orbis est.

vere concordant amores,

vere nubunt alites :

et nemus comam resolvit
de maritis imbribus.

cras amorum copulatrix
inter umbras arborum
implicat casas virentes
de flagello myrteo.

cras Dione iura dicet
fulta sublimi throno.

*cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
quique amavit, cras amet !*

tunc cruore de superno,
spumeo pontus globo,
caerulas inter catervas,
inter et bipedes equos,
fecit undantem Dionem
de maritis imbribus.

*cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
quique amavit, cras amet !*

ipsa gemmis purpurantem
pingit annum floridis.

ipsa surgentes papillas
de Favoni spiritu
urget in nodos tepentes
ipsa roris lucidi,

noctis aura quem relinquit,

spargit umentes aquas.
 emicant lacrimae trementes
 de cadivo pondere ;
 gutta praeceps orbe parvo,
 sustinet casus suos ;
 hinc pudorem florulentae
 prodiderunt purpurae.
 umor ille, quem serenis
 astra rorant noctibus,
 mane virgineas papillas
 solvit umentis peplo.
 ipsa iussit, mane ut udae
 virgines nubant Rosae ;
 facta Cypridis de cruore,
 deque Amoris osculis,
 deque gemmis, deque flammis,
 deque solis purpuris,
 cras ruborem, qui latebat,
 veste tinctus ignea,
 unico marita nodo,
 non pudebit solvere.
cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
quique amavit, cras amet !
 ipsa nymphas Diva luco
 iussit ire myrteo.

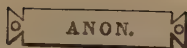
it Puer comes puellis.
 nec tamen credi potest,
 esse Amorem feriatum,
 si sagittas vexerit.
 ite, nymphae ; posuit arma,
 feriatus est Amor.
 iussus est inermis ire,
 nudus ire iussus est,
 neu quid arcu, neu sagitta,
 neu quid igne laederet.
 sed, tamen, nymphae, cavete,
 quod Cupido pulcher est :
 est in armis totus idem,
 quando nudus est Amor.
cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
quique amavit, cras amet !
 conpari Venus pudore
 mittit ad te virgines ;
 una res est, quam rogamus :
 cede, virgo Delia ;
 ut nemus sit incruentum
 de ferinis stragibus.
 ipsa vellet te rogare,
 si pudicam flecteret :
 ipsa vellet ut venires,

si deceret virginem :
 iam tribus choros videres
 feriantes noctibus,
 congreges inter catervas,
 ire per saltus tuos,
 floreas inter coronas,
 myrteas inter casas :
 nec Ceres, nec Bacchus absunt,
 nec poetarum deus.
 de tenente tota nox est
 pervigilanda canticis.
 regnet in silvis Dione :
 tu recede, Delia.
cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
quique amavit, cras amet !
 iussit Hyblaeis tribunal
 stare diva floribus.
 praeses ipsa iura dicet,
 adsidebunt Gratiae.
 Hybla, totos funde flores,
 quidquid annus attulit.
 Hybla, florum prome vestem
 quantus Ennae campus est.
 ruris hic erunt puellae,
 vel puellae montium,

quaeque silvas, quaeque lucos,
 quaeque fontes incolunt :
 iussit omnes adsidere
 pueri mater alitis,
 iussit et nudo puellas
 nil Amori credere.
cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
quique amavit, cras amet !
 ex recentibus virentes
 ducat umbras floribus.
 cras erit quom primus Aether
 copulavit nuptias,
 et pater totis creavit
 vernus annum nubibus.
 in sinum maritus imber
 fluxit almae coniugis ;
 unde fetus mixtus omnes
 aleret magno corpore.
 ipsa venas atque mentem
 permeanti spiritu
 intus occultis gubernat
 procreatrix viribus,
 perque caelum, perque terras,
 perque pontum subditum
 pervium sui tenorem

seminali tramite
 inbuit, iussitque mundum
 nosse nascendi vias.
cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
quique amavit, cras amet !
 ipsa Troianos nepotes
 in Latinos transtulit,
 ipsa Laurentem puellam
 coniugem nato dedit ;
 moxque Marti de sacello
 dat pudicam virginem.
 Romuleas ipsa fecit
 cum Sabinis nuptias ;
 unde Rhamnes et Quirites
 perque prolem posteram
 Romuli, Mater creavit
 et nepotem Caesarem.
cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
quique amavit, cras amet !
 rura fecundat voluptas,
 rura Venerem sentiunt.
 ipse Amor, puer Dionae,
 rure natus dicitur.
 hunc ager, cum parturiret
 ipsa, suscepit sinu :

ipsa florum delicatis
 educavit osculis.
cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
quique amavit, cras amet !
 ecce, iam super genestas
 explicant tauri latus,
 quisque tutus quo tenetur
 coniugali foedere.
 subter umbras cum maritis,
 ecce balantum greges ;
 et canoras non tacere
 Diva iussit alites.
 iam loquaces ore rauco
 stagna cygni perstrepunt :
 adsonat Terei puella,
 subter umbram populi,
 ut putes motus amoris
 ore dici musico,
 et neges queri sororem
 de marito barbaro.
 illa cantat, nos tacemus ;
 quando ver venit meum ?
 quando ego fiam ut Chelidon,
 ut tacere desinam ?
 perdidi Musam tacendo :



nec me Phoebus respicit.
sic Amyclas, cum tacerent,
perdidit silentium.
cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
quique amavit, cras amet !

AUSONIUS

ON HIS COUSIN,
JULIA IDALIA

Idalia, poor child, is gone,
 Poor child, who might have been
 A goddess fair to gaze upon
 As that Idalian Queen.

Sweet cousin (almost could I say
 Sister) to thy small shade
 This only due that I can pay
 In song, and tears, is paid.

Anon.

PARENTALIA XXVIII.

Parva etiam fuit Idalia,
 nomine praedita quae Paphiae
 et speciem meruit Veneris ;
 quae genita est mihi paene soror.
 filia nam fuit haec amitae,
 quam celebrat sub honore pio
 enia carmine funereo.

ON HECTOR'S GRAVE

This is the grave of Hector : Troy lies in this small
room—

The men, and the topless towers, that perished in his
doom.

Anon.

EPITAPHIA XIV.

Hectoris hic tumulus, cum quo sua Troia sepulta est :
conduntur pariter, qui periere simul.

CUPID CRUCIFIED

In those blest fields of everlasting air—
Where to a myrtle-grove the souls repair
Of deceas'd lovers—the sad, thoughtful ghosts
Of injur'd ladies meet, where each accosts
The other with a sigh, whose very breath
Would break a heart, and—kind souls—love in death.
A thick wood clouds their walks, where day scarce
 peeps,
And on each hand cypress and poppy sleeps,
The drowsy rivers slumber, and springs there
Blab not, but softly melt into a tear ;

A sickly dull air fans them, which can have—
 When most in force—scarce breath to build a wave.
 On either bank through the still shades appear
 A scene of pensive flowers, whose bosoms wear
 Drops of a lover's blood, the emblem'd truths
 Of deep despair, and love-slain kings and youths.
 The hyacinth and self-enamour'd boy
 Narcissus flourish there, with Venus' joy
 The spruce Adonis, and that prince whose flower
 Hath sorrow languag'd on him to this hour ;
 All sad with love they hang their heads, and grieve
 As if their passions in each leaf did live ;
 And here, alas ! these soft-soul'd ladies stray
 And—oh, too late !—treason in love betray.

Her blasted birth sad Semele repeats
 And with her tears would quench the Thunderer's
 heats,

Then shakes her bosom, as if fir'd again,
 And fears another lightning's flaming train.
 The lovely Procris here bleeds, sighs, and swoonds,
 Then wakes, and kisses him that gave her wounds ;
 Sad Hero holds a torch forth, and doth light
 Her lost Leander through the waves and night ;
 Her boatman desperate Sappho still admires
 And nothing but the sea can quench her fires ;

Distracted Phaedra with a restless eye
 Her disdain'd letters reads, then casts them by ;
 Rare, faithful Thisbe, sequester'd from these,
 A silent, unseen sorrow doth best please ;
 For her love's sake, and last good-night, poor she
 Walks in the shadow of a mulberry.
 Near her young Canace with Dido sits,
 A lovely couple but of desperate wits :
 Both died alike, both pierc'd their tender breasts,
 This with her father's sword, that with her guest's.
 Within the thickest textures of the grove
 Diana in her silver beams doth rove ;
 Her crown of stars the pitchy air invades,
 And with a faint light gilds the silent shades,
 Whilst her sad thoughts, fixt on her sleepy lover,
 To Latmos-hill and his retirements move her.
 A thousand more through the wide, darksome wood
 Feast on their cares, the maudlin lover's food ;
 For grief and absence do but edge desire,
 And death is fuel to a lover's fire.

To see these trophies of his wanton bow,
 Cupid comes in, and all in triumph now—
 Rash, unadvised boy !—disperseth round
 The sleepy mists ; his wings and quiver wound

With noise the quiet air. This sudden stir
 Betrays his godship, and 'as we from far
 A clouded, sickly moon observe, so they
 Through the false mists his eclips'd torch betray.
 A hot pursuit they make, and though with care
 And a slow wing he softly stems the air,
 Yet they—as subtle now as he—surround
 His silenc'd course, and with the thick night bound
 Surprise the wag. As in a dream we strive
 To voice our thoughts, and vainly would revive
 Our entranc'd tongues, but cannot speech enlarge
 Till the soul wakes and reassumes her charge ;
 So joyous of their prize, they flock about
 And vainly swell with an imagin'd shout.

Far in these shades and melancholy coasts
 A myrtle grows, well-known to all the ghosts,
 Whose stretch'd top—like a great man rais'd by
 Fate—

Looks big, and scorns his neighbour's low estate ;
 His leafy arms into a green cloud twist,
 And on each branch doth sit a lazy mist,
 A fatal tree, and luckless to the gods,
 Where for disdain in life—Love's worst of odds—
 The queen of shades, fair Proserpine, did rack
 The sad Adonis : hither now they pack

AUSONIUS

This little god, where, first disarm'd, they bind
 His skittish wings ; then both his hands behind
 His back they tie, and thus secur'd at last
 The peevish wanton to the tree made fast.
 Here at adventure without judge or jury
 He is condemn'd, while with united fury
 They all assail him ; as a thief at bar,
 Left to the law and mercy of his star,
 Hath bills heap'd on him, and is question'd there
 By all the men that have been rob'd that year ;
 So now, whatever Fate or their own will
 Scor'd up in life, Cupid must pay the bill.
 Their servants' falsehood, jealousy, disdain,
 And all the plagues that abus'd maids can feign,
 Are laid on him, and then, to heighten spleen,
 Their own deaths crown the sum. Prest thus between
 His fair accusers, 'tis at last decreed
 He, by those weapons that they died, should bleed.
 One grasps an airy sword, a second holds
 Illusive fire, and in vain wanton folds
 Belies a flame ; others less kind appear
 To let him blood, and from the purple tear
 Create a rose. But Sappho all this while
 Harvests the air, and from a thicken'd pile
 Of clouds, like Leucas-top, spreads underneath

A sea of mists ; the peaceful billows breathe
 Without all noise, yet so exactly move
 They seem to chide, but distant from above
 Reach not the ear ; and—thus prepar'd—at once
 She doth o'erwhelm him with the airy sconce.
 Amidst these tumults, and as fierce as they,
 Venus steps in, and without thought or stay
 Invades her son ; her old disgrace is cast
 Into the bill, when Mars and she, made fast
 In their embraces, were expos'd to all
 The scene of gods, stark naked in their fall.
 Nor serves a verbal penance, but with haste
 From her fair brow—O happy flowers so plac'd !—
 She tears a rosy garland, and with this
 Whips the untoward boy ; they gently kiss
 His snowy skin, but she with angry haste
 Doubles her strength, until, bedew'd at last
 With a thin bloody sweat, their innate red—
 As if griev'd with the act—grew pale and dead.
 This laid their spleen : and now, kind souls, no more
 They'll punish him ; the torture that he bore
 Seems greater than his crime ; with joint consent
 Fate is made guilty, and he innocent.
 As in a dream with dangers we contest,
 And fictious pains seem to afflict our rest,

So frightened only in these shades of night
 Cupid—got loose—stole to the upper light,
 Where ever since, for malice unto these,
 The spiteful ape doth either sex displease.
 But O that had these ladies been so wise
 To keep his arms, and give him but his eyes !

Henry Vaughan

ECLOGARVM II.

Aeris in campis, memorat quos musa Maronis,
 myrteus amentis ubi lucus opacat amantis,
 orgia ducebant heroides et sua quaeque,
 ut quondam occiderant, leti argumenta gerebant,
 errantes silva in magna et sub luce maligna
 inter harundineasque comas gravidumque papaver
 et tacitos sine labe lacus, sine murmure rivos.
 quorum per ripas nebuloso lumine marcent
 fleti, olim regum et puerorum nomina, flores ;
 mirator Narcissus et Oebalides Hyacinthus
 et Crocus auricomans et murice pictus Adonis
 et tragico scriptus gemitu Salaminus Aeas.
 omnia quae lacrimis et amoribus anxia maestis
 exercent memores obita iam morte dolores :
 rursus in amissum revocant heroidas aevum.
 fulmineos Semele decepta puerpera partus

deflet et ambustas lacerans per inania cunas
ventilat ignavum simulati fulguris ignem.
irrita dona querens, sexu gavisia virili,
maeret in antiquam Caenis revocata figuram.
vulnera siccant adhuc Procris Cephalique cruentam
diliget et percussa manum. fert fumida testae
lumina Sestiaca praeceps de turre puella.
et de nimbo saltum Leucate minatur
mascula Lesbiacis Sappho peritura sagittis.
Harmoniae cultus Eriphyle maesta recusat,
infelix nato nec fortunata marito.
tota quoque aëriae Minoia fabula Cretae
picturarum instar tenui sub imagine vibrat.
Pasiphae nivei sequitur vestigia tauri.
licia fert glomerata manu deserta Ariadne.
respicit abiectas desperans Phaedra tabellas.
haec laqueum gerit, haec vanae simulacra coronae:
Daedaliae pudet hanc latebras subiisse iuvencae.
praereptas queritur per inania gaudia noctis
Laudamia duas, vivi functique mariti.
parte truces alia strictis mucronibus omnes
et Thisbe et Canace et Sidonis horret Elissa.
coniugis haec, haec patris et haec gerit hospitis ensem.
errat et ipsa, olim qualis per Latmia saxa
Endymioneos solita affectare sopores

cum face et astrigero diademate Luna bicornis.
centum aliae veterum recolentes vulnera amorum
dulcibus et maestis refovent tormenta querellis.

Quas inter medias furvae caliginis umbram
dispulit inconsultus Amor stridentibus alis.
agnovere omnes puerum memorique recursum
communem sensere reum, quamquam umida circum
nubila et auratis fulgentia cingula bullis
et pharetram et rutilae fuscarent lampados ignem :
agnoscunt tamen et vanum vibrare vigorem
occipiunt hostemque unum loca non sua nactum,
cum pigros ageret densa sub nocte volatus,
facta nube premunt. trepidantem et cassa parantem
suffugia in coetum mediae traxere catervae.
eligitur maesto myrtus notissima luco,
invidiosa deum poenis. cruciaverat illic
spreta olim memorem Veneris Proserpina Adonim.
huius in excelso suspensum stipite Amorem
devinctum post terga manus substrictaque plantis
vincula maerentem nullo moderamine poenae
afficiunt. reus est sine crimine, iudice nullo
accusatur Amor. se quisque absolvere gestit,
transferat ut proprias aliena in crimina culpas.
cunctae exprobrantes tolerati insignia leti
expediunt : haec arma putant, haec ultio dulcis,

ut quo quaeque perit studeat punire dolore.
 haec laqueum tenet, haec speciem mucronis inanem
 ingerit, illa cavos amnis rupemque fragosam
 insanique metum pelagi et sine fluctibus aequor.
 nonnullae flammæ quatiunt trepidoque minantur
 stridentis nullo igne facis. rescindit adultum
 Myrrha uterum lacrimis lucentibus inque paventem
 gemmea fletiferi iaculatur sucina trunci.
 ipsa etiam simili genetrix obnoxia culpæ
 alma Venus tantos penetrat secunda tumultus.
 nec circumvento properans suffragia nato
 terrorem ingeminat stimulisque accendit amaris
 ancipites furias natiq̃ue in crimina confert
 dedecus ipsa suum, quod vincula caeca mariti
 deprenso Mavorte tulit, quod pube pudenda
 Hellespontiaci ridetur forma Priapi,
 quod crudelis Eryx, quod semivir Hermaphroditus.
 nec satis in verbis. rosea Venus aurea serto
 maerentem pulsat puerum et graviora paventem.
 olli purpureum mulcato corpore rorem
 subtilis expressit crebro rosa verberare, quæ iam
 tincta prius traxit rutilum magis ignea fucum.
 inde truces cecidere minæ vindictaque maior
 crimine visa suo, Venerem factura nocentem.
 ipsæ intercedunt heroides et sua quæque

funera crudeli malunt adscribere fato.
 tum gratis pia mater agit cessisse dolentis
 et condonatas puero dimittere culpas.
 talia nocturnis olim simulacra figuris
 exercent trepidam casso terrore quietem.
 quae postquam multa perpessus nocte Cupido
 effugit, pulsa tandem caligine somni
 evolat ad superos portaque evadit eburna.



ROSES

'Twas Spring, and bitter-sweet the saffron morn
 Blew hot and cold from Amalthea's horn.
 A brisker gale usher'd Aurora's ray,
 And bade her steeds outstrip the winged day.
 Between the gardens' water'd beds I went,
 Apollo's growing fury to prevent.
 On the bent grass I saw congealed drops
 And crystal pendants on the pot-herbs' tops.
 Broad cabbages from leaf to leaf distill'd
 The orient pearl, and all their bottles fill'd.
 The hoary fruit-trees here and there a gem
 Had candied o'er, to melt with the first beam.

The rose-trees in their Paestan scarlet laught,
 And with red lips the morning's nectar quaft.
 'Tis doubted whether Hesper borrowed
 Or lent that paint, and dyed the roses red :
 One dew, one colour, one celestial power
 Of both, for they are Venus' star and flower.
 Perchance one odour too, but *that*, being high,

Expires i' the air : *this* throws her incense nigh.
 The Paphian mistress of the flower and star
 Bade both her servants the same livery wear.
 The moment came when on opposed banks
 The flowery squadrons plac'd themselves in ranks.
 One lay conceal'd in her leaves' close green hood,
 Another peeping through the lattice stood.
This opes her first aspiring pyramid,
 And ends it in a crimson pointed head.
That loos'd her garment (gather'd in her lap)
 And in her native silks her self did wrap,
 Uncovers now her laughing cup, and shows
 The golden tuft which in her bottom grows.
 She, that but now shone drest in all her hair,
 Stands pale, forsook ev'n by those leaves she bare.

So sudden change I wonder'd to behold,
 And roses in their infancy grown old.
 Whilst I speak this, those envied Beauties shed
 Their glorious locks—earth cover'd with their dead.
 So many kinds, so many births of flowers,
 One day discloses, and one day devours.
 Nature, why mad'st thou fading flowers so gay ?
 Why showd'st us gifts, to snatch them straight away ?
 A day's a rose's age. How near do meet
 (Poor bloom !) thy cradle and thy winding-sheet !

Her whom the rising sun saw newly born,
 He sees a wither'd corpse at his return.
 Yet well with them, who, though they quickly die,
 Survive themselves in their posterity.

Gather your roses, Virgins, whilst they're new :
 For, being past, no Spring returns to you.

Sir Richard Fanshawe

DE ROSIS NASCENTIBVS

Ver erat : et blando mordentia frigora sensu
 spirabat croceo mane revecta dies.
 strictior Eoos praecesserat aura iugales,
 aestiferum suadens anticipare diem.
 errabam riguis per quadrua compita in hortis,
 maturo cupiens me vegetare die.
 vidi concretas per gramina flexa pruinas
 pendere, aut olerum stare cacuminibus :
 caulibus et patulis teretes colludere guttas,
 et caelestis aquae pondere tunc gravidas.
 vidi Paestano gaudere rosaria cultu,
 exoriente novo roscida Lucifero.
 rara pruinosis canebat gemma frutetis,
 ad primi radios interitura die.
 ambigeres, raperetne rosis Aurora ruborem,

an daret : et flores tingeret orta dies.
 ros unus, color unus, et unum mane duorum :
 sideris et floris, nam domina una Venus.
 forsan et unus odor, sed celsior ille per auras
 diffatur ; spirat proximus iste magis.
 communis Paphie dea sideris, et dea floris,
 praecipit unius muricis esse habitum.
 momentum intererat : quo se nascentia florum
 germina comparibus dividerent spatiis.
 haec viret angusto foliorum tecta galero :
 hanc tenui folio purpura rubra notat.
 haec aperit primi fastigia celsa obelisci,
 mucronem absolvens purpurei capitis.
 vertice collectos illa exsinuabat amictus,
 iam meditans foliis se numerare suis :
 nec mora : ridentis calathi patefecit honorem,
 prodens inclusi semina densa croci.
 haec modo, quae toto rutilaverat igne comarum
 pallida collapsis deseritur foliis.
 mirabar celerem fugitiva aetate rapinam,
 et dum nascuntur, consenuisse rosas.
 ecce et defluxit rutili coma punica floris,
 dum loquor : et tellus tecta rubore micat.
 tot species, tantosque ortus, variosque novatus
 una dies aperit : conficit una dies.

conquerimur, Natura, brevis quod gratia florum est :
 ostentata oculis illico dona rapis.
 quam longa una dies : aetas tam longa rosarum,
 quas pubescentes iuncta senecta premit.
 quam modo nascentem rutilus conspexit Eous,
 hanc rediens sero vespere vidit anum.
 sed bene, quod paucis licet interitura diebus,
 succedens aevum prorogat ipsa suum.
 collige virgo rosas, dum flos novus et nova pubes,
 et memor esto aevum sic properare tuum.

CLAUDIAN

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA

Happy the man, who his whole time doth bound
 Within th' enclosure of his little ground.
 Happy the man, whom the same humble place
 (Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
 From his first rising infancy has known,
 And by degrees sees gently bending down,
 With natural propension to that Earth
 Which both preserv'd his life, and gave him birth.
 Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,
 Could ever into foolish wanderings get.
 He never dangers either saw, or fear'd :
 The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.
 He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
 Or the worse noises of the lawyer's bar.
 No change of Consuls marks to him the year,
 The change of seasons is his calendar.
 The cold and heat winter and summer shows,
 Autumn by fruits and spring by flowers he knows.
 He measures time by land-marks, and has found

For the whole day the dial of his ground.
 A neighbouring wood born with himself he sees,
 And loves his old contemporary trees.
 H'as only heard of near Verona's name,
 And knows it like the Indies, but by fame.
 Does with a like concernment notice take
 Of the Red Sea, and of Benacus Lake.
 Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
 And sees a long posterity of boys.
 About the spacious world let others roam,
 The voyage Life is longest made at home.

Abraham Cowley

DE SENE VERONENSI

QVI SVBVRBIVM NVMQVAM EGRESSVS EST

Felix, qui propriis aevum transegit in arvis,
 ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa senem,
 qui baculo nitens in qua reptavit arena
 unius numerat saecula longa casae.
 illum non vario traxit fortuna tumultu,
 nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas.
 non freta mercator tremuit, non classica miles,
 non rauci lites pertulit ille fori.
 indocilis rerum, vicinae nescius urbis
 adspectu fruitur liberiore poli.

frugibus alternis, non consule computat annum :
autumnū pomis, ver sibi flore notat.
idem condit ager soles idemque reducit,
metiturque suo rusticus orbe diem,
ingentem meminit parvo qui germine quercum
aequaevumque videt consenuisse nemus,
proxima cui nigris Verona remotior Indis
Benacumque putat litora Rubra lacum.
sed tamen indomitae vires firmisque lacertis
aetas robustum tertia cernit avum.
erret et extremos alter scrutetur Hiberos :
plus habet hic vitae, plus habet ille viae.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

(*Venus coming to a Nuptial Ceremony, and entering the Room, sees the Bride and her Mother sitting together.*)

The goddess paus'd ; and, held in deep amaze,
Now views the mother's, now the daughter's face.
Different in each, yet equal beauty glows ;
That, the full moon, and this, the crescent shows.
Thus rais'd beneath its parent tree is seen
The laurel shoot, while in its early green
Thick sprouting leaves and branches are essay'd,
And all the promise of a future shade.

Or blooming thus, in happy Paestan fields,
 One common stock two lovely roses yields :
 Mature by vernal dews, this dares display
 Its leaves full-blown, and boldly meets the day ;
 That, folded in its tender nonage lies,
 A beauteous bud, nor yet admits the skies.

John Hughes

EPITHALAMIVM DE NVPTIIS
 HONORII AVGVSTI 241-250

Cunctatur stupefacta Venus ; nunc ora puellae,
 nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.
 haec modo crescenti, plenae par altera lunae :
 adsurgit ceu forte minor sub matre virenti
 laurus et ingentes ramos olimque futuras
 promittit iam parva comas ; vel flore sub uno
 ceu geminae Paestana rosae per iugera regnant :
 haec largo matura die saturataque vernis
 roribus indulget spatio ; latet altera nodo
 nec teneris audet foliis admittere soles.

PLUTO TO PROSERPINE

Cease, sweetest Proserpine, to vex thy mind
 With vain laments ; a husband thou shalt find
 Worthy thy love ; know we are Saturn's son,
 That over all things bear dominion :
 Nor think that thou the gladsome day hast lost,
 Since we of stars and purer light may boast ;
 Where thou th' Elysian brightness shalt admire,
 And happy souls free from tormenting fire ;
 Where the more precious golden age doth keep,
 In an eternal quiet lull'd asleep :
 Where Zephyrus fair flowers of richest worth
 Breathes out, such as thy Aetna ne'er brought forth :
 Where in the shady groves a rich tree grows,
 Whose arched boughs the golden apple shows—
 That consecrate I to thee, and will make
 A happy lasting Autumn for thy sake.

Leonard Digges

DE RAPTU PROSERPINAЕ II. 277-293

' Desine funestis animum, Proserpina, curis
 et vano vexare metu. maiora dabuntur
 sceptrā nec indigni taedas patiere mariti.
 ille ego Saturni proles, cui machina rerum

servit et immensum tendit per inane potestas.
 amissum ne crede diem : sunt altera nobis
 sidera, sunt orbes alii, lumenque videbis
 purius Elysiumque magis mirabere solem
 cultoresque pios ; illic pretiosior aetas,
 aurea progenies habitat, semperque tenemus
 quod superi meruere semel. nec mollia desunt
 prata tibi ; Zephyris illic melioribus halant
 perpetui flores, quos nec tua protulit Henna.
 est etiam lucis arbor praedives opacis
 fulgentes viridi ramos curvata metallo :
 haec tibi sacra datur fortunatumque tenebis
 autumnum et fulvis semper ditabere pomis.'

ARCHIMEDES' SPHERE

Jove saw the heav'ns in glassy sphere exprest,
 And smiling, thus the powers above address :
 ' At what bold tasks will man's presumption aim ?
 In this small globe he mocks the worldly frame.
 Lo ! from my work the rival artist draws
 The heavenly motions, and great Nature's laws.
 Each star includes an animating soul,
 And beauteous order regulates the whole.
 Through the bright Zodiac yearly rolls the sun,

And mimic moons each month their courses run.
 Audacious art thus lifts her crest on high,
 And deems she sways the empire of the sky.
 Salmoneus once fictitious lightning hurl'd ;
 But here, behold a counterfeited world !'

Francis Fawkes

IN SPHAERAM ARCHIMEDIS

Iuppiter in parvo cum cerneret aethera vitro,
 risit et ad superos talia dicta dedit :
 ' hucine mortalis progressa potentia curae ?
 iam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor ?
 iura poli rerumque fidem legesque deorum
 ecce Syracusius transtulit arte senex.
 inclusus variis famulatur spiritus astris
 et vivum certis motibus urget opus.
 percurrit proprium mentitus Signifer annum,
 et simulata novo Cynthia mense redit,
 iamque suum volvens audax industria mundum
 gaudet et humana sidera mente regit.
 quid falso insontem tonitru Salmonea miror ?
 aemula naturae parva reperta manus .'

THE MAGNET

Who in the world with busy reason pries,
 Searching the seed of things, and there describes
 With what defect labours th' eclipsed moon,
 What cause commands a paleness in the sun,
 Whence ruddy comets with their fatal hair,
 Whence winds do flow, and what the motions are
 That shake the bowels of the trembling earth,
 What strikes the lightning forth, whence clouds give
 birth

To horrid thunders, and doth also know
 What light lends lustre to the painted bow—
 If ought of truth his soul doth understand,
 Let him resolve a question I'll demand.

There is a stone which we the loadstone style,
 Of colour ugly, dark, obscure and vile :
 It never deck'd the sleeked locks of kings,
 No ornament, no gorgeous tire it brings
 To virgins' beauteous necks ; it never shone
 A splendent buckle in their maiden zone.
 But only hear the wonders I will tell
 Of this black pebble, and 'twill then excel
 All bracelets, and whate'er the diving Moor
 'Mongst the red weeds seeks for i' th' Eastern shore.

From iron first it lives ; iron it eats.
 But that sweet feast, it knows no other meats.
 Thence she renews her strength ; vigour is sent
 Through all her nerves by that hard nourishment.
 Without that food she dies : a famine numbs
 Her meagre joints, a thirst her veins consumes.

Mars that frights cities with his bloody spears,
 And Venus, that releases human fears,
 Do both together in one temple shine,
 Both jointly honour'd in a common shrine ;
 But different statues, Mars a steel put on,
 And Venus' figure was magnetic stone.
 To them (as is the custom every year)
 The priest doth celebrate a nuptial there.
 The torch the quire doth lead, the threshold's green
 With hallow'd myrtles, and the beds are seen
 To smell with rosy flowers, the genial sheet
 Spread over with a purple coverlet.

But here (O strange !) the statues seem'd to move.
 And Cytherea runs to catch her love :
 And like their former joys in heaven possess,
 With wanton heat clings to her Mars's breast :
 There hangs a grateful burden : then she throws
 Her arms about his helmet, to enclose
 Her love in amorous gyves : lest he get out,

Her live embraces chain him round about.
 He, stir'd with love breath'd gently through his veins,
 Is drawn by unseen links and secret chains
 To meet his spoused gem ; the air doth wed
 The steel unto the stone : thus strangely led,
 The deities their stol'n delights replay'd,
 And only Nature was the bridal maid.

What heat in these two metals did inspire
 Such mutual league ? what concord's powerful fire
 Contracted their hard minds ? the stone doth move
 With amorous heat, the steel doth learn to love.
 So Venus oft the god of war withstood,
 And gives him milder looks, when hot with blood
 He rages to the fight, fierce with desire,
 And with drawn points whets up his active ire.
 She dares go forth alone, and boldly meet
 His foaming steeds, and with a winning greet
 The tumour of his high-swollen breast assuage,
 Tempering with gentle flames his violent rage.
 Peace courts his soul, the fight he disavows,
 And his red plumes he now to kisses bows.

Ah, cruel boy ! large thy dominions be ;
 The gods and all their thunders yield to thee ;
 Great Jove to leave his heaven thou canst constrain,

And midst the brinish waves to low again.
 Now the cold rocks thou strik'st, the senseless stone
 Thy weapon feels ; a lustful heat doth run
 Through veins of flint ; the steel thy power can tame,
 And rigid marble must admit thy flame.

Thomas Randolph

MAGNES

Quisquis sollicita mundum ratione secutus
 semina rimatur rerum, quo luna laborat
 defectu, quae causa iubet pallescere solem,
 unde rubescentes ferali crine cometae,
 unde fluant venti, trepidae quis viscera terrae
 concutiat motus, quis fulgura ducat hiatus,
 unde tonent nubes, quo lumine floreat arcus :
 hoc mihi quaerenti, si quid deprendere veri
 mens valet, expediat.

lapis est cognomine magnes

decolor obscurus vilis. non ille repexam
 caesariem regum, non candida virginis ornat
 colla nec insigni splendet per cingula morsu ;
 sed nova si nigri videas miracula saxi,
 tunc pulchros superat cultus et quidquid Eois
 Indus litoribus Rubra scrutatur in alga.
 nam ferro meruit vitam ferrique rigore

vescitur ; hoc dulces epulas, hoc pabula novit ;
hinc proprias renovat vires ; hinc fusa per artus
aspera secretum servant alimenta vigorem ;
hoc absente perit : tristi morientia torpent
membra fame, venasque sitis consumit apertas.

Mavors, sanguinea qui cuspide verberat urbes,
et Venus, humanas quae laxat in otia curas,
aurati delubra tenent communia templi.
effigies non una deis : sed ferrea Martis
forma nitet, Venerem magnetica gemma figurat.
illis conubium celebrat de more sacerdos.
ducit flamma choros ; festa frondentia myrto
limina cinguntur, roseisque cubilia surgunt
floribus, et thalamum dotalis purpura velat.
hic mirum consurgit opus : Cytherea maritum
sponte rapit caelique toros imitata priores
pectora lascivo flatu Mavortia nectit
et tantum suspendit onus galeaeque lacertos
implicat et vivis totum complexibus ambit.
ille lacessitus longo spiraminis actu
arcanis trahitur gemma de coniuge nodis.
pronuba fit Natura deis ferrumque maritat
aura tenax : subitis sociantur numina furtis.

Quis calor infudit geminis alterna metallis
foedera ? quae duras iungit concordia mentes ?

flagrat anhela silex et amicam saucia sentit
 materiem placidosque chalybs cognoscit amores.
 sic Venus horrificum belli compescere regem
 et vultum mollire solet, cum sanguine praeceps
 aestuat et strictis mucronibus asperat iras.
 sola feris occurrit equis solvitque tumorem
 pectoris et blando praecordia temperat igni.
 pax animo tranquilla datur, pugnasque calentes
 deserit et rutilas declinat in oscula cristas.

Quae tibi, saeve puer, non est permissa potestas ?
 tu magnum superas fulmen caeloque relicto
 fluctibus in mediis cogis mugire Tonantem.
 iam gelidas rupes vivoque carentia sensu
 membra feris, iam saxa tuis obnoxia telis,
 et lapides suus ardor agit, ferrumque tenetur
 inlecebris ; rigido regnant in marmore flammae.

ON ONE WHO DIED YOUNG

To great and beauteous things a transient date
 And sudden downfall is decreed by Fate :
 Witness the fair, that here in silence lies,
 Whom Venus might have view'd with envious eyes.

Henry Needler

IN SEPULCRVM SPECIOSAE

Pulchris stare diu Parcarum lege negatur,
 magna repente ruunt ; summa cadunt subito.
 hic formosa iacet : Veneris sortita figuram
 egregiumque decus invidiam meruit.

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LUCRETIVS (pp. 1-41). Dryden's translation of the passage 'Against the Fear of Death' (p. 5) is a fine piece of rhetoric—one of his best versions from the Latin. Even here, however, one feels how inadequate to the sombre splendour of Lucretius the rhyming couplet must be. Several accomplished translations have been done in stanza form, but a recurring break in rhythm is fatal to the relentless march of the original. Calverley's translation, into hexameters, of the beginning of the Second Book has been much admired, but I confess to finding it hardly more readable than other English attempts in this un-English metre. Blank verse, which has been adopted by Mr. Squire in his one rendering—'The Invocation' (p. 1)—by Mr. V. S. Vernon-Jones (p. 3) and by Mr. Trevelyan (p. 29 and p. 37) in his *Translations from Lucretius* is almost certainly the only appropriate medium.

CATULLUS (pp. 42-67). Catullus, pre-eminent among the Latins for grace, direct simplicity, human tenderness and depth of passion, is represented here by fewer pieces than I could wish, some of his finest lyrics not having been translated with any approach to justice. Of the poems to Lesbia I have found it possible to print a sufficient number to form something like a sequence—marking some of the stages between the lover's early happiness and his final despair. The chronological order is uncertain: it is possible, for instance, that VIII—*Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire*—was, as Robinson Ellis suggests, the sequel of an early quarrel. But it has the note of finality, and the numbering of the poems is, of course, no guide.

The Dead Sparrow (p. 42). A remarkable version in Scots dialect, written by G. S. Davies, the late Master of the Charterhouse, was brought to light by Professor H. W. Garrod in the *Oxford Book of Latin Verse*. Personally, I feel that it is a trifle too adroit, suggesting, a little bit in the manner of a clever entertainer, 'how Lesbia's Sparrow would have been written by Burns.' But it can stand by itself as a poem of undeniable charm. I prefer to print it here apart

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from the Latin: this, as is only fair, will give those who are entirely satisfied with it as a rendering of Catullus a chance to disagree with my qualified (though real) admiration.

*Weep, weep, ye Loves and Cupids all,
And ilka Man o' decent feelin':
My lassie's lost her wee, wee bird,
And that's a loss, ye'll ken, past healin'.*

*The lassie lo'ed him like her een:
The darling wee thing lo'ed the ither,
And knew and nestled to her breast,
As ony bairnie to her mither.*

*Her bosom was his dear, dear haunt—
So dear, he cared na lang to leave it;
He'd nae but gang his ain sma' jaunt,
And flutter piping back bereavit.*

*The wee thing's gane the shadowy road
That's never travelled back by ony:
Out on ye, Shades! ye're greedy aye
To grab at ought that's brave and bonny.*

*Puir, foolish, fondling, bonnie bird,
Ye little ken what wark ye're leavin':
Ye've gar'd my lassie's een grow red,
Those bonnie een grow red wi' grievin'.*

Come and let us live (p. 44). Lines 4-6 of the Latin were finely rendered by Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618):

*The sun may set and rise;
But we, contrariwise,
Sleep after our short light
One everlasting night.*

Sirmio (p. 52). This is not a perfect translation, but it is admirably fresh and alive, in spite of its double derivation. In the metre, and in the rhyme to a single vowel, it of course follows Tennyson's 'Frater Ave Atque Vale'—

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!

Diana (p. 53). cf. the Latin with Horace's Ode to Apollo and Diana (p. 147).

ANONYMOUS. *Culex* (p. 69). It is quite possible that this poem, an imitative work making free use of Lucretius

and Catullus, was an early exercise by Virgil himself. Reference may be made to Mr. D. L. Drew's *Culex. Sources and their Bearing on the Problem of Authorship* (Blackwell, 1925). 'No argument worthy of the name', writes Mr. Drew, 'has ever been brought forward to account for and explain away the tradition ascribing *Culex* to Virgil'. Spenser's free and too leisurely translation rambles on till it is difficult to read, but it bears his authentic mark.

VIRGIL (pp. 70-138). Conington (in the *Quarterly Review*, July 1861) wrote of Dryden's Virgil that, standing as it did nearly midway in the history of Virgilian translations, it threw into the shade not only all that had preceded, but all that had followed it. The test of comparison with the original is, however, a check to English pride. The translation has all the masterly vigour of Dryden, but the rhyming couplet is a poor substitute for that 'stateliest measure', the Latin hexameter, and Dryden, seen beside Virgil, is lacking in grace, subtlety and width of range. He had too few instruments to answer the music of that most orchestral poet. His deficiencies, however, will be less clear in extract: his translation of the Fourth Eclogue (p. 78) is of a calculated dignity, and has some fine lines. The passage given from Book I of the Georgics, 'Times and Seasons' (p. 87), is, by contrast, simple and straightforward, the domestic scene being rendered with charming sympathy: this passage is free from the ceremonious Alexandrine, which Dryden so often used to excess. The 'Galley Race' from the Fifth Book of the Aeneid (p. 101) is a good, though perhaps rather obvious, illustration of his masculine force. This last selection is fairer to Dryden than to Virgil. Virgil is not at his best: in particular, the sense of humour in the episode of the ducking of Menoetes is deplorable.

The First Eclogue (p. 70). John Ogilby (1600-1676) has very bad marks against him. He was ridiculed by both Dryden and Pope, and has never recovered from the effects. Conington, in an article already referred to above, wrote in damning terms: he qualified his exceedingly faint praise of Ogilby's Virgil by saying that the author showed 'no trace of poetical feeling, no real appreciation of poetical language'. This judgment is adopted, without reservation, by the *D.N.B.*

Ogilby's translation of the First Eclogue should be convincing proof that he has not had fair treatment. In spite of some occasional awkwardness, its tone is charmingly natural, and the eight lines beginning *Happy old man, thou shalt cool shades enjoy* are especially felicitous, showing beyond cavil a 'real appreciation of poetical language'. If this amazingly

energetic person (for a few details of his life see p. 360) had not forced the pace, he might perhaps have reached this high standard more often: had he maintained it, his translation of Virgil would have been memorable. Actually, his work only rises occasionally to beauty and is usually undistinguished: but he does have his moments, and, as one further proof, I may quote a few lines from his version of the Sixth Book of the *Aeneid*:—

*When in a winding vale Aeneas sees
A secret grove, woods, and resounding trees,
And pleasant seats which Lethe water'd; here
A world of various nations did appear,
As thick as bees, when they in meadows cling
To various flowers and rifle all the Spring,
And silver lilies are beleaguer'd round,
Whilst with mixt murmurs all the plains resound.*

As usual, he is more concise than Dryden, whose corresponding lines substitute elegance for romance and are much inferior:

*Now in a secret vale the Trojan sees
A separate grove, through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers through the trees.
And just before the confines of the wood
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew,
In summer's heat on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed.
The winged army roams the field around;
The rivers and the rocks re-murmur to the sound.*

It is right to add that one reason why Conington misjudged Ogilby may have been that, as his article shows, he had only looked at the 1649 edition. He was unaware that Ogilby, in his restless activity, actually did a second translation, a great improvement on his first. The first edition of 'this second English Virgil', as he called it in a dedicatory note, appeared in sumptuous form in 1654: the version of the First Eclogue which I print is from this edition, except that I have ventured to reinstate two lines of the 1649 version, lines 7 and 8. The rejected lines of the 1654 version are:

*For he shall be my god; oft from the dam
I'll bathe his altars with a tender lamb.*

The English is awkward enough in itself, and the effect is rendered worse by the recurrence of rhyming 'lambs' and 'dams' a few lines later.

From the Tenth Eclogue (p. 84). How refreshing is this pure piece of Shelley, although only an experimental fragment! The version is given as revised by Mr. C. D. Locock in the light of Shelley MSS. (*Florence Press* edition of the Poems). *Bees* (p. 96). These stanzas are taken from a delightful version of the Fourth Georgic by the Rev. F. D. Morice, which appeared in 1872, when he was Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Queen's College, Oxford. It was published in paper covers by Shrimpton and Son, Broad Street, Oxford. It deserves to be reprinted. The same author did a translation of Pindar in 1876, but his metres gave him much trouble, and in this attempt he failed.

Aeneas in the World of the Dead (p. 114). This translation, unlike many scholarly translations of Virgil, manages to be dignified without being dead. Sir G. K. Rickards, who did not always escape dullness, was at his best in rising to the desperate task of translating the great Sixth Book. I hope I am not mistaken in believing that these pages can be enjoyed and admired by laymen and by Virgilian scholars alike.

Of the passage (on page 131) beginning

Principio caelum ac terram camposque liquentes

F. W. H. Myers wrote as follows (*Classical Essays*, 1888):—
‘The speech of Anchises in answer is in a certain sense the most Virgilian passage in Virgil. All his characteristics appear in it in their highest intensity; the pregnant allusiveness, the oracular concentration, the profound complexity, and through them all that unearthly march of song, that “Elysian beauty, melancholy grace”, which made him the one fit master for that other soul whom he “*mise dentro alle segrete cose*”, to whom, in face of purgatory’s fiercest fire he promised the reward of constancy, and spoke of the redemptions of love’.

Myers’ translation of the speech has the following beautiful lines:

*So from that hindering prison and night forlorn
Thy hopes and fears, thy joys and woes are born,
Who only seest, till death dispart thy gloom,
The true world glow through crannies of a tomb.*

HORACE (pp. 139-191). My remarks can hardly appear ungracious, if I prefix to them a sentence from A. D. Godley’s Introduction to his prose translation of the *Odes* (1898)—‘No metrical version of the *Odes* can claim to be more than a frigid travesty: nor is there much likelihood of anything better’.

This condemnation is too sweeping, but I think it is true that no translator has succeeded in producing more than a few really good versions. Conington maintains a higher level than anyone else who has done a complete translation, his work being always marked by good taste and scholarship. Nevertheless, it is only now and then that he has the freedom and assurance of poetry: in none of the longer Odes does his translation read like unfettered English. The qualities of Horace, his firmness and flexibility, the lightness and rightness of touch that can conjure poetry out of platitude, are enough to make a translator despair.

Yet there are a number of excellent versions. The selection I offer comprises twenty-three, by no less than eighteen hands, some adhering closely to the Latin, some taking much licence. To point to only one or two of them, who could refuse to admire Calverley's I, ix (p. 141), Dr. Johnson's IV. vii (p. 182), or the four enchanting stanzas that, after a stiff opening, conclude Sir Jeffray Gilbert's II, xii (p. 158)? And then Dryden's Ode 'To Maecenas', III, xxix (p. 173), is a splendid performance in the grander style, and has Sir Stephen de Vere's 'To Lollius' IV, ix (p. 184) for a not unworthy companion.

To *Pyrrha* (p. 139). It is traditional to do homage to Milton's translation of this Ode,—'Rendered almost word for word without Rhyme according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.'

*What slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire:
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
To whom thou untried seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t'have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.*

To me it seems that the movement of the poem becomes utterly paralysed in its latter half: the last two sentences, in particular, resemble an over-literal prose translation rather than poetry. Better than this the loose but charming version by Cowley.

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A really successful poem, in emulation of Milton's experiment and in the same metre, is the version of III. xviii 'To Faunus' (p. 168) by Thomas Warton. It appears to have been written very soon after William Collins' *Ode to Evening*, which is the perfect example of a poem in this metre. Warton's lines profess to be 'after the manner of Milton': they are, however, clearly of his own time and of the same school as Collins.

To Chloë (p. 148). I have already, in my Introduction, acknowledged my indebtedness to Mr. John Drinkwater for putting this unpublished translation at my disposal. Brantwell Brontë's translations from the First Book of the Odes breathe a live impulse, although his critical taste was uncertain. After all, he wrote them at an immature age, for Mr. Drinkwater states that the MS. is dated 'Haworth, nr. Bradford, Yorks, June 27, 1840': he was born in 1817. In the lines here printed he has trodden delicately where other translators have failed.

The Birth-Bond (p. 161). The illness or danger from which Maecenas had escaped, 'by Jove's blest power', is not known. On the other hand, Horace often refers (in egotism not entirely humorous) to the falling tree which nearly caused his own death.

Whither, Bacchus (p. 169). Good as Conington's rendering is, it does not quite catch the excitement in the rhythm of the Latin. The picture of the Bacchante roused from sleep is of rare imagination: after this, the closing lines are a little flat.

To Lollius (p. 184). Lollius was Consul in B.C. 21. The praise of him in this Ode was apparently in answer to attacks from his enemies. He is here represented as the very soul of honour. Later, Velleius and Pliny pictured him as corrupt, with what truth cannot be divined.

It is a pity that Sir Stephen de Vere marred a fine, a very fine rendering by so dreadful a phrase as 'the fraudulent wile': it is the kind of lapse one has to fear in a dignified Tennysonian.

TIBULLUS, PROPERTIUS and OVID (pp. 192-255). Here I have been greatly disappointed in the eighteenth century, from which I had hoped much. I have found no help for Tibullus (unless he was the author of the lines so beautifully translated by Horace Walpole—see p. 201 and the relative note below. Only Gray helps for Propertius. As for Ovid, I cannot imagine anything more tedious than the bulk of the translations: Pope himself fails in his only attempt. Perhaps one's surprise ought to be tempered: the most remarkable thing about Ovid is his technical virtuosity, and if this be taken away, a large part of him vanishes. Prior,

with his Gallic touch, could have made his naughtiness attractive,—Prior, who wrote in an Ovid:

*Ovid is the surest guide
You can name, to show the way
To any woman, maid or bride,
Who resolves to go astray.*

But Prior abstained.

My Lady Rusticates (p. 193). Theodore Williams, an American who died in 1915, was much happier than the English translators, Grainger and Cranstoun, in suggesting the trim grace of Tibullus. The version of II, iii, is, I think, his best. *On Sulpicia* (p. 201). These lines are from an elegy of doubtful authorship, which was long assumed to be by Tibullus. Horace Walpole seems to me to have done a perfect translation of two subtly beautiful lines, so that I have even felt justified in separating the Latin couplet from its context in a short poem of twenty-four lines. I have ventured to adopt a slight amendment, of Walpole's own suggestion—'Move or look' in the first line, instead of 'moves or looks.'—Walpole translated the lines in answer to an invitation from the Rev. Joseph Spence: here is his delightful epistle to the latter (from Spence's *Anecdotes*. 1820).

Arlington Street,
June 3rd, 1751.

Dear Sr,

I have translated the lines and send them to you, but the expressive conciseness and beauty of the original and my disuse of turning verses, made it so difficult, that I beg they may be of no other use than of shewing you how readily I complied with your request.

*Illam quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor,*

*If she but moves or looks, Her Step, Her Face
By stealth adopt unmeditated Grace.*

There are twenty little literal variations that may be made, and are of no consequence, as move or look; air instead of step, and adopts instead of adopt: I don't know even whether I wou'd not read steal and adopt instead of by stealth adopt. But none of these changes will make the copy half so pretty as the original. But what signifies that, I am not so obliged to be a Poet because Tibullus was one, nor is it just now that I have discovered I am not.¹ Adieu.

Yrs ever,

H WALPOLE.

P.S. Was not Milton's paraphrase, 'Grace was in all her steps

¹In allusion to verses by himself enclosed in this letter.

etc' even an improvement on the original? It takes the thought, gives it a noble simplicity, and don't screw it up into so much prettiness.

To Cerinthus (p. 202). This poem by Sulpicia has, like the preceding poem, been traditionally ascribed to Tibullus. *The Dictionary of National Biography* has no good word for the Rev. John Dart, who wrote 'a truly wretched paraphrase of Tibullus'. The translation is dismal enough, it is true, but in this piece, imperfect as it is, we are surprised by a genuine touch of charm and tenderness. It is the miracle of Gideon's fleece!

To Maecenas (p. 208). These thirty lines of English correspond to only sixteen of the Latin, but, although diffuse, they are a worthy tribute to Propertius. The lines

*The fruitful Muse from that auspicious night
Dates the long Iliad of the amorous fight*

have just the right quality to represent a poet who was frequently carried above his theme on the wings of an imaginative phrase.

The thirty lines given, and no more, appear in the Mitford MSS. A translation, running to 108 lines, is contained in the Pembroke MSS.—Gray's Commonplace Books at Pembroke College, Cambridge—but it does not maintain the same high standard.

Cornelia's Defence (p. 212). Goldwin Smith prefaces his translation with the following note:

'"*Cornelia's Defence*", as this poem is called, is an elegy on the death of Cornelia, a Roman matron of the highest rank, wife of Paullus Aemilius Lepidus, and daughter of Cornelius Scipio and Scribonia, a lady of the house of Libo. It is in the form of an oration supposed to be delivered by Cornelia in her own defence to the Judges of the Dead; but the plan is confused, and Cornelia addresses those she has left in the world above as much as the judges in the world below. It has been suggested that the elegy was intended to be inscribed on her tomb, which was, as it were, on the confines of the two worlds. The obscure and pedantic style of Propertius makes it difficult to read, much more to translate, him. But this poem, especially the latter part of it, is hardly equalled in the writings of the ancients as a tender expression of conjugal and maternal love. The liberty has been taken of slightly abridging the opening, and of leaving out four lines containing flattery of Augustus, which seemed to mar the sentiment, as well as a little of the frigid mythology of which Propertius is too fond'.

To Corinna's Chamber-Maid (p. 223). In this free translation

of Ovid, Creech is both easy and spirited—a rare thing for him. He is usually a moderate, painstaking translator.

To Love (p. 226). A vigorous translation. It is a pity that Rochester, instead of keeping to the Latin, gratuitously substitutes the two lines beginning *The harrast whore*: there is no excuse for them in the Latin text. Translators of the Restoration period were too ready to add coarsening touches of their own to a poet, who, in this respect, could certainly dispense with their patronage.

To his False Mistress (p. 231). Marlowe's translations from Ovid are awkward and full of mistakes. These twenty lines are outstanding; apart from them he has no claim to be included in this anthology.

The Flight of Daphne (p. 233). In Dryden's judgment all Ovid's poetry, or the greatest part of it, evaporated in the translation of Sandys: 'but this proceeded from the wrong judgment of the age in which he lived. They neither knew good verse nor loved it! They were scholars, it is true, but they were pedants. And for a just reward of their pedantic pains, all their translations want to be translated into English' (Preface to Vol. III of *Miscellany Poems*, printed in 1693). Sandys was cramped by a too literal method, but these lines, and his version of the concluding lines of Book XV (p. 252) show that poetry had not 'evaporated' altogether.

Polyphemus Pleads his Suit (p. 244). Dryden seems to have translated this passage with gusto. Not for a moment does he tire in his pursuit of the fluent and flexible Ovid (although he takes three steps to his two).

MANILIUS (p. 256). Manilius may be classed among the Augustans, although it seems that his *Astronomicon* was not actually published until the reign of Tiberius. It is generally conceded that, although he was not a very original force, there are fine passages in his writing. Professor A. E. Housman, who, as is well known, has lavished his scholarship on Manilius, remarks that Sir Edward Sherburne's translation of the first book (1675) contained 'ample notes displaying a wide reading but no great acuteness or alertness of mind'. The translation itself is generally stiff, but the few lines selected appear to me to escape into beauty.

THE POST-AUGUSTANS (pp. 259-340). With the poets of the Silver Age—Seneca, Lucan, Statius and Martial—we may reasonably group Ausonius and Claudian, who followed after a long period of sterility. The common feature is the domination of rhetoric; the inspiration of the true lyric is found in the *Pervigilium Veneris*—by an unknown author,

probably of the fourth century—but with this exception, it is rare indeed. The typical poet is now a public performer: he is a phrase-maker gesticulating for applause, and, it must be added, often deserving it by flashes of sheer brilliance. For translations of the latest poems we are much indebted to the middle of the seventeenth century. Thus, Thomas Stanley's translation of the *Pervigilium Veneris*, Henry Vaughan's 'Cupid Crucified' from Ausonius, and Sir Richard Fanshawe's 'Roses' (pseudo-Ausonius) appeared in 1647, 1651 and 1652 respectively.

SENECA. *Nothingness* (p. 260). This is a free paraphrase of Seneca; while it is good rhetorical verse, it is far from suggesting the terse, dry sentences of the Latin.

LUCAN. *On Pompey's Tomb in Egypt*. Rowe's translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* was lauded by Dr. Johnson, but I defy anyone to-day (unless he has a morbid craving for the heroic couplet) to read long in it with pleasure. These hundred lines, however, are of rare merit. Rowe has caught fire from Lucan who, with a theme fit for impassioned oratory, is at his very best—eloquent in the grand style, not merely grandiloquent. On the last two lines of the passage Rowe has the following note: 'The Cretans pretended not only to be Jupiter's Country-men, but they likewise show'd his Tomb, for which Callimachus brands 'em as very distinguish'd and known Liars. As for the Tomb of Pompey, it is generally said to have been at the Fount of Mount Casius, near Pelusium in Egypt. The Emperor Adrian not only had a great Value for, and brought up many of the ancient Statues of this great Man, but likewise caus'd his Monument to be magnificently repair'd.

Plutarch says, that his Ashes were carry'd to his wife Cornelia, who caus'd them to be bury'd at a Country-House he had near Alba in Italy'.

STATIUS (pp. 273-283). In the passages selected, Statius rises above the ordinary level of his facile versification, and in the poem to Sleep he rises very far above it. He is excellently served by his translators.

The passage from the *Thebais*—a tedious work—illustrates the talent of the Silver Age poets for elaborate description. Pope apparently translated the First Book in 1703, when he was only fifteen. He prefaced the translation with the following note—'The Translator hopes he need not apologize for his Choice of this piece, which was made almost in his Childhood. But finding the Version better than he expected, he gave it some Correction a few years afterwards'.

MARTIAL (pp. 284-292). Martial, the gentle and genial poet of the country and of home life is very different from Martial, the master of coarse and brilliant epigram: his identity is declared only by his easy command of concise language.

The Means to Attain Happy Life (p. 291). I have followed Dr. F. M. Padelford's edition of the Earl of Surrey's Poems (*University of Washington Press*, Oct. 1920) in printing the manuscript version of this translation (Add. MS. 36529): for consistency, however, I have modernised the spelling. The text of *Tottel's Miscellany* (published ten years after Surrey's death) has usually been adopted, but it shows signs of having been edited. I transcribe Tottel below from the British Museum copy of the exceedingly rare first edition (1557):

*Martial, the thinges that do attain
The happy life, be these, I finde.
The richesse left, not got with pain:
The frutefull ground: the quiet minde:
The egall frend, no grudge, no strife:
No charge of rule, nor governance:
Without disease, the healthful life:
The houshold of continuance:
The meane diet, no delicate fare:
Trew wisdom joynd with simplenesse:
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppresse:
The faithfull wife, without debate:
Such slepes, as may begile the night:
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne feare his might.*

HADRIAN. The famous lines of Hadrian are untranslatable. This attempt (p. 293), which appeared anonymously in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, is the best I know. Prior's well-known version is an imitation rather than a translation: moreover, though it has grace and pathos, it quite lacks the simple and natural dignity of the Latin.

ANONYMOUS. *Pervigilium Veneris* (p. 301). The authorship of this very lovely poem is unknown. Pater has woven a fitting legend of its origin in *Marius the Epicurean*, Chapters VI and VII. I have taken the Latin text, with a few emendations, from Thomas Stanley's *Poems and Translations* (1647). The order of the lines is the same throughout as in the original Latin manuscripts: there can be no doubt that some few of the lines are misplaced, but experiments by many scholars seem to show that the task of re-arrangement is hopeless. Re-arrangement is, in fact,

not vital to the beauty of the poem, which lies in its flow and fire, rather than in exact structure.

Thomas Stanley—so Mr. Cecil Clementi states in his *Bibliographical and other Studies on the Pervigilium Veneris* (1913)—was the first to translate the poem into verse in any modern language. Curiously enough Mr. Clementi, who in his valuable bibliography describes Stanley's small book of translations published in 1649, appears to have overlooked the earlier *Poems and Translations*, 'printed for the author and his friends', in which the same translations are included, forming one section of the book. Stanley's version of the *Pervigilium*, although missing the full ardour of the Latin, is a fresh and sensitive poem, a fine achievement, far superior to any subsequent rendering in English. He was only twenty-two, when it was first printed.

L. 29. *nodos tepentes*, warm clusters. The text used by Stanley has *nudos penates*: he has done his best with this, but it seems queer Latin, and queerly incongruous.

AUSONIUS. *Cupid Crucified* (p. 311). Ausonius had no more than the talent of a clever derivative verse-writer. The first line of this eclogue

Aeris in campis, memorat quos musa Maronis

suggests the second-hand quality of his inspiration: the poem was in fact founded, so Ausonius explains, on a wall-picture at Trèves. Vaughan's translation, which appeared in his early volume *Olor Iscanus* (1651) is disconcertingly free. He omits certain passages of the Latin, and expands others, adding four lines at the end which are entirely his own. There are many touches of his ethereal phrasing which flatter the original.

A literal version was attempted by Thomas Stanley, but it is disappointingly awkward and crabbed.

ANONYMOUS. *Roses* (p. 322). The poem *De Rosis Nascentibus* was for long regarded as being by Ausonius. Mr. H. G. Evelyn White in his edition of Ausonius (*Loeb Classical Library*, 1921) notes that it 'is interesting—apart from some trace of naturalistic feeling in ll. 7 ff.—both as the humble source of Herrick's *Gather ye Rosebuds* (ll. 49 ff.), and as having once been attributed to Virgil himself. It cannot, however, be regarded as earlier than the fourth century A.D., and was associated with the works of Ausonius by Aleander in the Paris edition of 1511'. Some of the lines are badly mistranslated by Fanshawe: for example, the couplet:

*The moment came when on opposed banks
The flowery squadrons plac'd themselves in ranks*

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is very wide of the mark, the Latin meaning 'The time was just at hand for the teeming buds to split in equal segments' (Evelyn White). As a result, the English is somewhat vague and inconsequent, but there is a fragrance about it, and the last twelve lines are of great beauty.

CLAUDIAN (pp. 327-340). A Greek from Alexandria, Claudian is remarkable for the purity of his style and diction. He is a solitary figure, linked with the old Latin tradition, but the last to uphold it. His poem *De Seneca Veronensi* has been a favourite with translators, but Cowley's polished version is the best. His *Magnes*, with its almost metaphysical fancy, was fortunate in finding a seventeenth century translator, Thomas Randolph. The *De Raptu Proserpinae* was translated by Leonard Digges (circa 1617) in a somewhat cramped style, but I enjoy the privilege of the anthologist in setting apart a few lines that gleam out like the golden bough.

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OF the 69 authors named in the index 10 are living, and I have not the impertinence to introduce any of these to the reader except by their work. Again, for many of the deceased authors it is clear that biographical notes would be superfluous. I have thought it best to take an arbitrary rule for my main guide, and to exclude from my notes all authors whose names are familiar to the general reader of poetry in those standard anthologies *The Golden Treasury* and *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. I was left with the names of 33, notes on whom might in some cases be of interest. These include 4 about whom I am able to tell practically nothing. *R. F. W. Brandt* wrote a book, mainly of verse, which appeared in 1888 under the title 'Twilight and Candle-Shades', by 'Exul': I have only traced his name by applying to the publishers, Messrs. Routledge. His book has a certain eccentric charm. *Robert Fletcher* published in 1656 'Ex Otio Negotium, or Martial his Epigrams translated, With Sundry Poems and Fancies': he presented these to the reader as the scattered papers of his youth. Fletcher was an obscure writer of whom I have been unable to find out anything, except that several of his poems were somehow grafted into the 1659 and later editions of John Cleveland's poems. *Isaac Pacatus Shard* contributed some facile translations to Duncombe's *Horace* (1757 and 1767): I can discover nothing about him except his name, which is perhaps worth knowing for itself. Lastly, there is *Edward Yardley*, whose translation of Horace's Odes was published in 1869. He also

wrote 'Fantastic Stories' (1864), a volume of undistinguished poetry 'Melusine and other poems' (1867), and a treatise on 'The Supernatural in Romantic Fiction' (1880), which is full of curious and quite entertaining matter.

For the biographical notes generally I have consulted several sources, though I have drawn freely from the D.N.B.

ATTERBURY, The Rt. Rev. Francis (1662-1732), Bishop of Rochester. Educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. He was a man of high ability, prominent in Church and State, and on intimate terms with the leading men of letters. Addison described him as 'one of the greatest geniuses of the age'. He was imprisoned in the Tower (1720) for plotting to restore the Stuarts, and afterwards deprived of his offices and banished. He entered the service of James II's son in France, where he died. His body was privately interred in Westminster Abbey. His slight literary work was done in early life.

BRONTË, Patrick Branwell (1817-1848) shared in the genius of the Brontë family. He drifted, however (helplessly, it seems), into a dissolute habit of life, and his promise never matured. His portrait of Emily stands as a definite artistic achievement, and if evidence is wanted of poetic talent, it is supplied by his early translations of Book I of Horace's *Odes*; a specimen of these translations is published for the first time in this anthology (see p. 148 and note). 'It is not permitted us', wrote Charlotte after his death, 'to grieve for him who is gone as others grieve for those they love. . . . There is such a bitterness of pity for his life and death, such a yearning for the emptiness of his whole existence as I cannot describe'.

BURGHCLERE, Lord, Edward Gardner (1846-1921). Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he early became distinguished as an amateur actor, and wrote several plays, one or two of his comedies being put on the London stage. He also wrote verse and fiction, and was a good speaker. He became M.P. for Saffron Walden, and in 1892 was appointed President of the Board of Agriculture. He was raised to the peerage in 1895. Writing in 1921 in praise of Lord Burghclere's translation of the *Georgics*, Lord Bryce said that he had 'an extraordinary command of the resources of our language and displayed the greatest ingenuity in so

using it as to reproduce, without literal translation, the essence of Virgil's ideas and the charm of his style. Moreover . . . he was very accurate and careful, with a fine perception of the Latin idiom. . . . It might be venturesome to say that no one has rendered the Georgics in English so well, but it may safely be said that no one has rendered them better'. This praise is, in my judgment, a little, if only a little, excessive. At the same time, I think it safe to say that no one else has rendered the Georgics so consistently well.

CALVERLEY, Charles Stuart (1831-1884). Educated at Harrow, he pursued a facile and brilliant career as a scholar, first at Balliol, Oxford, and afterwards (having fallen foul of Oxford Authority) at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was elected a Fellow in 1858. His brain was injured by a fall on ice in the winter of 1866-7, and he afterwards lived in retirement till his death. He was a very fine craftsman in verse. His translation is usually deft and always cultured, but it has been over-praised. It seldom has the exhilaration of poetry and is on a far lower plane than the humorous verse by which his name rightly lives.

CONINGTON, John (1825-1869). Educated at Rugby and Magdalen College, Oxford. A distinguished scholar, he was Professor of Latin at Oxford, from 1854 to his death. As a translator he was always skilful; he was hampered, however, by too great a belief in the power of one language to reproduce the effect of another, and did not attain to the freedom of an assured English style. His *Odes* of Horace appeared in 1863, his *Aeneid* (doomed to failure by its incongruous ballad metre) in 1866, and his *Satires, Epistles and Ars Poetica* of Horace in 1869.

COURTHOPE, William John (1842-1917). Educated at Harrow, and at Corpus Christi and New College, Oxford. At Oxford he became a close friend of John Conington. In 1864 he won the Newdigate Prize, and in 1868 the Chancellor's Prize with an essay on *The Genius of Spenser*. In 1869 he entered the Education Office, and in 1887 became a Civil Service Commissioner, being senior Commissioner from 1892 till his retirement in 1907. He was Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1895 to 1900. His work as a literary critic is well known, in particular his methodical *History of English Poetry*. He was especially at home among the eighteenth century writers, whose influence is apparent in his translations and imitations of Martial's *Epigrams* (1914), his last published work.

CREECH, The Rev. Thomas (1659-1700). Educated at Sherborne and Wadham College, Oxford. He became a

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Fellow of All Souls, and was master of Sherborne 1694-6. Suffering from melancholia, he took his life in 1700. He was a considerable scholar, but only a moderate translator, although his Lucretius (1682) and in a lesser degree his Horace (1684) won considerable praise.

DART, The Rev. John (d. 1730). An antiquary and, before he took Orders, an attorney. He was a writer of little repute and, apparently, not too reputable a man. His unenlivening translation of Tibullus was published in 1720.

DE VERE, Sir Stephen Edward, 4th Bart. (1812-1904). Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he was called to the Irish Bar. He did fine work for relief of distress during the Irish Famine. He was a great believer in emigration as a remedy; in order to test what he heard of the hardships of the emigrant, he himself went as a steerage passenger to Canada, and his report of the conditions led to the amendment of the Passengers Act. Translations from Horace formed his main literary work, and some of them have a fine breadth and force. He was a brother of Aubrey de Vere, the younger.

DIGGES, Leonard (1588-1635). An Oxford scholar of some note, who studied also at many foreign Universities. His translation of Claudian's *De Raptu Proserpinae*, from which a few outstanding lines are given on p. 331, was published in 1617. He had a finer perception than most contemporaries of the greatness of Shakespeare, and lines of his beginning

‘Shake-speare, at length thy pious fellowes give
The world thy Workes’

were prefixed to the First Folio, 1623.

ELTON, Sir Charles Abraham, Bt. (1778-1853), was son of the Rev. Sir Abraham Elton, fifth baronet. He was educated at Eton, received a commission in the Army at the age of fifteen, rose to the rank of Captain and saw service in Holland. In politics he was a strong Whig. His *Tales of Romance, and other Poems, including selections from Propertius*, appeared in 1810.

FAWKES, The Rev. Francis (1720-1777). Educated at Bury Free School and Jesus College, Cambridge. He had a good contemporary reputation as a translator, Dr. Johnson praising his *Anacreon*; some genial specimens of his minor verse will be found in Mr. Iolo Williams' *Shorter Poems of the*

Eighteenth Century (Heinemann, 1923). Addiction to social gaiety is said to have stood in the way of his ecclesiastical advancement.

GILBERT, Sir Jeffray (1674-1726). An eminent lawyer and legal writer. About 1714 he was made a judge K.B. in Ireland, and within a year Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He was evidently a versatile man, keenly interested in mathematics, as well as in what *Chalmers' Dictionary* nicely describes as 'the more polite parts of learning'. I am not aware of any verse written by him except the charming Horace translation given on p. 158.

HOBHOUSE, John Cam, Baron Broughton (1786-1869). Educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge. At Cambridge he became the intimate friend of Byron, at whose wedding in 1815 he acted as best man. On Byron's death, he was made executor of his will; it was on his advice that Byron's *Memoirs* were destroyed. He had a distinguished career as a statesman, holding many ministerial offices. His writings were mainly political, but he edited *Imitations and Translations from the Ancient and Modern Classics, together with original poems never before published*, which contains 29 poems by himself, 9 by Byron, and 27 by other writers.

HUGHES, Jabez (1685?-1731). A receiver's clerk in the Stamp Office, and younger brother of John Hughes (*q.v.*). During his life he published various translations. The short passages from Lucan (p. 262) and Statius (p. 273) are taken from his *Miscellanies in Verse and Prose*, published for the benefit of his widow in 1737. A prefatory note says that the pieces 'were writ (a few only excepted) when he was very young; and as he was afterwards continually engaged in public business, he had little leisure to revise and correct them'.

HUGHES, John (1677-1720) was in the Ordnance Office. He was an industrious author in many fields. An opera, *Calypso and Telemachus* (1712), was performed in the Haymarket in spite of the opposition of the Italian performers to a musical entertainment in the English language. He died on the night when his *Siege of Damascus*—esteemed to be his best work—was produced. His verse made some reputation, but Swift and Pope classed him as a mediocrity; 'what he wanted in genius', wrote Pope, 'he made up as an honest man'.

JEBB, Sir Richard Claverhouse (1841-1905), one of England's finest scholars, was educated at St. Columba's

College, Rathfarnham, Charterhouse and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was professor of Greek at Glasgow for fourteen years, and afterwards, from 1839 till his death, Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge. He was also M.P. for Cambridge University. His translations were chiefly from the Greek.

JENYNS, Soame (1704-1787), a miscellaneous writer, wrote verse as a young man. A. H. Bullen (in the *D.N.B.*) speaks of his poems as of little value, but he was not lacking in lightness and grace. His controversial works included his *Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion*, which reached ten editions, was translated into several languages, and was called by Dr. Johnson 'a very pretty book, not very theological, indeed' . . . etc.

KING, Henry (1816-1888), who translated Ovid's *Metamorphoses* with distinction (1871) was elected a scholar of Wadham College, Oxford, in 1835, and was a Fellow of that College from 1844 to 1888, when he vacated his fellowship by marriage. He died on the 6th November, 1888. I have heard him credited (if that is the right word) with the habit, as soon as he had read a page, of tearing it up as thenceforward superfluous: but this is perhaps legend, rather than biography.

MORICE, The Rev. Francis David (1849-1926). Educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford. He won the Chancellor's Latin Essay Prize in 1871, in which year he was elected a Fellow of Queen's College. From 1874 to 1894 he was an assistant master at Rugby. A number of school books bear his name, and he published verse translations of Pindar's Olympian and Pythian Odes in 1876. Much more worthy of memory (although, I fear, little remembered) is his translation *Virgil's Fourth Georgic in rhyming verse* (1872). It seems appropriate that he should afterwards have become an authority on bees, which he began to study scientifically at Rugby. He was president of the Entomological Society, 1911-12.

NEEDLER, Henry (1690-1718). Grandson of Colonel Needler, a Royalist who served under General Monk. He entered the Navy Office in 1708, and in his spare time educated himself in Classics, Metaphysics and Mathematics, taking particular delight in the last. He had a poetic talent which might have developed happily, but his health of body and mind broke down from overwork, and he died of fever in December 1718.

OGILBY, John (1600-1676), first achieved eminence as a dancing-master. In 1633 the Earl of Strafford, as Lord-

Deputy of Ireland, took him into his household to teach his children. Ogilby showed himself to be a man of parts; he was appointed Deputy-Master of the Revels and built a small theatre in Dublin. On the outbreak of civil war in 1641 he lost everything, and after many adventures, returned to London; thence he walked to Cambridge, and had what were apparently his first lessons in Latin. He soon set to work translating Virgil into verse and his first complete Virgil was published in 1649. He learnt Greek about 1654 and similarly set to work on Homer.

In 1661 Ogilby was given charge of the 'poetical part' of Charles II's coronation. In 1662 he was back in Ireland as Master of the Revels, and built a new theatre. Returning to London, he translated and published books, including many magnificent illustrated volumes: he helped their sale by lottery schemes under royal patronage. In 1666 his house and stock, including an epic poem of his own, in twelve books, in honour of Charles I, were destroyed in the Great Fire; he was, however, appointed to survey the disputed property in the City, and was soon prosperous again. He concentrated on the production of books of geography and topography, with copious maps and engravings, and was given the title of 'King's cosmographer and geographic printer'. He died in September 1676.

RICKARDS, Sir George Kettilby (1812-1889). Educated at Westminster, Eton and Trinity College, Oxford. He won the Newdigate Prize in 1830 with a poem on the 'African Desert'—a poem arid enough. He was a Fellow of Queen's College (1836-43) and Drummond Professor of Political Economy (1851-7). Called to the Bar in 1837, he was Counsel to the Speaker of the House of Commons (1851-82). His translation of the first six books of the *Aeneid* was published in 1871.

ROWE, Nicholas (1674-1718), Poet Laureate and dramatist. Educated at Westminster School. He was called to the Bar, but was much more attracted by the Stage and, on his father's death rendering him independent, devoted himself to dramatic writing. In this he showed facility and won considerable success, although lacking in dramatic power. He did work of real value in his edition of Shakespeare (1709). In politics he was a keen Whig, and became Under-Secretary to the Secretary of State for Scotland (1709). He succeeded Nahum Tate as Poet Laureate in 1715. His translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, published after his death, was thought by Warton, to be superior to the original; for all its skill, it did not merit such praise—it is, as a whole, even more tedious than the original.

SANDYS, George (1578-1644) was a son of Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York. He was an enterprising and observant traveller, setting out on an extensive tour in 1610 and publishing an account of it in 1615. In 1621 he sailed to America with the newly appointed Governor of Virginia, Sir Francis Wyat, his own position being that of Treasurer: he appears to have been a somewhat quarrelsome member of the Council. He left Virginia in the early 'thirties and, on his return to England, soon became a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Charles I. His last years were spent mainly at Boxley Abbey, near Maidstone, where he busied himself in metrical paraphrases of the Scriptures. In 1641 he was described as 'a very aged man with a youthful soul in a decayed body.' His translation of the first five books of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* was published in 1621; he completed the remaining ten books in the early years of his stay in Virginia. Prof. Saintsbury comments that he was 'one of the earliest after Fairfax, and probably before Beaumont or Waller, to master (though not always to practise) the stopped antithetic couplet which was conquering, and to conquer, public favour'.

SHERBURNE, Sir Edward (1618-1702), was clerk to the Ordnance in succession to his father. On the outbreak of Civil War, he was deprived of his office, being a Royalist and a Roman Catholic, and was for some months (Aug.-Oct. 1642) in the custody of the Black Rod. On his release he joined the King and was at Edgehill as commissary-general of artillery. In 1646 he was reduced to poverty by the seizure of his estate, but was helped by his kinsman, Thomas Stanley. Later, he became more prosperous, first as tutor and afterwards as a public servant: at the Revolution, however, he left the service, as he could not take the oaths. He was buried in the Chapel of the Tower of London. His writings included verse translations from Horace, Manilius and Seneca.

SMITH, Goldwin (1823-1910) was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he was elected demy of Magdalen, and where he won many University prizes. He was intended for the Bar, but said he would 'rather write a decent index to Shakespeare than have the Chancellorship'. In 1858 he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. In 1864 he paid a first visit to America, and in 1868 accepted the professorship of English and Constitutional History at the newly-founded Cornell University. Afterwards he lived in Canada. He was a bitter political and religious controversialist, expressing his views with force and clarity. I cannot agree with Sir Sidney Lee, when he characterises his

THE TRANSLATORS

work in translation as clumsy. Indeed, it was sometimes admirably polished.

WARTON, Thomas (1728-1790). Well known, at least to students, for his *History of English Poetry*, the first volume of which appeared in 1774. He was a scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and Fellow from 1751. He was Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1757-67). In 1785 he was appointed Camden Professor of History, and in the same year he succeeded William Whitehead as Poet Laureate. He had originality and force of mind, as he showed in his appreciation of early poetry, in his studies of Spenser and Milton, and in his understanding of Gothic architecture. His *magnum opus*, the history, had a mixed reception, but its influence was great: Gibbon described it as illustrating 'the taste of a poet and the minute diligence of an antiquarian'. Warton's poetry, strewn with reminiscences of Milton and Spenser, shows taste rather than creative power. About the man there seems to have been something attractively unconventional. He had a childish liking for military spectacles. At Oxford, he 'was fond of drinking his ale and smoking his pipe with persons of mean rank and education'. Though an amiable person, he disliked strangers, especially those with a literary turn of mind.

WILLIAMS, Theodore Chickering (1855-1915) was born in Brooklyn, U.S.A. He graduated from the Harvard Divinity School in 1882, and was ordained a Unitarian minister. After thirteen years in New York he resigned his ministry there on account of health, and from that time onwards (with breaks due to ill-health) he was mainly engaged in teaching. His pleasing translation of the *Elegies of Tibullus* appeared in 1905. He afterwards translated Virgil, for whose works he had a great love.

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